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Modern Screen

April 35

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Picks Hollywood's 8 Most Fascinating People

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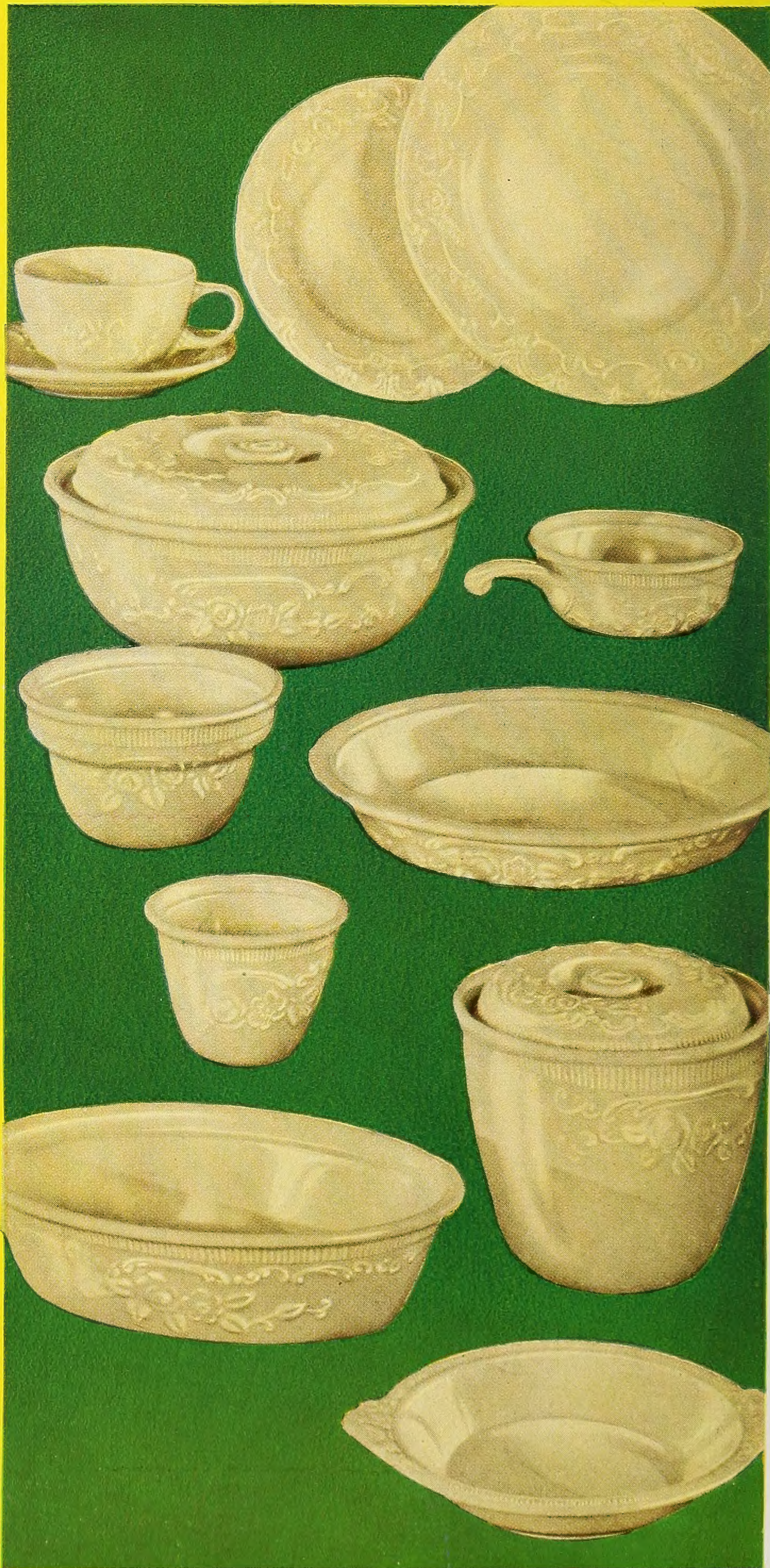
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2 tbsps. flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper
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Wash and dry fillets. Place fillets on well-greased OvenServe Fish Platter and dust with flour, salt and pepper. Combine water with milk and pour over fillets. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until fish is tender. Then lift dish from oven to table.

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"'EXCELLENT!'"—SAYS DENTAL AUTHORITY



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

OF course it's terrible to the dictators of etiquette and the arbiters of polite society. "Why," you can hear them chorus, "such a performance would make any girl a social outlaw."

But it certainly isn't terrible to

the modern dentist—to *your own dentist*.

"Excellent," would be his emphatic retort. "If you and every one of my patients chewed as vigorously, I'd hear a lot less about 'pink tooth brush.' And if we moderns all ate more coarse, hard foods, a big group of modern dental ills would practically disappear."

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DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is a first warning. But neglected—it often proves to be the first downward step towards such serious gum disorders as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea.

Play safe—rouse your gums to health with Ipana and massage. Clean your teeth

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Send the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.



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MODERN SCREEN

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It took six months, thousands of men, \$50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery in WEST POINT of the AIR

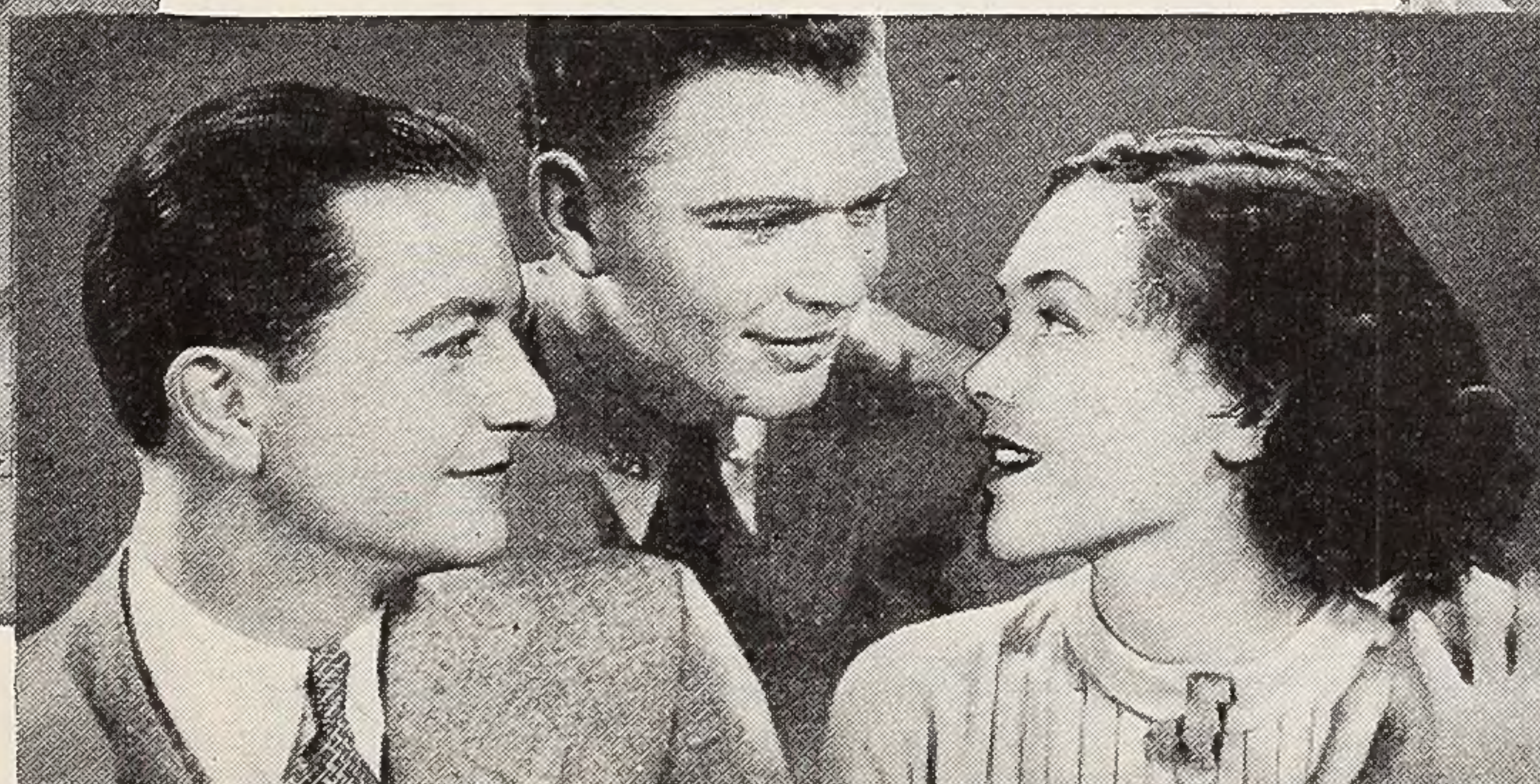
with

ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!



The three mosquitos of Randolph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!



I was half sick all the time



• I am a practical nurse and for the benefit of others I am writing this. It's no fun taking care of others when you're half sick all the time from constipation. Everything I took for it either griped or left me completely tired out. One of my doctors suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. I consider it the ideal laxative—I don't have to worry about upset stomach and distress any more. FEEN-A-MINT certainly gives the system a marvelous and comfortable clearing out. It's so easy and pleasant to take that it's wonderful for children and saves struggling with them when they need a laxative.

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SYSTEM SO THAT IT
WORKS MORE COMPLETE-
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COMPLETE AND
PLEASANT RELIEF.



**CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE
FOR EASIER RELIEF**

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

BETWEEN YOU AND ME



Quite a Feat

In reading the letters sent to the movie magazines by the fans, one can't help but notice that the stars come in for their share of the bitter with the sweet, justly or unjustly; one letter praises, the next pans. But there seems to be one star about whom one rarely reads any adverse criticism—Irene Dunne.

In the past two and a half years, I have read countless magazines and papers, looking for articles about this grand actress, and only once have I seen an adverse criticism—and as criticism goes, it was very mild. This seems to be quite a record and one of which Miss Dunne should feel very proud.

Irene Dunne is one of our finest and most versatile actresses, but it has been only recently that her host of admirers have been given a chance to enjoy one of her greatest talents—her glorious singing voice. Now that the public knows what they can expect of her, I am sure they will not be content to be deprived of such talent any longer.—E. Shotwell, Saranac Lake, N. Y.



Merely a Suggestion!

What a grand team Helen Hayes and the handsome Lew Ayres would make! Both have the same wonderful quality of sensitiveness which imparts to their roles in any picture a refreshing sincerity in these days of posturing and aping mannerisms.

The two of them—Hayes and Ayres—in a story done by Hugh Walpole—is my idea of a movie-goer's seventh heaven.—Helen Raether, Albion, Michigan.



Ode to Dick Powell

Who says Lanny Ross and Bing Crosby can act? That's a laugh. Why, Ross stands as straight and stiff as a poker with his arms hanging at his sides like a stuffed dummy. And when I say stuffed dummy, I mean just that. And as for Crosby, he can't act, either. His acting is very stilted. As for his singing, it's stale. Why, his younger brother, Bob, can sing ten times better than he.

Ah, but Dick Powell (pictured)! He can sing and act. And even if the story isn't so good, Dick is just the person to put the picture over with a bang. And he won't fade out with musicals, either. "Happiness Ahead,"

for instance, didn't have an awful lot of singing in it and Dick proved what a swell actor he is.—Marie Rippel, Philadelphia, Pa.



Do You Agree?

The following actors are in my opinion the personification of charm. You will notice that all of them are Europeans. I can only attribute this to their spontaneity of spirit. The American screen heroes are too staid and lacking in romance. Well, here goes: Francis Lederer (pictured), Tullio Carminati, Robert Donat, Fred Astaire and Maurice Chevalier.—R. M. J., Long Island City, N. Y.

(This will most certainly rouse those of you with a patriotic strain to action. Ah, but you're wrong about the Astaire gentleman, R. M. J. We'll have you know that he was born right here in these United States—Omaha, Nebraska, to be exact.)



Temperament Is Taboo

The really big stars of Hollywood haven't had to depend on temperament, indifference, assumed boredom or snobbishness to get them where they are, as Miss Hartley asserts in your January issue. Shearer (pictured), Crawford, Gaynor, Harlow, Moore, MacDonald, and even Mae West, all answer her definition of "nice." These stars are amiable to the press and friendly with their fans, and they're the ones who bring in the money at the box office.

They don't throw things, swear in public, or act sullen. They don't have to. For, after all, a really exciting personality doesn't have to explode every few minutes to let us know she exists.—A Fan.



Potpourri

Why don't you send Garbo home? She's just wasting your good money. Joan Crawford's smile beats Joe E. Brown's all to pieces. Hot-cha-cha! Am I glad that we'll have a real actress soon, and by that I mean no one but that great flame, Pola Negri (pictured). Myrna Loy and William Powell are gr-rand.

Hurry, Mae West and make a picture! You keep us in too great suspense.

Jean Harlow, you're beautiful. And tell those censors—to take a long nap.—Geneva Miller, Flint, Mich. (Continued on page 98)

Do you want to vote? See page 98

THE PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1



In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands", Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.



9



The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

DICK POWELL

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—**GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU, ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL, FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT, WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE, JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL** and famous **RAMON & ROSITA**

3



5



Credit BUSBY BERKELEY for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre — "Lullaby of Broadway" — "The Words Are in My Heart" — "I'm Going Shopping With You."

INFORMATION DESK



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9:30 M. S. T.—8:30 P. C. T.

"A few minutes ago, I could have screamed... My nerves always seem to go to pieces when my head aches. Give me Bromo-Seltzer every time for a headache like that."



Fair lady Faye



Greek god Manners

Have Your Questions Answered Here

ELAINE DOLAN, Chicago, Ill.; **ESTHER GEDMAR**, North Chicago, Ill.; **LEELA HUEBNER**, Arlington, N. J.; **B. F. HAWKINS**, Toledo, Ohio—This time it's Alice Faye, a young lady who's going to steal some of Harlow's glory first thing you know. She was born in New York City some twenty years ago on a May 5 and obtained her schooling in this city. She studied dancing and obtained her first job in Broadway's Palms D'Or, after which she appeared in vaudeville, the "Scandals" and N. T. G.'s revue as a dancer. She never sang except for her own amusement until the day when Rudy Vallee's lawyer, a friend of hers, happened to overhear her. He asked her to have a record made of her voice and this he played for Rudy. The latter was so impressed that he insisted on Alice becoming featured soloist in his orchestra. That was the real beginning of her rise to popularity and the movies. Her first picture was "George White's Scandals" for Fox, her contract studio, and this year she will be in the 1935 version. She has always been a blonde, more or less, but she is much, much more of a one now. Her complexion is fair and she has blue eyes. She tips the scales at 111 and measures 5 feet 4½ inches in height. She likes horseback riding and walking, but has no time for hobbies. Nope, she's not married, but she and Rudy are awfully good friends.

R. M. B. of Rib Lake—In "Happiness Ahead" Marjorie Gatenon was Mrs. Bradford and John Halliday, Mr. Bradford. Yes, Allen Jenkins was the chauffeur.

BERNICE C., South Bend, Ind.—This business of ages and birthplaces seems to pique the curiosity of many fans, so others please take note. Sylvia Sidney, August 8, 1910, New York City; Neil Hamilton, September 9, 1899, Lynn, Mass.; June Knight, January 22, 1913, Hollywood, Cal.; Joe E. Brown, July 22, 1892, Holgate, Ohio; Nick Stuart, April 10, Rumania; and Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1908.

PAT S., Auburn, N. Y.; **BETTY STONE**, Seattle, Wash.; **MISS F. DOLNIAK**, South Bend, Ind.; **GLADYS COHEN** and **IDA LIPSCHITZ**, Bronx, N. Y.; **MARGARET TANNER**, Dwight, Ill.; **DORIS KELLY**, Linesville, Pa.; **DOLLY REILLY**, Hollywood, Cal.

—Here is what you've been wanting to know about Rauff Ak-lom—David Manners to you. Far away Halifax in Nova Scotia was his birthplace, and April 30, 1905, the day. His mother's name was Manners, so that accounts for his nom de film. At the University of Toronto he was prominent in athletics and dramatics, but his desire to become an

author led him to the stage in order to get technical experience. Then he wanted to go to the South Seas, but he never got there, for when he was passing through Los Angeles the director of "Journey's End" met him and insisted that he create the role of Raleigh in that film. That was the start of his screen career. To keep fit he rides horseback, plays tennis and swims. He also sleeps at every opportunity, he confesses, and likes to read, play pinochle and rummy. He dislikes diets, cup custard and women with red finger nails. Astronomy and explorations interest him greatly. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He has just finished making "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" for Universal, the address of which studio is Universal City, Cal., where you can reach him.

EUNICE McNAMARA, Torrington, Conn.—The little brunette prig and menace in "Bright Eyes" who took the part of Joy Smythe, was Jane Withers. She made such a hit in this part that she was signed to a term contract by Fox and will appear first in "Dante's Inferno" then "Dice Woman" and after that with Jackie Searle in still another, Dorothy Christy was Mrs. Smythe in "Bright Eyes."

MRS. M. ROGERS, Detroit, Mich.—Spencer Tracy, whose real name is Spencer Tracy, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., on April 5, 1900. He made his picture debut in 1930, in Fox's "Up the River." Joan Crawford was born on March 23, 1908 in San Antonio, Tex., and Marion Davies on January 1, 1900, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

BARBARA GREENWELL, Ogden, Utah; **HELEN MOSTE**, Ithaca, Mich.—Maybe you wouldn't guess it, but Mae West, the belle of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and what-not, is part French. Her mother was une belle Francaise and her father, Jack West, was prominent as a featherweight boxer. She was born in Brooklyn on August 17 (she says in 1900) and her childhood was spent in studying for the stage. In fact, she made her stage debut at the age of 5, and at 6 joined a stock company. Thereafter, she appeared in musical comedy, vaudeville and burlesque. Then she

started writing her own plays and appearing in them, and in 1932 went to Hollywood for Paramount to appear in "Night After Night." As a result, she was starred in "She Done Him Wrong" and you know the rest. She has platinum blonde hair and violet eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Miss West has never married, she says. She has a sister, Beverly, and a brother, Jack West, Jr. Her next

(Continued on page 90)

Questions asked most frequently and the most interesting ones rate first preference. Don't ask questions which require too much research or infringe upon good taste, and not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! success story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her, she shatters the louder the fans. In "Blue Angel" she played an all-wrecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest



"Blue Angel"

"Morocco" added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back



"Morocco"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish in Spain." • Once again brings men to her feet. that rarest and most allur-takes everything and

"Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

That's Marlene Dietrich's suc-wickeder she is on the screen The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day.



"Shanghai Express"

legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful "Shanghai Express" the whoops mirers could be heard from Times here's the good news of the in character—this time as the



"Carnival In Spain"

dancer in Paramount's "Carnival she exercises the fatal charm that

And once again she tramples on their hearts. As ing of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,

"Better than sticky Hand Lotions"

SAY THESE FAMOUS WOMEN



MRS. ELY CULBERTSON says: "Sticky hand lotions are impossible for bridge players. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry."



MRS. FRANK BUCK says: "Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. Mine would be leathery if I didn't use Pacquin's. It's so quick and sure."



MRS. JOHN HELD, JR., says: "Naturally, I want my hands attractive. It's wonderful how white and smooth Pacquin's keeps busy hands."

WOMEN with lots to do find that Pacquin's saves them time and keeps their hands lovelier. There's no more waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry—Pacquin's Hand Cream goes right into your skin, without leaving any greasy or sticky film—you can put your gloves on the next minute if you want. And Pacquin's gives you such smooth and soft hands—younger looking, more appealing.

Pacquin's Hand Cream

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Some hints for changing a poor voice—or bettering a good one

BEFORE I give the message from our guest star, Sylvia Sidney, to all you MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School students, I

**DIRECTED BY
KATHERINE
ALBERT**

want to tell you how thrilled I am that so many of you are organizing dramatic clubs. And I want to tell you not to despair when your letters are not answered immediately. Right now, I'm still up to my ears in queries. So have patience. But don't stop writing. I love it and I hope everyone who hasn't already done so will write me for the information about dramatic clubs and start a group going right away.

I've had so many letters asking me about voice culture that this month I prevailed upon Sylvia Sidney to take the

class for us. There was a reason for Sylvia's being picked, because at one time her career hung in the balance for lack of a good speaking voice. I want you to know that story to realize how important voice training is.

There were one hundred and twenty boys and girls assembled before the Board of Directors of the Theatre Guild School. Out of this group, sixty were to be retained (*Continued on page 91*)

Attention PUZZLE FANS!

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PUZZLE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED
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BEST PUZZLE MAKERS
NOW ON SALE
EVERY MONTH
BY POPULAR DEMAND

CROSSWORD Puzzles 10¢

The MODERN HOSTESS

BY MARJORIE
DEEN



Above, you see Anna about to add the touch of sour cream that gives Borsch soup its exotic taste. Below, Anna eats American salads for lunch now.



Why not treat yourself to a real Russian dinner à la Anna Sten?

COUNTLESS thousands of words have been used in trying to describe Anna Sten, striving to catch the elusive quality that is the secret of her appeal, to plumb the mystery and the tragic memories back of those grey-blue eyes. Some have succeeded in a measure, others have failed dismally. But certainly there are two things outstandingly true about the star of "Nana" and "We Live Again"—she is lovely to look upon and she is typically Russian! And in nothing is Anna more Russian than in her love for Borsch, Pirojiks, Shashlyk and other traditional foods of her native land.

Please, at the very outset, let me urge you not to be frightened by those difficult names. They may *sound* mystifying but it is surprising how totally lacking in strange ingredients or condiments are the dishes Anna told me about. And if the description of these foods makes you as hungry as it made me, you'll want to join in a rousing cheer when you learn that I was able to secure recipes for all of them.

"When I first came to this country," Anna told me in

her low, musical voice, "I insisted on having two hours for lunch! Those two hours were spent in consuming a full-course Russian meal. But now that I have lived almost three years in California, I eat like an American at noon—salads and light, healthful dishes.

"However, when I am not working too hard, I ask our Russian friends in Hollywood to come to the house in the evening for a real Russian dinner. I get a longing for the foods of my homeland and so do they. We want a meal that starts off with hors d'oeuvres, both hot and cold, followed by borsch with which we serve pirojiks and then on and on through the lengthy menu.

"One thing that my guests always request is a baked fish dish for which my cook is famous. The recipe is so simple that I am sure any American housewife can duplicate it successfully in her kitchen. But I am getting ahead of myself since we really should start with the complete menu."

With pencil in hand, hair tumbling about her face, Miss Sten then wrote down a menu for a Russian dinner which contains a great many of her favorite

foods. It reads like this:

Hot and Cold Hors d'Oeuvres
Borsch with Sour Cream Pirojikis
Baked Fish
Shashlyk or Beef Stroganoff
Vegetables
Fruits Cheese Nuts
Profiteroles Demi-tasse

"There are many strange names on that menu but with a little translation they are not one bit baffling," Anna Sten assured me. And so it proved.

BORSCH is actually a Russian variation of that good, old American stand-by, vegetable soup. I learned. Pirojikis (pronounced "pe-roush-kees," by the way) are richly shortened biscuits filled with interesting things like chopped chicken. Shashlyk is lamb, pickled overnight, and then barbecued. Profiteroles is a delicious Russian dessert consisting of pastry shells filled with ice cream or whipped cream and then drenched in a delicious chocolate sauce.

And that, my dears, is a dinner such as Anna Sten would serve to her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, and their friends, Rouben Mamoulian, Berthold and Salka Viertol, Dmitri Tiomkin (orchestra composer-conductor) and his wife, the famous ballet teacher, Albertina Rasch, and other members of the Russian colony. The setting of the Soviet actress' dinner would be her wood-finished dining room, done in broad panels of light-hued, highly polished hardwood. The floor of this room is covered in blue carpet and the chairs are upholstered in exactly the same shade of blue. The room is typically modern with one exception—a silver samovar of Old Russia reigns from the top of the built-in buffet.

On this buffet, for this typical Russian dinner, would be twenty or thirty kinds of appetizers to which the guests help themselves. (Unlike the Danes, Russians stand as they eat their Hors d'Oeuvres.)

Miss Sten's favorites among her country's many appetizers are the two which I am about to describe. The first may be at slight variance with the average American taste but you'll find that most men like it. It is "Marrow on Toast."

Have the butcher give you a pork, beef or lamb bone containing a large amount of marrow. Boil the bone in slightly salted water until the marrow is tender and can be scooped out with a spoon. Remove marrow from bone and spread on rounds of hot, buttered toast. Season lightly with salt and pepper to taste. Top with a small green onion and serve hot.

The second Hors d'Oeuvres is "Radishes (Continued on page 89)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray look*? She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer . . .



The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap

soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimeiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.



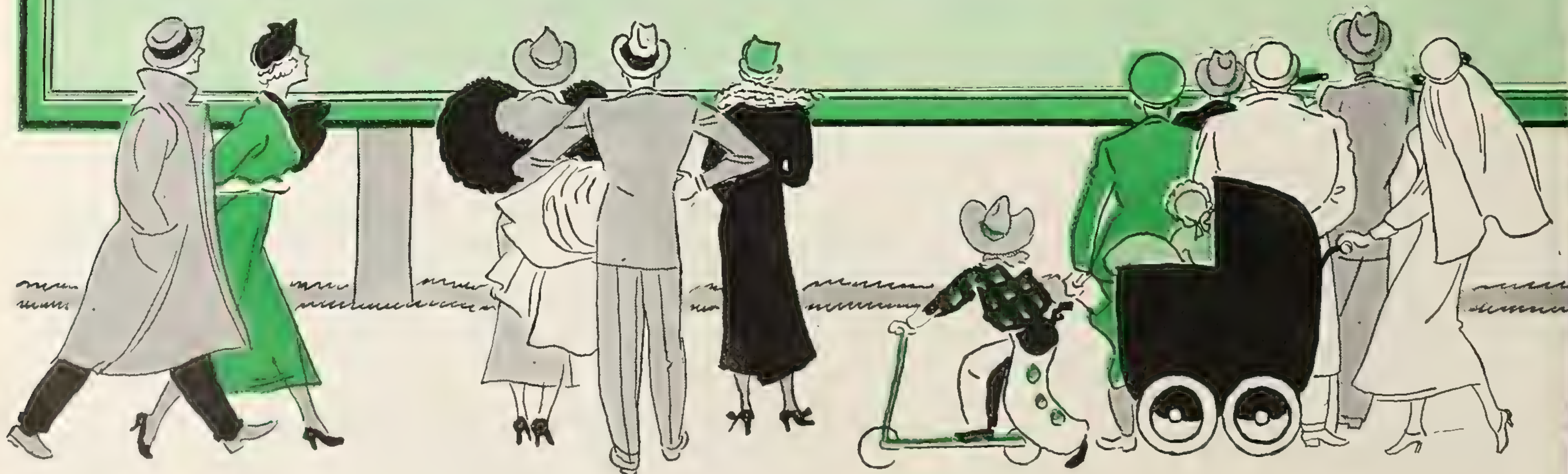
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**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

MODERN SCREEN'S

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News
Age of Innocence (RKO)	+	+	—	+	+	+	+	+
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Babbitt (First National)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Babes in Toyland (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Bamboona (Martin Johnsons)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
The Band Plays On (M-G-M)	—	+	+	+	+	○	—	—
The Barretts of Wimpole Street (M-G-M)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
The Battle (Leon Garganoff)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	—	—	—	—	—	—	+	—
Belle of the Nineties (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	+	—	+	+	+	+	○	+
Big Hearted Herbert (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	—	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Bordertown (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	—	+	+
Bright Eyes (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
British Agent (Warners)	—	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Broadway Bill (Columbia)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
By Your Leave (RKO)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
The Captain Hates the Sea (Columbia)	+	—	+	+	+	+	—	+
Caravan (Fox)	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	+	—	+	+	+	+	+	+
Cleopatra (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Clive of India (20th Century)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
College Rhythm (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
The Count of Monte Cristo (United Artists)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
The County Chairman (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Dangerous Corner (RKO)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	++	++	++	++	++	++	++	++
The Dude Ranger (Fox)	+	+	○	○	○	○	○	○
Enter Madame (Paramount)	+	+	+	—	+	—	—	+
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+
Father Brown, Detective (Paramount)	—	○	○	—	○	○	○	—
The Firebird (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	—	+	+
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+

(Continued on page 70)



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

N. Y. Daily Mirror	N. Y. World Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	RATING
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
+	+	○	+	+	+	-	94
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
+	+	○	○	○	+	+	100
○	○	○	+	-	+	-	60
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	○	+	-	+	+	94
○	○	○	+	+	○	○	
+	-	○	-	+	+	○	40
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
+	-	○	+	+	-	-	69
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
○	○	○	+	+	+	○	
+	-	○	+	+	+	+	86
+	-	+	+	+	+	+	93
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
○	○	+	+	+	+	-	80
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	87
+	-	+	+	+	+	+	87
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	93
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
○	○	+	+	+	+	○	
++	++	++	++	++	++	++	100+
+	+	○	-	+	+	+	88
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	79
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
+	-	○	+	+	-	+	85
+	+	○	+	+	+	+	100
+	○	○	+	+	+	+	63
+	-	+	+	+	+	+	66
+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100

At last! You can tell at a glance what the nation's most popular film critics have to say about current pictures. Ratings: favorable, plus; unfavorable, minus; zero, no review or review unavailable. Percentage rating based on number of reviews available. When adequate number of reviews not available, percentage is not given.

Modern Screen
REGINA CANNON
New York American
REGINA CREWE
New York Daily Mirror
BLAND JOHANESON
New York Daily News
KATE CAMERON
WANDA HALE
New York Evening Journal
ROSE PELSWICK
New York Herald Tribune
RICHARD WATTS, Jr.
New York Post
THORNTON DELEHANTY
IRENE THIRER
New York Sun
EILEEN CREELMAN
New York Times
ANDRE SENNWALD
New York World Telegram
WILLIAM BOEHNEL
Chicago Herald-Examiner
CAROL FRINK
Los Angeles Examiner
MURIEL BABCOCK
JERRY HOFFMAN
LOUELLA PARSONS



Robert Patterson

Norma Shearer is the personification of loveliness and good grooming.



Always immaculately dainty and tastefully gowned is Kay Francis.



Beauty Advice

Try to acquire that just-stepped-out-of-the-bandbox look

DO YOU WANT a formula for loveliness? Do you want a prescription for charm? Step right up then and order yourself a definite working plan for good-grooming. You're the doctor! You can be so well-groomed that your loveliness is assured. If you don't believe it, try it. Try it with all the thoroughness of a Joan Crawford or a Norma Shearer, and you'll agree that that doesn't mean any slap-dash, lick-and-a-promise sort of routine.

Let's tear away the mystery from all this glamor business. It is something of a business, you know. Think of the most glamorous women on the screen, and you'll realize they are not the ones with the perfect noses and figures built exactly to scale. They are the ones who have brought skill and determination to bear upon their natural endowments, and have willed themselves to be attractive and admired.

We're really tremendously lucky to belong to this day and age. Men's adoration of beauty and woman's determination to win that adoration has survived through the ages. But of all ages, this is the most advantageous for beauty-building. Never has grooming been placed on such a high pedestal . . . never has daintiness and fragrant cleanliness so outweighed the advantages of classical features.

Three of the most glamorous women on the screen

also qualify as three of the best groomed women. Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, and Norma Shearer represent three distinctly different types of glamorous feminine charm, but they are each alike in their radiant, immaculately groomed, "just-stepped-out-of-the-bandbox" look. If you don't believe that good-grooming is the best formula for loveliness that ever came your way, study the stars, and you'll be convinced.

You can't start too early. Young girls will grow into much lovelier young women if habits of daintiness are instilled at the start. We talked about manicuring last month, but since that time a clever little manicuring set has been put on the market for "the very young ladies" which seems worthy of calling to your attention right now in connection with this personal grooming business. It is the neatest trick we've seen yet for encouraging children to be particular about their fingernail grooming. Many a discouraged mother who has tried threats and cajoling to put an end to fingernail biting will find this an easy solution



By MARY BIDDLE

to her problem because it appeals to the child's natural pride. The set is packaged in a way that will appeal to a child's imagination, and to her sense of possession, for it will be her "very own" in her very own shade of polish. She won't want to spoil that beautiful shiny polish on her fingernails for anything!

Here is one important point in connection with cleanliness and daintiness to which we don't give enough consideration. Perhaps some of you aren't entirely aware of it. Did you know that each one of you has a distinct "personal" perfume which is the result of the natural odors that emanate from your skin, your hair, your person? You yourself are probably unconscious of it, but that is because your nose always comes to disregard any scent to which it is habitually accustomed. The sense of smell is the most delicate of all the senses, and becomes fatigued very easily. Thus since your nose won't remember for you, you've got to do your own remembering and keep yourself irreproachably dainty. Lovely and unlovely scents have tremendous power to attract or repel emotionally. People are affected by them almost subconsciously when they meet other people. Hence the best protection for your own happiness is a remembrance of those details of personal grooming which contribute to your natural fragrance. Keep your person wholesomely sweet, and you don't have to worry about giving offense.

MANY a story and poem has romanticized the perfume of a woman's hair. That perfume is the perfume of clean hair. Clean, healthy hair has a delightful fragrance all its own. Whether your hair is inclined to be dry or oily, shampoo it at least once every ten days or two weeks. If you live in the soot-filled city, once a week is better. Brush your hair every night, and keep your brush so clean that the brushing is as much a cleansing process as a stimulating one. It's a smart idea to have a towel, or a clean piece of old linen, to wipe your brush on every once in a while during your routine of vigorous strokes. Part your hair in strands, and brush until you cleanse and burnish every strand.

I can hear your protests already about "spoiling the wave." Don't put off shampooing or brushing when it's a question of healthful cleanliness in preference to a perfect wave. I know you think it's easy enough for me to say that, and you answer me back under your breath that I'm not the one who is going to have to pay for that new wave. If you have naturally curly hair, or a good permanent, let me knock over that old superstition of brushing "spoiling the wave" for you. Every hair specialist who really knows her business will tell you that brushing actually helps to set a permanent or natural wave. Brush your hair, and then push it up into the waves that the brushing will help to reveal. Of course, a finger wave is a little different. It sometimes needs coaxing back (*Continued on page 97*)

Two of the 46,000,000



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves...but about *you* and a problem of *yours*!

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get...thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief...well that laxative *must* be good. When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different...and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle*. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to

take...for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

That "Certain Something"

There's something else these millions of Ex-Lax users find in Ex-Lax. A "certain something" beyond the facts just listed. It can't be described in words, or pictures. But it's there. It is the ideal combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way. Once you try Ex-Lax you'll understand. And nothing else will ever do.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR...with Ex-Lax.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MM 45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

When Nature forgets - remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in a new type of story . . . the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!



The bigger you are
the harder you'll fall for Shirley
in "THE LITTLE COLONEL"

What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits



"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

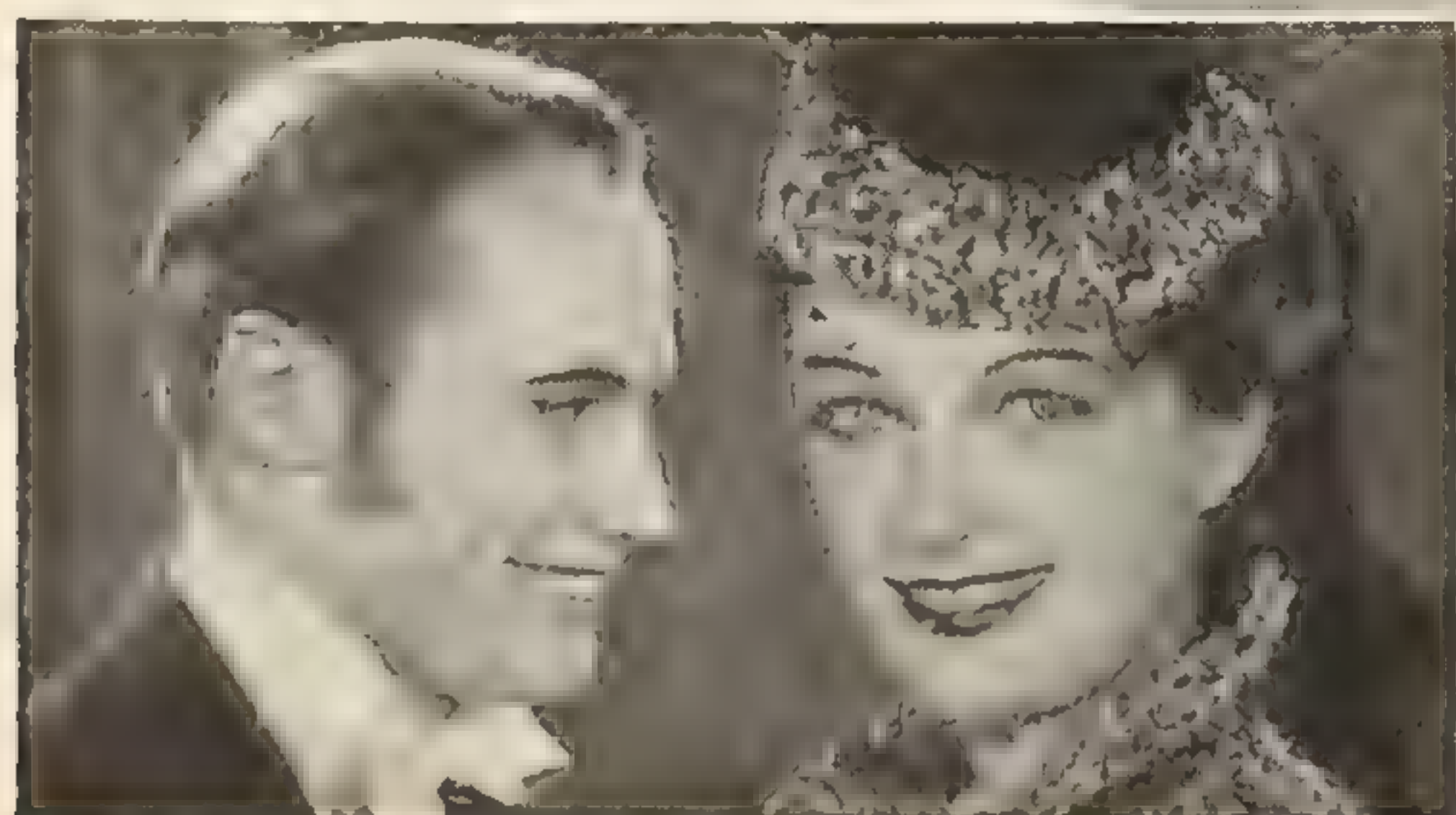
"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some high and fancy steppin'

And the finish—GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes and dimpled cheeks!

So take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots this month!

John Lodge and Evelyn Venable



Shirley
TEMPLE
Lionel
BARRYMORE
in
"THE LITTLE
COLONEL"

A B. G. De Sylva Production

Based on the story by
Annie Fellows Johnston
which thrilled millions!

More BEST BETS
from the Fox Studios!

WILL ROGERS in
"LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

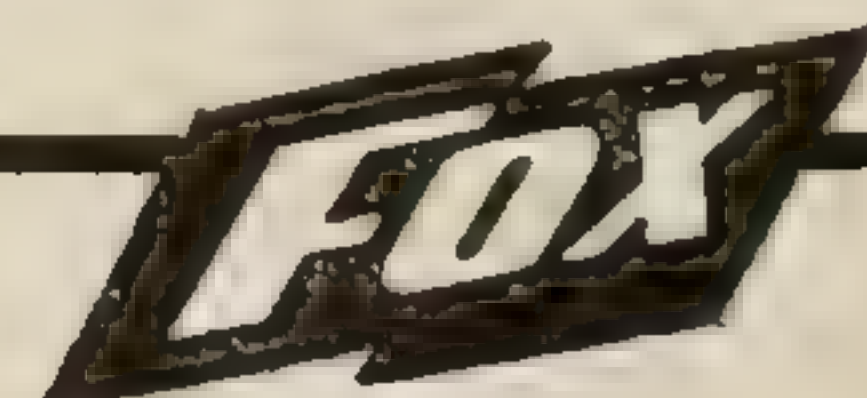
The riotous story of a modern country editor. With Richard Cromwell, Rochelle Hudson, George Barbier, Jane Darwell and Slim Summerville supporting your favorite star. Suggested by Walter B. Pitkin's best seller

GAYNOR & BAXTER in
"ONE MORE SPRING"


This unusual story from Robert Nathan's stirring novel tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance. With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

GEORGE WHITE'S
SCANDALS OF '35

The big musical smash of the year! Beauty, Songs, Comedy with George White himself, Alice Faye, Jimmy Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards and gorgeous gals.




Too Lovely!




To a Spaniard there is no one more thrilling than a blonde beauty of his native country. And to Marlene Dietrich's fans, there is no one quite as lovely as she. In her role of Concha, a Spanish dancer, in "Caprice Espagnol," Dietrich reveals a new warmth and humanness in her acting. Von Sternberg directs her despite the fact that Hollywood buzzes with the oft-repeated rumor that the famous acting-directing combination is definitely split this time. Marlene has been seen about town with escorts other than Von Sternberg but that has happened before. Meanwhile work on the picture continues and Marlene sheds her tailored costuming for some of the most gorgeous costumes she has ever worn. This magnificent white lace creation is one. In place of a mantilla, she wears this dramatic hat of lace wired to affect a brim.

Folies Bergères Girl



Ann Sothorn never dreamed, when she was signed to a lead with Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergères," that life was going to be so riotous! You see, they're shooting a French version along with the American one, and since French censors aren't so particular, it's pretty spicy. What with everyone on other sets doing "peeping Toms" and French chorus girls imported to replace modest American ones who quit for lack of proper costuming! Ann made such a hit in "Kid Millions" that she was rushed right into another musical extravaganza. Ann and her best boy friend, Roger Pryor, make one of Hollywood's most wistful couples. There's still that matter of a Reno decree for Roger, you see. Such a pretty damsel should never have to look wistful, do you think?



It's a man's size job to to drag Janet Gaynor into the studio gallery for picture taking—that's why a grand picture like this is a special prize. Janet is having a high old time in Central Park, New York City, in her current picture, "One More Spring," with Warner Baxter. The fur covering, above, which may appear to be rather unseasonable, is protection against Central Park zephyrs inasmuch as Janet sleeps under it on an antique bed of Napoleon Bonaparte's. It's all part of the plot. Janet continues to side-step any romantic rumors linking her with a new swain. She is impartial with her escorts, frequently confounding the rumor hounds by taking her mother along to Hollywood social events which she attends.

Ever-Adorable



Smooth

Ole Massa Bing Crosby, all done up with side-burns and frilled shirt bosom to give the fair damsels a new heart flutter in "Mississippi." However, this sad, where-art-thou expression doesn't last throughout the picture because Bing becomes known as a bold, bad river gunman who gets into some pretty scrapes out of which he can't croon himself! Joan Bennett is the lovely flower of the South whom he wins despite his carryings-on. You can always depend upon Bing for a swell performance and that banjo gives you the idea that there probably are some songs you'll be humming long afterwards.



Suave

When Mr. Tullio Carminati looks at his leading lady with this same slightly puzzled but intrigued look, thousands of devoted wives go home to stare unhappily at the nice, open expressions on their hard-working husbands' faces! Everyone has been telling us how disappointed they were not to have Tullio sing in "One Night of Love." They were crazy about his acting but a duet with Grace Moore or even a short ditty on his own would have fixed things up. But just wait for his next picture, "Let's Live Tonight," in which he sings with Lilian Harvey. Victor Schertzinger has written two hit songs for them.




Great Dane

Meet King Rudolph who rules a mythical kingdom but takes time out to swap places with a screen star. In other words, Carl Brisson, the smiling and singing Dane, adroitly plays a dual role in "All the Kings' Horses." Brisson and his charming wife have become very popular in the social swim of Hollywood. They seem to have pleasantly adjusted themselves to a new home, far from their native Denmark. Carl is a grand actor whom we don't see half often enough on the screen. Perhaps this teaming of him with Mary Ellis, of opera fame, will bring him many future roles and more frequent appearances.



Watch him!

Quietly but expertly young Cesar Romero has stolen the picture plum of the season. After brief appearances in "British Agent" and as the gigolo husband in "The Thin Man," he emerges without previous fanfare as the leading man for Dietrich in "Caprice Espagnol." This is a marvelous chance for the handsome Cuban and it is predicted that he is a rising star to watch with interest. Already his "bit" parts in several pictures have caused the fem fans to sit up when he walks into a scene. His romantic Latin appearance is a perfect foil for the blonde Dietrich and as you can see, the Spanish costuming is becoming.



There may be Hollywood sirens who do their "come-hithering" more blatantly than Claudette Colbert, but there's none who receives more increasing acclaim from fans and box-office. It's gotten so that Claudette can't get a toothbrush packed for a well-earned vacation without the studio begging her to please do one more picture first. She'd hardly finished "Gilded Lily" before she was rushed into "Private Worlds" to emote opposite those two dashing leading men, the French Charles Boyer and that very American young man, Joel McCrea. Claudette can look back upon the past year with complete satisfaction. Never before has she shown such versatility and depth to her acting. From the gay, sophisticated comedy of "It Happened One Night," to the sympathetic and understanding mother of "Imitation of Life." A romantic interest in Claudette's life seems to be singularly nil at the moment. Since her marriage with Norman Foster met an impasse, she has devoted herself to work and made very few public appearances about Hollywood. We can't imagine a spinsterish existence appealing to her for long, however, and neither can any of her legion of masculine fans!

Come-hither

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!



1
Accident



2
Discovery



3
Capture

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *does more* for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious *cream in liquid form*. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it *soaks the skin* with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1935



4
Rapture

Hinds
Honey and
Almond Cream



THE 8 MOST FASCINATING

I CAN think of just eight people in Hollywood who are intriguing. That is to me, anyway.

In my five years here I have been introduced to nearly all of the "big names" in the movie colony, either on studio sets or socially. I've heard the inside stories about practically all those who matter. And I am including not only actors, but the workers behind the scenes.

I am not a blasé, ungrateful cynic, either. Indeed I am thrilled to be among those present in pictures today, for automatically this puts me in contact with so many exceptionally interesting men and women. I frankly adore the stimulation that knowing them gives me.

But with all respect to my personal friends, and I rate myself lucky in having quite a few who are grand, regular sports, only one whom I know really well goes into my group of Hollywood's intriguing people. And in this very special class I number one whom I've never succeeded in meeting.

Perhaps I first should explain my term.

You find many who are attractive; you like them because an inexplicable bond of sympathy and understanding links them to you. There are certain persons whom you admire for their accomplishments; others whose characters draw your respect.

By *intriguing*, however, I mean something more than all that. I reserve this distinction for those who fascinate me, for those who have a strangely provocative quality that perpetually enchants me.

When you stop to carefully consider all the people in your own sphere, how many could you truthfully say possess this rare characteristic?

As I stated, I can think of only eight in all of Hollywood.

I choose Fred Astaire because his quiet humor piques my fancy. He always has a sly twinkle in his eyes and you are never quite sure of what's going on in his rapier-like brain. There is a calm sweetness about him that isn't in the least sappy. You sense that behind his unassuming manner is real power.

He never reveals much about himself, but when he does care to talk he has something worth saying. I can't think of any other man who is so kind and so gentle, and yet who has such a steely determination hidden within.



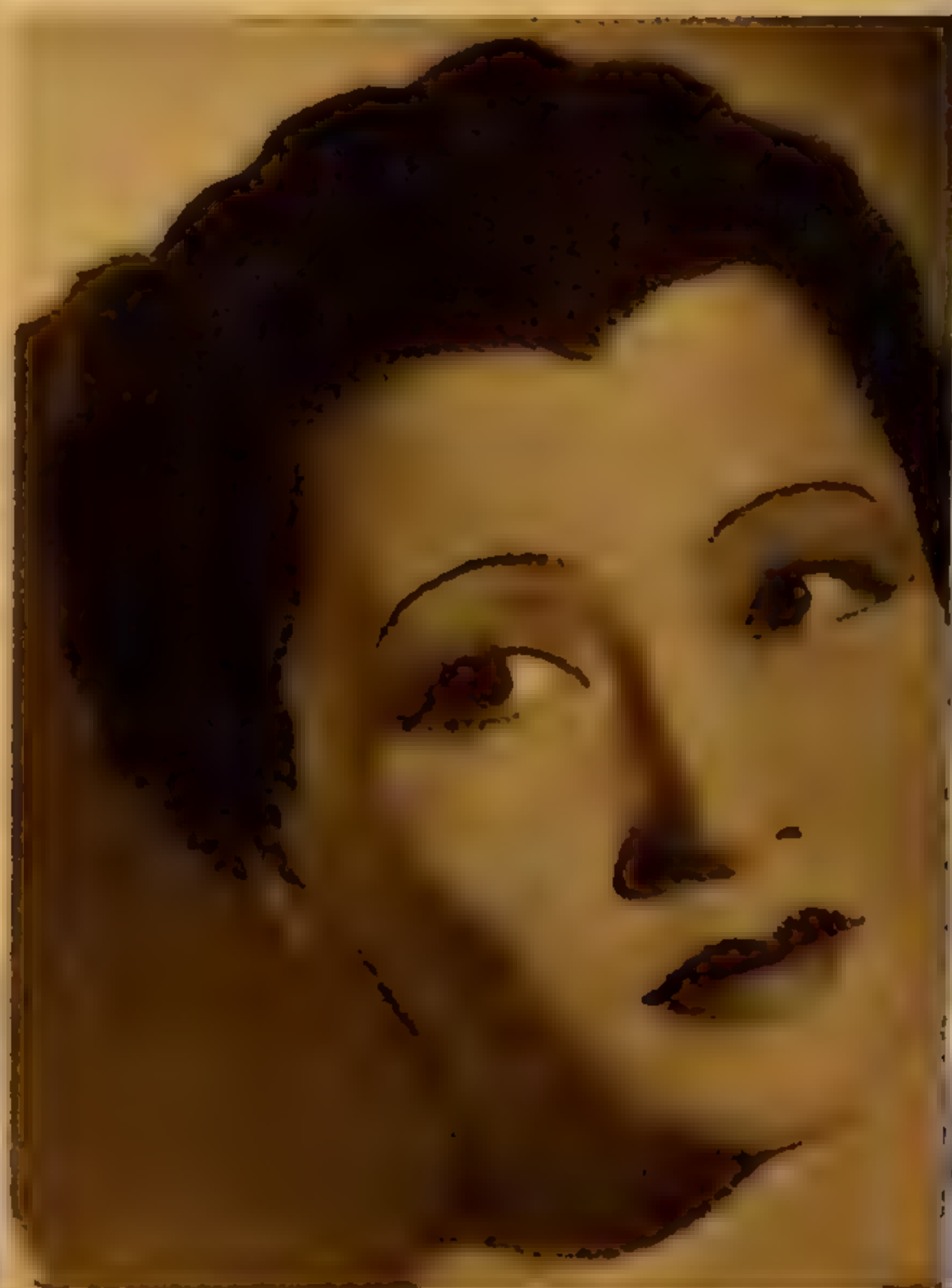
Kay likes Perc Westmore's humanity.



... Frances Goldwyn's vitality.



... W. S. Van Dyke's sincerity.



... Anna May Wong's good taste.

PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD !

Here's a game!

Who are your

eight Hollywood

entries? Let's hear

By KAY FRANCIS
as told to BEN
MADDOX

A hard worker with a serious attitude toward his particular line, his shyness, his charm, and his unquestioned ability as a dancer combine to make him a thoroughly captivating man in my estimation.

One more important thing to his credit. I have been so pleased with the way he has behaved in Hollywood. He came here a world-famous stage star and wasn't temperamental when the movies cast him first in a small, supporting role. A genuine trouper, he relied on merit to bring him his deserved attention. Nor did he discourse wildly on his private life to gain publicity.

I pick Joan Blondell because her amazing forthrightness fascinates me. It pervades her every move. And this proves right off that being mysterious is not a requisite for easing into this group. Joan meets life face to face and endeavors to conceal nothing.

Her honesty is so wonderfully consistent. Her wholesomeness, the fact that she is such a devoted wife and mother—these are subordinate reasons for my being intrigued by her. Primarily it's her lack of artifices and complexes that thrills me. It's an achievement to be one hundred per cent sincere and frank.

I don't know Joan well, but I feel that she must have a whirlwind temper when she's imposed upon. I fancy that, with all her sweetness, there is terrific fight in her and that she'd battle to the last ditch for anyone she loves. And she wouldn't care what happened to herself. I shouldn't want her to ever get mad at me!

And then I nominate Jimmy Cagney because he simply enchants me on the screen. He is my favorite actor and so I'll admit I may be prejudiced! It's an instinctive liking that I have for him.

I often try to analyze his appeal. He isn't handsome. But every single muscle of his seems to be taut. Jimmy is like a leopard, ready to spring. I sit through all his pictures twice because I get such a kick out of watching him.

Because his film personality "gets" me he is to me a fascinating person.

We are only casual acquaintances and I run into him just at the studio and at actors' meetings and parties. He is astonishingly quiet and modest, a strange contrast to that fiery self the camera tempts forth.

I guess it's a good thing he isn't as devastating "off" as "on," for Cagney in celluloid is irresistible to me!

Next comes Greta Garbo. She is the one on my list whom I've not yet met.

One day I was driving down the boulevard when I caught a glimpse of Garbo's back. She was striding the other way and it was the first and only time I've ever seen her in person. If I hadn't been terribly late for an appointment, I would have turned around and gone chasing after her to see exactly what she's like.

She is alluring to me because she is so beautiful on the screen and I want to learn whether she is as glamorous in reality. There's a different quality about Garbo that no one can copy.

I feel that although she is giving everything when she expresses her emotions for a film scene, she simultaneously is a woman apart from everyone and every- (Continued on page 93)



Joan Blondell's
frankness.



... Jim Cagney's
screen appeal.



... Fred Astaire's
quiet humor.



... Garbo's great
screen beauty.

YOU CAN MAKE

BY ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

Meet people with friend-
liness, you'll be
rewarded by
popularity



Loretta Young puts a ban on catty remarks about other women. You must be kind in your judgments or others will distrust you.



Above, lovely Karen Morley gives loyalty to your own sex as first step in being thoroughly likeable.

TO BE likeable. That's the thing. To have people say, "Oh, I like her! She's swell!" To have people quick to raise their hat or hand in greeting when they see you on the street. To have voices warm when they talk to you. To have people smile when they greet you.

Of course there are some misanthropes who don't care a hoot whether they're likeable or not. But they can be left out of all calculations since they're neither natural nor, fortunately, numerous. Everybody else wants to be likeable.

And everybody can be. That's the grand part of it. Being likeable is simply a matter of acquiring understanding, of doing a good job about adjusting yourself to life.

And you can *learn* to be likeable. Thousands of people have done it. Among them many of the motion picture stars.

There's Joan Bennett, for instance.

"The first thing you must do," according to Joan, "is give people a chance to like you. If you're naturally shy, and so many of us are, this isn't an easy thing to do, I know. For the very defense you adopt to cover your shyness puts others off. For most likely they're diffident, timid and shy, too, and the barrier you present causes them to become even more defensive.

"And there you are for all the world like a couple of porcupines who meet and immediately shoot out quills."

PEOPLE LIKE YOU

We were lunching at Joan's. Her dining-room, with the rest of the house, had just been done over. Joan had planned it herself, in cool, peaceful grays and beiges as a background for the intimate dinners she and her husband, Gene Markey, like to give.

Melinda, eighteen months old, was at luncheon, too. She sat beside Joan and was buckled into a little canvas swing. That morning Joan had been at the studios. That afternoon she was going to the tennis matches where her box, marked Mrs. Gene Markey, would be a favorite gathering place between sets.

AND if I don't have Melinda for a little while every day, I get so lonesome for her," Joan explained, kissing her baby on the top of her head, beside the little blue bow that held a tuft of yellow hair.

"But," I said to Joan, bringing the talk back to the business of learning to be likeable, "you're a Bennett. You probably were born with a natural magnetism for people. You probably never had to *learn* to be liked."

Joan just looked at me. "Don't be crazy," she said. "I was not born with magnetism for people. I most certainly did have to learn to be likeable.

"I was born a Bennett all right, and that for me was no help. The others all had their stride when I came along. And I was more like my mother, quiet and shy.

"Growing up, in defense, I became haughty. I didn't think haughtiness was attractive. I never was that stupid. I knew darn well haughtiness was no fun. I simply preferred seeming haughty to seeming shy.

"I doubt that it ever is easy to be the little sister. It's no boon to anyone's pride to start out socially by being allowed to trail along, by being suffered, so to speak. But to be the little sister of Constance Bennett! That's something! That means taking a back seat and sinking into oblivion. Not because of anything Connie does, but because Connie's naturally a glittering and magnetic personality.

"Both Barbara and I grew up feeling pretty unimportant. Barbara developed sarcasm in defense of her hurt ego and had all the bother of overcoming it later on. Just as I had the bother of overcoming haughtiness before I could get anywhere, personally or professionally."

Then I remembered Joan when she first came to Hollywood. She had been a very haughty young woman indeed. And, needless to say, not the charming and popular person she is today.

"What was the first step you took towards overcoming your haughtiness? Do you remember?" I asked.

JOAN laughed. "I remember well, I took a plunge. One afternoon, at a tea-party, I admitted how difficult it was having a brilliant, magnetic sister. I went on to tell how this relegated you to the background whereupon your ego was hurt and, confused, you proceeded to hide behind haughtiness or something else equally silly. And equally unfriendly.

"Well, several other people at that party had been younger brothers or sisters, too. (Continued on page 82)

Below, Jean Harlow is warm and friendly with women as well as men—that's why she's liked. She never acts bored, either.



Below, Sylvia Sydney begs you to be true to yourself first and people, in turn, will be true to you.



A CHANCE TO LIVE AN *Ideal*

In her "Clive of India" role, Loretta Young finds a spur to high courage and renewed faith in earthly love

BY WALTER
RAMSEY

In "Clive of India," with Ronald Colman, Loretta portrays a woman fifteen years her senior.



WHEN Darryl Zanuck cast Loretta Young in the role of Meg in "Clive of India," Hollywood thought he had made the mistake of not reading the book!

Every thirty-year-old actress in town who had been "up" for the role—and several who hadn't—almost swooned at the thought of Zanuck's selection. One columnist wrote: "Another of those strange cases of Hollywood casting is the assigning of Loretta Young in the role of Meg opposite Ronald Colman in 'Clive of India.' During a great portion of the action, Meg is a woman thirty or thirty-five years of age . . . with two children. Miss Young is just barely twenty-two!"

But if the critics, the actresses and the casting boys were surprised, theirs might be called a mild case compared to Loretta's own reaction, which was just one degree short of being flabbergasted. For two or three years now, Loretta has been doing character-ingenues in such dramatic offerings as "A Man's Castle" and "White Parade," but even at that, the cinema life span of the leading lady seldom went over the twenty-year mark. It is not at all unusual for an actress of thirty to portray belles of eighteen, but for a girl in her twenties to portray a woman past thirty (when Hollywood is practically overcrowded with the correct-age type) was indeed something!

"I haven't an inferiority complex," smiled Loretta, who looked like a vision of loveliness in the ruffled gown of

soft lace she was wearing for a scene in the picture, "but I never went into a part with such an uncomfortable feeling of doubt, wondering if I would be adequate in such a role, wondering if I would be able to look the part, but, more important still, wondering if I would be able to convincingly portray the mature emotions of Meg."

Loretta and I were sitting on the set representing the London home of Loretta and her husband (in the picture) Ronald Colman. Cameramen and electricians were scurrying about "setting up" for the next scene, a very dramatic moment in the film in which Meg chooses between remaining in London with her child or once more accompanying her husband into the dangerous life he leads in India. At this stage of the story, Meg is almost thirty. I stole a curious glance at the girl who plays Meg. Loretta's own soft, brown hair was covered by a marvelously effective transformation of curls built high on her head. Soft shadows of the make-up artist's magic were discernible under her eyes, but with these outward exceptions, no other changes had been made in Loretta's own beautiful face. Later, I learned that Loretta matures in this role through sheer characterization, not by the usual trick make-up effects, using but her voice and a change in carriage to gain the effect of maturity and dignity. Certainly, no telltale lines marred the fresh loveliness of her face as we sat talking. (*Continued on page 116*)

Loretta Young—the most sought-after leading lady in all filmdom.



THE sole reason for relating this episode is because of the insight it affords into the character of Carole Lombard. Otherwise, it's strictly personal.

Jim and I had gone to the El Rey Club to celebrate his last night in town. He didn't want to see Carole while he was in Hollywood—that I knew. And he was anxious to be leaving the next day when he'd be beyond any hazard of a chance meeting.

His motives, at this point, must be explained. They were tragically simple. Jim had been in love with Carole for nearly five years; so hopelessly in love that he couldn't endure the ordinary friendship which she desired. Carole is staunch in her friendships and she wanted, desperately, to keep Jim as one of her closest and best. But Jim's emotions couldn't withstand the strain. He resolved, at last, to save his mangled feelings and preclude, as well, the constant probability of playing the fool.

There was only one way he could do this. Never see her, never to set his yearning eyes on her again. So he straightway packed all his belongings, pulled up stakes and went to New York to start life over. Thus it was, more than two years later, that returning to the Coast on a brief business trip, Jim and I got in touch with each other once more. He hadn't changed. We hadn't been together an hour before I realized that his heart still was ensnared hopelessly by the blonde Diana. For his three days in Hollywood, therefore, he had to control himself sternly. It was largely because of this, his triumph over his rampant emotions, that we went to the El Rey to celebrate.

We celebrated for ten minutes when Carole entered.

SHE came in with a well known actor. As she descended the stairs on his arm, she smilingly acknowledged the sudden ripple of salutations. Before her wraps could be removed, friends eagerly surrounded her. Soon they were laughing and talking with that air of nervous excitement which she always inspires. Her bubbling spirits seemed to affect not only this group but everyone in the room. Indeed, the pulse of the whole place quickened; came suddenly and tensely alive. It was as if her arrival provided the excuse for a high gaiety for which the revelers glumly had been waiting. But during this time my eyes were on Jim. His face had turned pale. For a full, agonizing minute he didn't move. Then he grabbed his glass with shaking fingers, gulped his whiskey sour. "Let's get out of here," he muttered hoarsely.

But we didn't leave. At that moment Carole and her escort were being directed, by the beaming head waiter,

toward a table next to the dance floor. As they passed close by, Jim turned his head in the opposite direction. From then on there was nothing to do but stay. From where Carole was seated she could see us walk toward the door. We stayed and drank.

And how Jim drank! The liquor brought on the inevitable result. Finally, he commenced to talk. All about the various ways he tried to get Carole out of his blood. But this phase of his confession is strictly his private concern. What does concern us here are the rather revealing things he said about Carole. He had known her extremely well, as I inferred before, for nearly five years. But it wasn't until he settled down in New York that he really understood her. Understood, that is, the reasons for his love.

Jim swirled the amber liquid in his glass and spoke, now, without lifting his eyes. I had to lean close to catch his voice above the chattering din in the room.



BY

DELL

HOGARTH





Carole's boundless affection for her friends is one quality which endeared her to this young man.

"I had to understand the reason why I cared for her so," he said. He formed his words with deliberate slowness so that he wouldn't sound mawkish. "I had to. I felt that it was the only thing that would help me get a line on myself. I wanted to know why she stood out among all the women I had ever met. So I began an analysis. I decided, finally, that she possessed just four qualities, four principal qualities, which made her the most irresistible woman I had ever met. They all are ordinary. They all are exceedingly difficult to develop to the highest degree. Well, perhaps that statement is not entirely correct. Perhaps it's natural endowment.

For, you see, the first quality Carole possesses is . . ."

I missed the word. The orchestra had started up a rumba. The lights were dim. Couples began shuffling on the floor to that feverish tempo which pounded like blood in your veins. I looked across the floor and soon discovered a sleek, blonde head framed against the dark shoulder of her partner. The head and shoulders didn't move as she and her partner slowly glided among the other couples. "Stepping on eggshells" is the best phrase to describe Carole's dancing. It's so effortless and light; yet imbued, then, with the torrid abandon of the music. I glanced at Jim. As he stared across the smoke filled room, I could perceive that he was following her every move. His eyes were lost in that old enchantment. I touched his hand. He looked at me quickly, unseeing, like one who is under a spell.

"You were telling me something," I said.

HE shook his head and ordered a whiskey neat. The muscles of his jaws flexed. He didn't look back toward the floor. It took one stiff gulp, a long pause, before he could recapture his thoughts.

"Oh yes, I was speaking of beauty. That is the first quality Carole possesses. No man ever falls in love with a woman unless she is beautiful. A woman may not be attractive to other men but to the eyes of her lover she is beautiful. And did you ever (*Continued on page 76*)

Carole and George Raft team again for "Rumba," a thrill for their fans.



"YOU MAY BE GOING BLIND!"

John Beal had to face the tragic realization that he might eventually lose his eyesight



John Beal had the ambition and the talent to become a great artist, but it would have meant too much of a strain on his eyes. (Left) He was outstanding with Hepburn in "The Little Minister."



BY KATHERINE ALBERT

JOHN BEAL didn't want to tell this story. He was afraid it might sound as if he were making a bid for sympathy. As a matter of fact, he would not even have told the story to me if I hadn't stumbled upon it.

He had just finished "The Little Minister" with Katharine Hepburn which, incidentally, is going to put him right up there with the big stars, and he was raving about Hepburn's acting. Well, I know a lot about mad Kate. I wanted to know more about John Beal. So to change the subject I asked him to show me some of his drawings.

"I'm afraid they'd bore you," he said simply.

But I finally convinced him that world-famous bores had

tried to make me yawn and that I could stand a couple of portfolios without falling asleep. So he brought out his sketch books.

Bored? Not much! I was fascinated. He draws beautifully—vivid character sketches, quick flashing likenesses, nice ironies, strong, sure lines.

"But these are grand," I enthused. "Why don't you do more?"

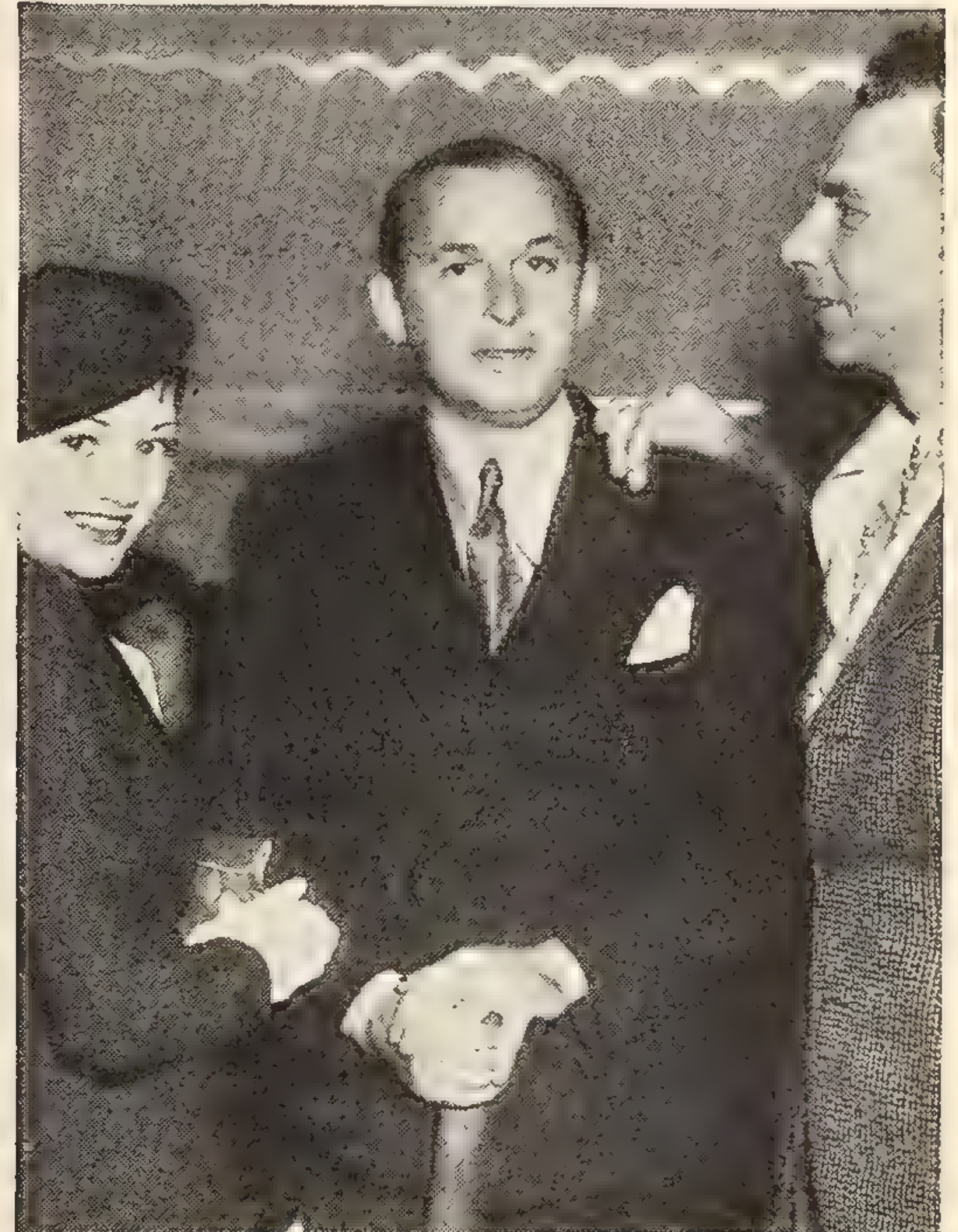
I expected the usual actor alibi "no time" and then I looked at his face and saw some curious emotional drama struggling in his eyes.

"I do as much as I can," he said softly. "It's my eyes. You see, I almost went blind once. I thought that I would never be able to see again." (Continued on page 78)



Here, above, is where you find all of sporting Hollywood when the races are being run—the beautiful new Santa Anita track. The gee-gees are lining up!

THE SPORT OF KINGS



Left above, Ricardo Cortez is snapped by Scotty as he arrives at the track. Ric's grin indicates an advanced tip on the races. Left below, Mary Brian gives one of the jockeys her autograph. Right above, it bodes no good for the hosses with this huddle going on! Arline Judge, husband Wes Ruggles and the old Maestro, Ben Bernie, tell each other what's what. Right below, Mae Clarke (and it's nice to see her recovered again), looks amazed at the horses George E. Stone has marked for her.



Regina Cannon on the wire!
She tells you the latest hot-
from-Hollywood lowdown!
Read all about the parties,
aces, romances—not to
mention the etceteras



Mr. and Mrs. Ansunolo pay their daughter,
 Dolores Del Rio, their annual visit.

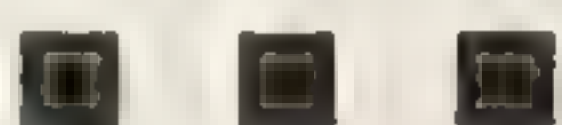
No sooner had Mary Pickford obtained her two-minute, record-breaking divorce than the rumor hounds got busy and predicted that Buddy Rogers would be America's Sweetheart's "next." In fact, word to that effect even traveled across the Atlantic, where Buddy is playing in London. An enterprising reporter there interviewed the lad, who emphatically replied, "Miss Pickford and I are dear friends. Indeed, I may marry, but I have an English woman in mind."

Mary was born in Canada, remember? So—are we—a sleuth or just a bad guesser?



That ace romantic, Francis Lederer, has transferred his affections from the tempestuous Steffi Duna to scenarist Anita Loos' charming niece, Mary Anita. But is the foreign lady taking the change philosophically? No, indeed. 'Tis said she's been making things around Hollywood, generally, and around Mr. L., particularly, slightly warmer than a Mexican menu! Battle-staging seems to be the gal's forte—and Francis, himself such a pacifist! How embarrassing, to say the least.

Incidentally, the premature announcement of the Czech's engagement brought out the fact that he had once been married, which matter came as sort of front-page news to his enthralled female public.



Those famous wits, Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, have met their match at last, and what's more, they enjoy telling about it! It seems that a Mr. Adams, who owns a little movie house somewhere in Illinois, sent in his exhibitor's report after running the boys' first movie venture.



Mary Brian and Norman Foster have a gay old
 time at the Tracadere, too.

"'Crime Without Passion,'" it read, "is terrible. The audience walked out of my theatre when it was shown. Never send me another like it!"

Well, what did Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur do? They sat right down and wrote Mr. A. "Now," they said, "don't throw this note out with your circulars. In the first place, it's probably the only envelope bearing a three-cent stamp you've ever received. And, we're writing in two-syllable words so that you'll be able to understand, etc., etc."

To which, Mr. Adams replied, "Your letter was so swell, it is now

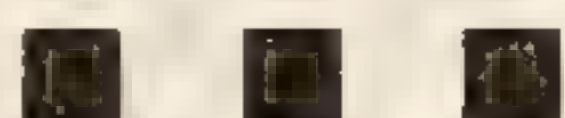


framed and hanging in my lobby, where it is affording my patrons much more entertainment than did your picture. You attack me as an exhibitor? Well, boys, I'm okay there, too. Remember, I got the audience *in*, but it was your film sent 'em *out*."

Whew! One up for Adams.



Marlene Dietrich has always said that she wanted to bring up her little daughter, Maria, in an "individual" manner. So perhaps that is why, on a recent midnight, the youngster was glimpsed with her famous mother and her Egyptian escort, and her dad and his beautiful female companion at the gay Trocadero, one of Hollywood's brightest night spots. Wouldn't a lot of children, who have to be in bed by eight, love a treat like that?



The fact that most of the cast of "Shadow of Doubt" have donned British accents with their make-up may be laid at the door of the celebrated English actress, Constance Collier. Yes, indeed, the day our scout visited the set, there was cute little Isabel Jewell giving her dialogue the broad "A" with a vengeance.

Incidentally, all is definitely over between Isabel and Lee Tracy, with each displaying enough good taste to refrain from discussing the whys and wherefores. Miss J. has a brand new beau already and Lee isn't the stay-at-home type either.



He's known to his public as Mala, and to his intimates as plain Ray Wise, and they do say he actually leans a long way

toward being an honest-to-goodness Esquimaux. Anyway, 'tis whispered that Ray is tired of being associated with the frozen North and has asked that stories to the effect that he is part Hawaiian—not Four Hawaiians like Joe Cook's famous quartette—be circulated. Well, get hot, Mala! It's all right with us fans, who think you're a pretty good actor whether your manly form is draped in furs or grass! We still remember your perfectly swell performance in "Eskimo" and would like to see you soon again.



This looks like a romance. Jean Negulesco and Landi see "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



Mary Astor and Fredric March dancing at the writers' shindig at the Trocadero.

That pretty little southern belle, Gail Patrick, is at the moment slightly puzzled over life and studio casting directors. It seems that it took Gail nearly two years to lose her soft Ala-balmy drawl and, no sooner had it gone the way of all memories, than she was put into Bing Crosby's "Mississippi," where she must talk like a girl from way down below the Mason-Dixon line.



Believe it or not, Dick Powell has a secret passion. Ah ha! It is not the lovely Mary Brian, nor the equally pretty Margaret Lindsay, but Myrna Loy. Yes, Dick never misses a Loy picture. In fact, he goes to see them all by himself and admits he has stayed through the same feature two or three times. Of course, the last person to know about this is Myrna herself.

Incidentally, Dick has had a heck of a time furnishing his new home in Toluca Lake. Yep, almost all the furniture had to be sent back, as it proved to be just about as uncomfortable as it was expensive. Add trials and tribulations of a rich young bachelor.



More Good News

(Above) The Gables, snapped at the Santa Anita races, don't look precisely chummy—do they?—in spite of denials of divorce rumors. (Down the page) Bob Montgomery, Mrs. Bob, and Chester Morris, at the races. Those two sporty-looking gents are Paul Lukas and Phillip Reed at Palm Springs. The next picture was taken at the Hollywood preview of that winner, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Dignified Sir Guy Standing proudly squired cute Mary Carlisle. Dietrich and Travis Banton were snapped when the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe opened. (Below) Anna Sten and husband, Dr. Frenke, at the Trocadero, after the Ballet Russe performance.

If you would like to attract a little attention—or a whole lot, for that matter—why not try wearing blue denim overalls with a huge corsage of orchids pinned to the shoulder strap? Margaret Sullavan succeeded in stopping traffic on the Universal lot recently by so doing. Of course, that was her intention, and she surely made the grade! By the way, what is the other peppy little exhibitionist, Katie Hepburn, up to these days? No fun lying on the ground reading fan mail any more, what with the dirt all replaced by nice, clean cement.



Those two modest (?) numbers, Al Jolson and Ben Bernie, recently appeared together in a box at the Santa Anita racetrack. Ever with an eye to attention, the pair began discussing their golf scores and other sports achievements in voices that could be heard well nigh to Pasadena. Finally, a bored and unimpressed spectator from another box remarked, "And all this entertainment *including* the race for only \$4.40. Why, it's a shame to take it for the money!"



Everyone in so-called hard-hearted Hollywood is that thrilled over Virginia Bruce's recent success. For, there is a girl with spunk and sweetness who can "take it." 'Tis said by one of her closest friends that when she sent her ex-husband,





More Good News

Jack Gilbert, a lovely gift lately, he returned it unopened. Even so, Virginia generously tells everybody that she wishes her baby's father good luck in whatever he undertakes.



The players over at Warners' studio have learned a great, big lesson. It seems that all the boys and girls who were not satisfied with their cinematic assignments tried to duck out of 'em by saying they wanted to be in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Well, just for that, the Powers That Be answered right back with, "Certainly, you can appear in that production and your other films, too." Now that's what you call an obliging bunch of executives, even though the actors called them something else!



W. C. Fields proves to be his studio's "problem child" when it comes to the question of interviews. It seems that the gent just doesn't like to be bothered very much by the writing fraternity. Lately, however, he consented to see a reporter at his home, but on the morning the lad was due, Bill phoned Paramount and murmured sorrowfully, "That poor fellow won't be able to get in here today because this rain has washed away practically my whole driveway. Yes, I'm sure disappointed." What the studio didn't learn until much (Continued on page 110)

(Above) The Broadway hit, "Merrily We Roll Along," picks a cast for the Pacific Coast run. Rehearsing are Erin O'Brien Moore, Douglass Montgomery, Virginia Cherrill and Dorothy Wilson. (Down the page) Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson—very excited—at the Santa Anita races. Next, meet the writer of those hits, "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill," Bob Riskin, with Carole Lombard at the Trocadero. Below them are Maureen O'Sullivan and her blond beau, Johnnie Farrow, at the same party. Next, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton (Elsa Lanchester) at the Ballet Russe. (Below) Anne Shirley with her San Francisco boy friend, Frank O'Connor, at the Grove.

All Photos by Scott



IF, almost overnight, you found yourself lifted from poverty to wealth; from obscurity and frustration to world-wide fame and the idolatrous worship of a hundred million fans; if the portals leading to the realization of all your ambitions and your desires were thrown open before you as though by magic . . .

Would you be grateful?

Don't be too hasty, or too self-confident, in answering. Ponder the question well, for human nature, whether in Hollywood or Timbuctoo, is a tricky, incalculable thing and genuine gratitude is to be found more rarely than pirate gold. Remember the ancient tale of the flounder and the fisherman's wife—or, more apropos, give a thought to the ungrateful guests of Hollywood. They are legion! You can't begin to list them.

Consider, for example, the case of Greta Garbo. Hollywood, to her, has been an Aladdin's Lamp, a Fortuna's Purse. She came here, only a few years ago, a nobody; today, she is, unquestionably, the most famous woman in the world. She came here poor; today, she is—or should be—very wealthy, for her weekly salary is in the neighborhood of \$10,000—more than five times that of the President of the United States.

Hollywood has given her mansions to live in, servants to wait upon her, fine cars to drive, the means to care for her once impoverished family, money to gratify her least whim! Hollywood has given her fame and adoration. And Hollywood is merely a mirror—sometimes distorted, usually faithful—which reflects the likes and dislikes of the world's theatre-goers. It is *you*, the untold millions of yous, who have done all these splendid things for Garbo!

Is the Great One grateful?

Just consider the evidence:

The poor, obscure Swedish girl who found a fortune in America, as far as we know, has never applied for citizenship in America. On the contrary, she has frequently intimated that she might retire to her native Sweden whenever her screen career is ended. It's her annual threat.

Nothing is known regarding her charities—if any. Perhaps she gives generously to the unfortunate members of that world-wide audience which has given her stardom and wealth. If so, she has kept her secrets well—for no other star, in all Hollywood history, ever has been able to conceal, completely, his contributions to a deserving charity.

HER attitude toward her adoring fans is too well known to need recounting here. No interviews, no autographs, no personal appearances, no contacts of any kind! En route to Europe, she is said to have demanded

that an entire deck be cleared so that she might promenade without rubbing elbows with people. Vacationing in a mountain resort near Los Angeles, she is said to have demanded that all other guests should keep to their cabins, with their window shades drawn, while she and her small retinue registered. Since becoming a star, she has never posed for press pictures, never signed an autograph album, never answered a fan letter—in short, never expressed any sentiment toward those loyal people, her fans, except the frantic desire to avoid every contact with them.

There are those who contend, from all this evidence, that she nurses contempt and dislike for the very public which has made her a star. There are others who argue that her actions are proof indisputable of excessive humility and desire for self-effacement.

Take your choice and bring in your own verdict: "Is Garbo grateful?"

The same question can be asked, or could have been asked, from time to time, about many other stars.

For instance, there was a kid named Lew Ayres—a mighty likable kid, too—who skyrocketed to stardom in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He certainly was no great shakes as an actor, but "All Quiet" was so tremendous a story, and the picture was so magnificently directed and produced that it made him a star.

And what did he do, in the first flush of his fame, but put the cart before the horse and conclude that *he* had made the picture.

A year or so later, with Universal paying him the miserable stipend of some \$1250 a week to grace with his presence one box-office disaster after another, he is said to have expressed his gratitude by ranting bitterly against the stupidity of the producers and indicting them for forcing him to play in pictures unworthy of his talents.

And, to tell the truth, Lew wasn't greatly to blame, for Hollywood actually goes out of its way to invite ingratitude by making too much fuss over its stars. There isn't a person connected with the motion picture industry who isn't fully aware of the fact that the credit—or blame—for every picture should be shared equally by the authors, the producers, the director, the film editors and the cast. But, unfortunately, of all those who contribute to the finished picture, only the actors are seen by the audience. Consequently, the studios always have concentrated their publicity barrage on their stars. And the critics, recognizing the fact that John and Jane Public have been blinded by that publicity, pretty generally follow suit.

What wonder, then, if a sudden deluge of fan mail and publicity raves, turns many a stellar head? A few reverses, a few critical "pannings" and salary-loss periods

BY ERIC
ERGENBRIGHT

IS THIS *Gratitude?*

**Hollywood takes it on
the chin from the very
people whom it has
made world-famous
and wealthy**

(Reading down, left to right) How have Dietrich, Stuart, Sullavan, Garbo, Gilbert and Lew Ayres shown their gratitude to Hollywood?

usually suffice to restore the sufferer's sense of proportion.

Speaking of gratitude—or lack of it, if you prefer—Hollywood was rather flabbergasted to read a recent interview granted by Margaret Sullavan, the Laemmles' newest hope. It was entitled "I Hate Everything" and in it what a knouting that young lady gave Hollywood, the picture business and everything and everybody connected with it!

"I hate Hollywood," she said. "I hate pictures! I hate producers . . . and interviewers . . . and hairdressers . . . and portrait photographers! I hate everything about this place but the climate!"

Hollywood was just a trifle bewildered, for it was paying Margaret a sum slightly less than the national debt each week and making her name, heretofore unknown outside a limited stage circle, a household word. The thought of all the millions of girls who would barter half of their lives for such a salary and fame becomes a melancholy reflection at times like that.

Hollywood was less shocked when Gloria Stuart went on the warpath about a year ago and is alleged to have declared:

"I might have been a good actress if I hadn't gone into the movies. I might still be if I get away from Hollywood in time. I don't care if I never see another picture. I'd be better off doing nothing than the things I'm doing now. Hollywood is just a razzle-dazzle—I hate all this bickering and pretense!"

Of course, the razzle-dazzle pays Gloria pretty well. It's made her a star, it's given her fame—but after all, what's that? Gloria majored in philosophy.

AND then, there's Dietrich. Marlene, legs and all, was practically an unknown, until Dame Hollywood—which is to say, you and you and you—came along and made her an idol from Nantucket to Point Arguello, and, incidentally, paid her enough in the process that she could afford such trifling extravagances as \$1700 a month for the rental of three houses. Marlene was so overcome by gratitude that she informed the world that *her* daughter would be educated abroad. Being somewhat proud of our school system, we were hurt.

And there's John Gilbert. John was "up" for years, up to the tune of \$10,000 a week—and Hollywood was a grand, wonderful and altogether lovely place. And then he was "down" for a while (*Continued on page 99*)



MODERN SCREEN

Some clues to this month's set of song titles: one of the pictures was a last year's hit, one is not so new, and the star of the third is an Englishman.



\$500 in prizes!
A lot of fun!
Read the details

GATHER 'round, good people, and we will tell you all about this grand contest. The rules and everything are set forth in the two boxes in heavy type on the next page, but perhaps we can explain a little more fully here.

You are probably well launched in last month's installment of this contest—that was the first installment—but in case you missed the last issue of MODERN SCREEN (tch, tch! never let that happen again!) and in case you cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to mail you a copy of that issue, if you will send such a request, your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We have received a number of questions regarding this contest and we think maybe some of you may be helped if we print the answers to those questions here.

Question: In order to win one of the prizes in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, does a contestant have to submit a complete set of lyrics?

Answer: No. All that is required of a contestant, in order to win one of the prizes, is to send in the complete list of songs, titles and tell who sang them, according to the rules given, and to write a composition of not more than one hundred words telling which Warner musical the contestant has liked best to date, with reasons.

Question: Does a contestant have to submit three compositions of one hundred words (or less)—that is, one for each month?

Answer: No. Only one composition of a hundred words

or less must be written for the complete contest.

Question: Does neatness count?

Answer: Yes. Neatness will bear weight when the judges decide on the winners. Elaborate entries, however, are not encouraged. Keep your entry simple—and neat.

Question: If a contestant submits five, instead of three answers, for each month's set of Warner musical titles, will he be more favored for a prize?

Answer: No. All contestants will be judged on a three-out-of-five basis.

THERE now! Do those questions and answers clear up any doubtful points in your minds? We hope so.

The titles of the five pictures for this month are listed on page 43. Next month we will give you the final list of five. And as we have said, five were listed last month. Every one of these fifteen pictures were Warner musicals, produced by the same company, in which one or more popular songs were featured.

You are asked to tell what was the most popular song in three out of each set of five pictures. That is to say, three from last month's list, three from this month's list and three from next month's list. That makes nine in all. *You must choose three from each set of five—not any nine from the complete set of fifteen.* You need not necessarily have seen the picture to be able to fulfill the requirements. You need only to have heard the song and to have known who sang it in the picture. Of course, you may, if you wish, fill out the (Continued on page 117)

WARNER SONG CONTEST



The two nearest pictures contain clues to two more song titles and the picture at the far left is a scene from Warners' "Golddiggers of 1935."

HERE ARE THE RULES:

The Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest commenced in the last issue of this magazine—the one dated March. If, by any chance, you missed that issue of Modern Screen, and cannot obtain a copy elsewhere, we will be glad to forward you a copy. Send your name and address and ten cents to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The winning contestants in the Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest will be those who fulfil accurately and aptly the following requirements: 1. You are to name the most popular song from three out of each set of five pictures, given in three consecutive issues of this magazine, and tell who sang the song in the picture. For example: "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams," from "Wonder Bar," sung by Dick Powell.

In the paragraph below, you will find this month's list of pictures. Next month, we will give you five more picture titles. You will be asked to fulfil the same requirements next month, with next month's installment of picture titles. **DO NOT SEND ANY ENTRIES IN UNTIL YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE LIST.**

Here is this month's list: GOLDDIGGERS OF BROADWAY, PARIS, BRIGHT LIGHTS, GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933, and FOOTLIGHT PARADE.

2. Write 100 words—or less—telling which Warner musical you have liked best to date. Give your reasons. The words "a", "an" and "the" do not count.
3. The person, who, in the opinion of the judges, most accurately fulfils requirement number 1 and most aptly fulfils requirement number 2, will win the First Prize of \$250. The subsequent prizes of Second Prize, \$100; Third Prize, \$50; Fourth Prize, \$25; 5 Fifth Prizes of \$10 each; and 5 Sixth Prizes of \$5 each will be awarded, in the order named, to those persons, who, in the opinion of the judges, come nearest to fulfilling the requirements correctly.
4. Each contestant may send as many entries as he wishes.
5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. No entries will be returned.
7. Contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All entries must be mailed before that time to be eligible for the contest.
8. The judges are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark, Jr.
9. Send all entries to Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
10. Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except employees of MODERN SCREEN and Warner Brothers.

Elaborate entries stand no better chance of winning a prize than simple ones. Neatness is important.

EXTRA HONOR FOR ALL CONTESTANTS

Have you ever tried your hand at writing the words of a song? We'll bet you often felt that you could. Well, here's your opportunity to try your luck at writing a set of lyrics and having them used in a forthcoming Warner musical production. The article at the bottom of the page tells you in detail about this optional part of the contest—please read it carefully. The rules are listed below, as follows:

1. Each contestant may send a set of lyrics along with his selection of songs, singers and 100-word description. This part of the contest is entirely optional—you may try it if you like, or leave it out, and still stand an equally good chance of winning one of the prizes.
2. The lyric which, in the opinion of the judges, is the best will be used in a forthcoming Warner musical production.
3. For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.
4. Keep a copy of your lyric for your own use. If it isn't accepted and you wish it returned, merely send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. We will try to comply with your request, but we assume no risk.
5. Remember the contest closes at midnight, May 15, 1935. All lyrics, like entries, must be mailed before that time to be eligible for this contest.
6. The judges of the lyrics are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., formerly a member of the music publishing firm of M. Witmark and Sons.



MAE WEST IS IN PRISON!

Dates are taboo for La West. "You can't go out with a man and take a bodyguard along," drawls Mae.

BY VIRGINIA T.
LANE

"I've always liked a man in the house, but I didn't count on four!" says Mae. Recent threatening letters are the reasons for all this male protection

FOR a year Mae West has lived behind chained doors. For a year that dazzling Diamond Lil gal has gone around more heavily guarded than the crown jewels.

"Private life?" Mae chuckled. "Baby, did you ever try to have one with four special policemen shadowing you, with headquarters checking every telephone call, and no one allowed to see you without a pass? Honey, I *have* to be a lady now!

"See this car?"

I did. It looked like Model A from the auto show, but that was not what Mae meant. She pointed to the especially designed safety lock on the doors. "They can't be opened from the outside, not by hook or crook. The body of the car is made of the same steel as that of



Mae and her entourage at the fights—her manager, Jim Timony, and two bodyguards on the left and right. Two more are lurking around somewhere.



The sex-appeal lady herself in a romantic scene from "How Am I Doing?" with her newest leading man, Grant Withers. Grant appears to like the assignment.

armored cars and the glass is bullet-proof. That gadget over there . . . No, it doesn't hold cigarettes. It's a revolver case. The chauffeur totes a gun, too." She settled herself in the back seat, the tiny West feet disappearing in a thick fur rug.

"What I mind most is this subway effect in the tonneau. I used to love to look at store windows and all the life and excitement on the streets. I used to study people's faces. Why, sometimes you could catch a whole drama between the 'stop' and 'go' signs! But now I'm lucky even to hear the signals! I'm a prisoner!"

It all came about through that spectacular robbery of Mae's. Remember? The papers were full of it for days and headlines blazed across the country. There had been a series of such robberies in Hollywood and the police finally rounded up the gang. Mae didn't prosecute but she was obliged to testify as the state's witness. Then began the most weird succession of mysterious phone calls, messages and letters that any filmite has ever received. It gave everyone the jitters—except Mae. Her life was threatened, her career was threatened. It's an unnerving thing never to be sure when you pick up a letter

whether you'll read those ominous words, "If you step into that courtroom, you'll get yours!" Or to hear in cold, deadly tones over the wire, "You speak out and one of these days somebody's going to throw a bottle of acid into your face."

But Mae has enough fight in her to stop a couple of armies. She didn't, however, know that when she said she'd "stick to her guns" she was practically putting herself under padlock and key.

"Me! The gal who told the world to come up and see me some time! That's life for you . . ."

But the District Attorney's office and the studio are taking no chances. The chain on the door of Mae's exclusive apartment is two and a quarter inches thick. There's a grilled slot through which every visitor is inspected before being admitted. Even when they're announced by the office downstairs the butler has been trained to take this precaution for fear someone else has trailed along with them. And there is plenty of evidence that such precautions are necessary.

Just a short time ago Libby, Mae's personal colored maid, was awakened about four (*Continued on page 88*)

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

A: David Copperfield

(M-G-M)

You will see about the best that the screen can afford when you witness the unreeling of Dickens' immortal novel. Large shares of credit are due all around; the director, adapters and photographer come in for at least a gold star apiece. But best of all is the acting. Never has such a list of splendid portrayals been seen in a single picture. No stellar names; just brilliant players.

Edna May Oliver is so realistic as Aunt Betsey Trotwood that she might have just stepped from the novel's pages. Roland Young superbly underplays the "humble" Uriah Heep; W. C. Fields is excellent as the ever-hopeful Micawber; Jessie Ralph is perfect as Peggotty; Elizabeth Allan, charming as the flower-like Mrs. Copperfield; little Freddie Bartholomew marvelous as the boy David, and Frank Lawton superb as the grown-up Copperfield.

The picture is necessarily episodic and the second half tends to drag a bit, but it was no mean task to confine this lengthy tale to program-length entertainment—and such entertainment. However, there is comparatively so little to criticize, that one would be splitting hairs to do so. Yes, "David Copperfield" is a picture gem made lustrous by its many brilliant characterizations.

A: Clive of India

(Twentieth Century)

Here indeed is a picture for your "must see" list, for it offers well-nigh everything from the standpoint of cinematic entertainment. First and foremost, there is a tender love story, which is never permitted to meander in the interest of action, counterplot or colorful atmosphere. It deals with loyalty and self-sacrifice, not in a maudlin manner, but by presenting them as thrilling qualities which actually add suspense to the story. One wonders just how long Clive will stand by India, and how long his patient, devoted wife will stand by her adventurer-husband.

Richard Boleslawski can tilt his nose skyward when this film is released, for he has handled the exciting production in a thoroughly tasteful manner, giving due importance to battle sequences, characterization, artistic touches and romantic moments. "Clive of India," replete with thrills and romance, reveals Ronald Colman at his best and Loretta Young as an actress with depth as well as rare beauty.

A: The Gilded Lily

(Paramount)

Chalk up another hit for Paramount, Claudette Colbert and an attractive newcomer named Fred MacMurray, who is a "natural" when it comes to acting ability and charm.

The story itself contains all the ingredients—some of them familiar, but who cares?—calculated to make an A-1 picture pie. There's the roving reporter and the gal who becomes internationally famous through no fault of her own, and the titled Englishman, Ray Milland, who is up to no good. There are many human notes struck, truly dramatic moments unreeling and delightful accents of light comedy injected to lift you to laughter.

And, of course, it all revolves about the luscious-looking Claudette, who makes the most of every scene, by dint of convincing portrayal and divine dressing. Why gild the lily? Ask Paramount! They seem to know the answer.

A: The Whole Town's Talking

(Columbia)

This seems to have turned out to be a veritable picture-praising month and so, we add Edward Robinson's latest film to the list of hits.



(Above and below) Scenes from "David Copperfield" with Lewis Stone (Wickfield), Marilyn Knowlden (child Agnes), Freddie Bartholomew (boy David), Frank Lawton (big David) and Maureen O'Sullivan (Dora).



With few exceptions, you'll find that this month's movie calendar insures A-1 fare

BY REGINA CANNON



(Above) "Clive of India" with Ronald Colman and Loretta Young. (Below) Fred MacMurray, handsome newcomer, and Claudette Colbert in a charming film called "The Gilded Lily." Another hit for Claudette!



(Above) Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson score in "The Whole Town's Talking." (Below) A vital scene from "Bordertown," with Margaret Lindsay, Bette Davis and Paul Muni, who makes too few pictures.



See page 14 for
Modern Screen's
Movie Score-
board.

B: Bordertown (Warner Bros.)

Here is a picture that is worth while. No extravagant praise need be sung as far as the story itself is concerned, but from the standpoint of character portrayal, it is excellent.

Paul Muni gives a brilliant performance as the Mexican lad, brought up in the picturesque but poverty-stricken Mexican section of Los Angeles. His great aim is to follow the life and teachings of Abraham Lincoln. But—maybe you've guessed it—it doesn't take long for him to discover that all men are not created equal! His struggles for recognition, for justice, and for love, afford plenty of dramatic suspense.

Bette Davis' role as the cheap murderess-wife is well acted, but suffers by comparison with her unusually good work in "Of Human Bondage." Soledad Jeminez, a Mexican actress, is deserving of a few laurels for her beautiful interpretation of the aged mother, as is the cameraman for consistently good photography.

Even if the story's a bit long-winded, we miss our guess if you aren't sufficiently amused.

B: The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)

George Arliss, as the Duke of Wellington—the magnificent warrior who loved peace—is, as always, the superb actor. We found the picture, on the whole, a little dull. There are some good short scenes—in which a slice of history is crystallized before your eyes in dramatic manner. These bits are too few (Continued on page 118)

The actor has every opportunity to score and doesn't miss a trick in a dual role packed with sinister and light comedy points. Eddie plays a meek office worker whose appearance is identical to that of "Killer" Mannion, Public Enemy Number 1. Of course you realize the possibilities of this situation—and they're carried out to the fullest.

The film's most hilarious sequence takes place when the meek Robinson gets himself tangled up in the boss's liquor and "tells off" the office force. Another "gay" spot is when the clever Jean Arthur is "taking" the third degree. There is plenty of gun play and thrills galore and splendid incident, all calculated to keep you on the edge of your chair, which indeed they do. Etienne Girardot, as the office manager, and Donald Meek, as the busy-body responsible for Eddie's troubles, come in for their share of praise. Don't miss "The Whole Town's Talking." It's packed with excitement, laughs and perfect portrayals.

And while this glowing mood is upon us, we might as well say that we're glad to see so good an actor as Robinson in a good picture again.



BY DALE
EUNSON

Dale Eunson is that brilliant young man whose first novel, "Homestead," is being acclaimed by the critics. He has lived in Hollywood, knows the stars and writes about them expertly. "Marriage of Convenience" is based on a true Hollywood incident.

"Maxine and I are ready whenever you gentlemen are," Saunders said.

MARRIAGE

OF

IT WAS funny to watch them together—little, drab Bartlett Saunders, tie never quite right, shoes the grimy black that bespoke home-polishing, trousers bagging at the knee and seat, red hair graying slightly and innocent of a comb for the Lord-only-knew how long and eyes blinking behind horn-rimmed spectacles at the glitter, dazzle and veneer that was Maxine Vane. They were funny to watch even then, before the vent which could have occurred nowhere except in that exotic, publicity-scorched town masquerading under the innocuous, innocent title—"Hollywood."

It was said that Bartlett Saunders had once been a college professor, and it was easy to believe. He was so true to type that Storm Ericson, the big Swedish casting director, once spotted him on the

lot and tried to persuade him to play such a part in a picture. But Bartlett refused. And that seemed perfectly in character, too.

What amazed everyone was that he had ever chanced to cast his lot with motion pictures in the first place, even in such a dull, routine office as voice instructor. People said, afterward, that it must have been that same occasional spirit of rebellion against the commonplace that enabled him to find anything attractive beneath the brittle, hard surface of Maxine Vane.

Maxine had been a star for a little more than a year when "talkies" came along. There were a dozen or more highly colored and somewhat lurid tales concerning Maxine's ascent of the ladder of fame, and some of them were undoubtedly true. A clever studio politician, it was said that she had

MAXINE HAD TO GET MARRIED! BEAUTIFUL. FAMOUS. DESIRABLE



Illustrated by Floherty, Jr.

CONVENIENCE

known where to scatter her favors skillfully.

Be that as it may, by the time talkies came in she had boosted her salary to three thousand a week, had brought her mother and father, numberless brothers and sisters out of the squalor of a Brooklyn tenement to the pseudo-Spanish elegance of a

Beverly Hills mansion. And she had perched herself in a magnificent aerie (created by an architect and decorator in a moment of modern madness). Polished chromium staircases and geegaws jutted out and swooped dangerously where least expected, tables of steel and glass, chairs that squatted ridiculously and uncomfortably on the floor itself, and colored lights contributed nothing to the sanity of it all. It was a house that few persons could have lived in, but Maxine liked it. And since it was her home, that was all that mattered. It was so different from the poverty and filth which had spawned the bright plumage of Maxine Vane that it never occurred to her what an atrocity the place really was. When she first took Bartlett Saunders there and he exclaimed over it in somewhat horrified politeness, she said very simply, (Continued on page 104)

MAXINE, WHOM ALL MEN LOVED, BUT DID NOT WANT AS A WIFE



WHAT A TEAM...!

Here's the close-up Hollywood is most interested in at the moment—Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. This is all part of their work in "Reckless"—but off-screen, it's love, if you'll believe rumors.

"MY CARDS ARE ON THE TABLE"

Constance Bennett tells why she can't say "yes" when she means "no!"

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

THE publicity girl and I stood in Constance Bennett's dressing-room. Connie nodded briskly in my direction and then turned to the press agent. "That story," she said, "you let it go out without my okay. How did that happen?"

"I'm sorry," the girl said. "Some messages got confused. It's just one of those things that happen even in the best regulated departments."

"But a promise was made to me, wasn't it? And that promise wasn't kept. I was furious about it. You wouldn't want me to tell you that everything was all right when it wasn't, would you?"

"N—no," said the girl. "No, I wouldn't."

"All right," said Connie. And then she smiled that disarming, frank smile of hers. "Let's not let it happen again."

As I watched this little inside studio encounter, my mind raced back and I recalled a similar situation which had been handled so differently by another star. This other star had smiled sweetly upon the press agent, had thanked him for some favor—oh, if she had had butter in her mouth it would have turned to stone—and the minute he left she said to me, "Do you know what that dirty-double-crossing so-and-so did to me?" I knew *all* about it half an hour later.

Connie couldn't do that. There is something in her nature that makes it utterly impossible for her to say "yes" when she means "no." Connie is frank—utterly and completely frank. She stands or falls by that and you can take her or leave her.

AS a result, of course, she has the reputation for being brutal. Hundreds of stories are repeated concerning her telling people off. So far has this reputation gone before her, that folks who work with her for the first time come near her in fear and trembling. Connie has the Indian sign on Hollywood. Yet to my immediate knowledge nobody has asked for her side of the story. Nobody has really wanted to know why she behaves like that. It was for that purpose that I had come to her. I was just in time to witness the scene I've described.

"Do you do that deliberately?" I asked. "Do you try to intimidate people?"

"Good heavens, no!" she said, "I only treat others as I want to be treated. But I know what they say about me. You always know everything that is said

about you in Hollywood. I know that I'm supposed to be a devil. I'm brutal. I'm mean. And I'm sorry if that's what they think, but I am as I am and I can't change.

"I've never wilfully hurt anyone. I don't go around deliberately trying to be nasty. I've a healthy temper, I'll admit, and if I think I've been done a wrong, I go to the source. But I've never said one thing to a person's face and another behind his back, (Continued on page 123)



Connie Bennett and Clark Gable in a scene from "After Office Hours."

AMAZING THINGS HAVE HAPPENED TO HER

Anna Sten
possesses a
rare, compel-
ling beauty.

CAN you imagine your emotions if you suddenly rounded a corner and found yourself running head-on into a glittering rank of bayonets? Icy bayonets of either the advance guard of the new provisional government or the retreating guard of the defeated government, extended and ready to plunge into the heart of any unfortunate pedestrian caught out in the streets.

But the two little Russian girls, watching from the high parade grounds of Kiev that fierce battle on the opposite bank of the narrow Dnieper River, were not terrified.

They took those bloody engagements as a matter of course. What else had they known in their brief lifetime? Every other day Kiev was besieged by another ill-assorted army, and the shaky governments rose and fell almost as regularly as the sun rises and sinks. White Russians fighting Red Russians; peasants fighting townspeople; and, as if that didn't provide enough excitement, guerilla raids, led by savage bandit women from the neighboring woods, frightened citizens off the streets and sent them scuttling to their cellars like so many rats.

Considering the terror of those times, and the nonchalance of these two little girls, it was no wonder they were nicknamed "bashi buzouk." Which is

a Caucasian expression for daredevil.

Suddenly one of them sprang up from her hiding place behind the bushes. The sun had set, it was growing unpleasantly chilly, and they could no longer distinguish the figures on the other side of the river.


"We must go before the soldiers reach the town," she said.

So they ran past the bandstand, zig-zagged through the beautiful, cultivated flower beds, so ghostly now in the fast diminishing light, and down into the narrow cobbled streets of the town. Both were giggling at the excitement of the adventure, but the giggles were a little forced. For they knew that in times of civil war there was little respect for sex or age, and if the soldiers had already crossed the river, they stood a good chance of being shot down.

They began to run faster, taking the narrow corners like polo ponies.

Thud, thud, thud, went the feet of the approaching soldiers—and the hearts of the two *bashi buzouk*. They rounded another corner—and stopped short just about two feet from death! Dozens of glittering bayonets were menacingly aimed at their beating hearts. A squad of soldiers were marching backwards to protect the advancing army from any stray attacks by disloyal citizens.

But there was (Continued on page 122)



After revolution
and famine do
you need
ask why
Anna
Sten finds
Hollywood
tame?

BY
HILARY
LYNN

Anna and Gary
Cooper are co-
starred in "The
Wedding
Night."





(Above) It's Russell Hardie, not Hardie Albright, with Jean Parker in "Sequoia."

who IS



His last name isn't Standing. It's Stephenson.



First name, Roscoe. Last name, Karns—not Ates.



He's your favorite "Greek" waiter—Henry Armetta.

HOW do you feel when people whom you've been introduced to fail to remember your name? Doesn't it make you simply furious? Most of us are annoyed at a mere misspelling of our name—an "e" where there should be an "a," for instance. Taking all that into consideration, how do you suppose a screen player reacts when he's been in two hundred or more pictures—as many of them have—to overhear a person watching his performance in a movie say, "Who is that man?" Well, we've asked some of them and here's what we found out.

I was sitting in the roped-off preview section of a little Hollywood theatre with a friend, enjoying a grand picture. Henry Stephenson was giving a swell performance in his big scene. The debonair Stephenson, incidentally,

was just two seats removed from us. It was right then that one of those whispering voices that sound like a wind in an empty barn whispered to my companion:

"Who IS that man?"

"Sir Guy Standing," she answered.

Stephenson, I think, turned purple; I couldn't tell for certain, in the semi-darkness. I do know that he choked a bit, and had to adjust his collar. I did not blame him. But later I had to laugh when I re-

called an experience of only a few days back. I was lunching with Harold Lloyd. As we started for the door a feminine autograph seeker had grabbed my arm, and asked:

"Isn't your friend a picture star?"

"Sure," I replied. "That's Buster Keaton."

**BY HARRY
BRUNDIDGE**

That familiar face on the screen ... Oh, what IS his name?



that man?



The Morgans—Frank (left) and Ralph (right).



Roland Young as Uriah Heep in "Copperfield."



Nat Pendleton always plays "dumb cluck" roles.

"I knew it," she exulted, and leaving me she grabbed Lloyd and said, "Oh, Mr. Keaton, won't you sign my book?"

THE grinning Lloyd signed "Buster Keaton," and because he is as mischievous as a ten-year-old boy, drew a likeness of his own famous spectacles under the signature! I can imagine what her later confusion must have been!

Lloyd got a terrific kick out of it, admitting that his bronzed and freckled mug is seldom recognized on the streets, although people do turn frequently, look again, and ask, "Who is that man? He's in pictures, but I can't place him."

However, that isn't half as embarrassing as having strangers inquire as to your identity while you're doing

a swell scene on a screen in front of them. I recalled the fact that, although I've known Eugene Pallette for years and years, I can never recall his name, offhand. I knew the difficulty I always experience in trying to tell whether it's Frank or Ralph Morgan I'm looking at. And I realized that Hollywood is full of featured players—actors who rank very close to stardom—whose names the fans can never remember. We know their faces, can recite long lists of pictures in which we have seen them, but simply can't name them, at the moment. And so I decided to call on a round dozen of Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns, and obtain, at first hand, their experiences, and their reactions to this sort of thing. I was determined to ask, "How does it feel to watch yourself on the screen and hear your neighbor ask, 'Who is that man?'"

Because he's a good friend, (Continued on page 80)

Have you asked this question? Here are the answers



HIGH-HAT

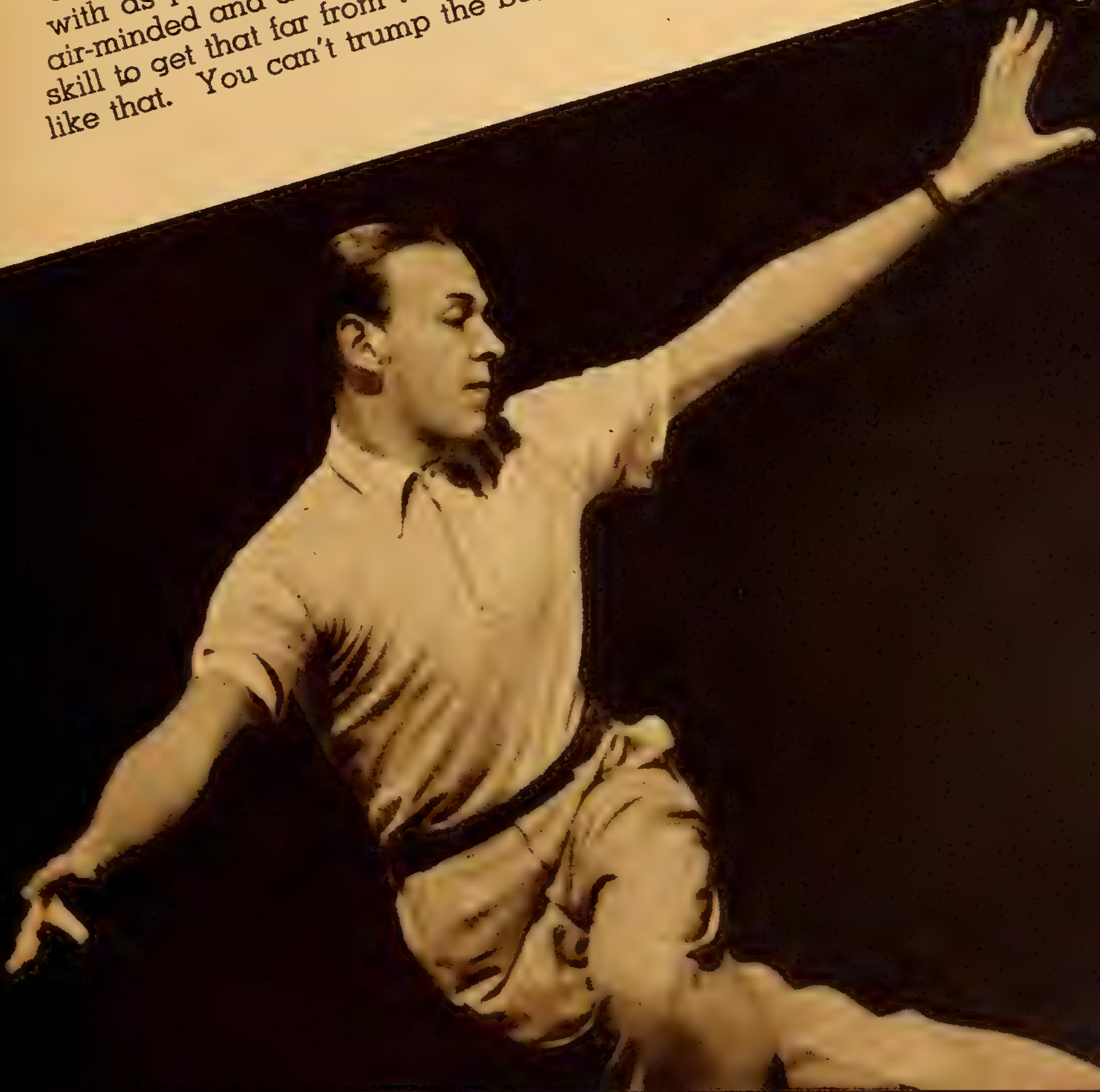
Hooping



Exhausted cameraman
chases Mr. Astaire
thru "Roberta" dance
step rehearsal!



HE'S the top—this Fred Astaire who looks as if he were dancing when he's merely walking across the floor. His rehearsal routine for "Roberta," RKO's newest musical extravaganza, would exhaust you to watch it but Astaire nonchalantly trips it off as part of an easy day's work. So intrigued were we by his behind-the-scenes work out that we wore out a willing cameraman getting these preview shots. In picture 1, you see Fred and Ginger Rogers in costume. Rehearsing before a mirror is their favorite stunt when they have perfected a routine as they can watch for any imperfections and correct them as they dance. 2. Here's that slick strut step that Fred does a bit better than anyone else. 3. "Ohhh! He flies through the air . . . etc." Supply your own words but try, just try this as a setter-upper. 4. Hot-cha-cha! That fast forward Astaire step with the smile that makes the gals swoon in the aisles. 5. The pace is getting intricate now, Fred does a clever cross, slide and balance step that requires poise and concentration. 6. This is called the director-thrower—Fred skates about reading his script just to prove that you mustn't take your memorizing too seriously. 7. And just in case you thought an Astaire couldn't take it—he goes off again into the air with as pretty a leap as you'll see. The lad seems to be air-minded and don't think it doesn't take a special brand of skill to get that far from terra firma and still bend your knee like that. You can't trump the boy—he's the top as we said.



Our admiration for Rudy
Vallee increased when
we read this frank story
by his best friend



BY RICHARD ENGLISH

WITH Rudy Vallee, you always know where you stand! He wastes less time quibbling than any man I've ever known, celebrity or no celebrity. And I know him well—well enough to have lived with him in Hollywood during the filming of his latest picture, "Sweet Music." Well enough to share a New York apartment with him—the apartment where I am writing this story. I know that, when I get out of line, I'll get the devil deservedly bawled out of me. For the great Vallee has a temper—oh, yes!

One of the greatest factors in his success is that Rudy spares no pains, nor any individual, to achieve perfection. And spares himself least of all. Just recently he was making a recording of "Everyday," a tune from his new

(Center) Rudy and the author and (right) Phil Regan, Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ann Dvorak and Rudy in "Sweet Music."



A PAL AND CRITIC TELLS

picture. When it was over he merely looked at his orchestra, the famed Connecticut Yankees, and remarked emphatically, "Your work was swell, boys, but Vallee stunk!" They made it over. And over again. Until it was the very best that he could do.

Not that he's a hard guy to get along with exactly. But Rudy doesn't mix business and friendship. All he asks of those who work with him is that they work just as hard as he does. And Vallee will work eighteen hours a day for seven weeks at a time and not complain. Every bit as shrewd a business man as he is a showman, Rudy has not one but five careers to handle—five separate businesses. Radio, pictures, night clubs, theatres and recordings. He has no guardian angel, no manager—doesn't need one and wouldn't have one. When it comes to business, Rudy Vallee is a one-man band.

No one will agree more readily than Rudy to the charge of being quick-tempered. But why he has a temper

and how, strangely enough, it has become a business asset, has never been told before. He doesn't seek justification, doesn't need it.

HAVE a laugh on me and you'll understand this crooning star a great deal better. As his Hollywood contact man, I'd arranged for a place for him to live during the making of "Sweet Music." Rudy arrived by plane, following a crowded week in Chicago. The rest of the band trailed in two days later on the Chief. Five members of his orchestra lived with us and in the mad scurrying about town, I forgot to get keys for the other boys.

Well, Rudy, the servants and myself retired early that night. The new arrivals, however, decided to find out what made Hollywood tick. In the wee sma' hours, they started coming home, one by one. Arriving every hour, on the hour, with the regularity of street-cars. I was doing a Rip Van Winkle personally, (Continued on page 96)

"LET ME BE A MAN FOR A CHANGE!"

Lyle plays a he-
man role in "Red-
Hot Tires." Mary
Aster's the gal.



**Lyle Talbot begs you to forget his
Lothario publicity. He's a man's man**

I 'M tired of being "The guy seen with so-and-so."
"I'm tired of being Hollywood's sleek-haired
little play-boy written up monthly as engaged to
this woman or that.

"I'm disgusted with myself for letting the world think
all I'm good for is to escort ladies to night clubs and buy
them engagement rings. I'm through making myself
seem what I'm not, on the screen or off. A lover's all right
in his place. All men are lovers at times. But men are
men despite women rather than because of them. I know
I'm a man, and I'm going to be one on the screen and
off, for a change. Just give me a chance to show you!"

Lyle Talbot's eyes blazed as he poured
out this tirade to me across the luncheon
table at Warners-First National Studios.
I laughed, I laughed because I knew how
few people would believe him. Most
writers would have said, "Hollywood
bologna. Another gag for another story,"
and let it go at that, I would have, too, if most men had
poured out such a tale.

I'M afraid it's going to sound like a press-agent story.
I'm afraid my editor isn't going to believe what
I have to say about Lyle Talbot. So I'm going to tell you
right now, this is a press-agent story, for I was once in
that capacity for Lyle!

And because I was his press-agent, I believed him. In
fact, I knew all about it long before he told me. I've
wondered for months how long it would be before he
blew up at playing sleek lover's roles, on the screen and
off. I've wondered if he was going to ride along forever
upon the publicity he'd created for himself by actually
letting himself become known as Hollywood's most

famous ladies' man, play-boy unexcelled around town.

I suppose the world knows very little about the rela-
tions between a motion picture actor and his press agent.
It's one of our untold stories, and I have little room to
go into it here. But there's a close bond between the
actor and the person he pays to both publicize and pro-
tect him. There has to be, because the press agent must
know the truth about his client. And he must under-
stand that truth with a humanness and a to-be-trusted
spirit or he does not remain long a press agent. An
actor always trusts his press agent to know all and tell
only what will help create illusions.

While I was acting in this capacity
for Lyle Talbot, I did many, many stories
about his Hollywood personality. I learned
the truth about his real one. I could not
tell it, then. He was not ready for it. He
had made up his mind there was only one
way to become known quickly in pictures—
through women. He had made five tests in New York
and failed in each of them. He had come to Hollywood
on his own and managed to get started. He had studied
each man and how he had risen to fame. There was
Gary Cooper. He'd discovered that Gary's name became
a household word before his pictures had even been seen
on the screen because his name had been linked with Clara
Bow's, Evelyn Brent's, Lupe Velez' and that long list of
others. He'd seen how Gilbert Roland had become an
international figure . . . how women had helped to build
Valentino, George Brent, George Raft, Harry Richman,
Joel McCrea, Richard Dix, Max Baer, Adolphe Menjou,
etc. He knew that being seen with one glamorous Holly-
wood woman after another meant international publicity
and fame, long before a man (Continued on page 94)

**BY JEWEL
SMITH**



SO MUCH ABILITY

Mady's name is short for Marguerite. And you will see her soon again in "The Flame Within."

Hollywood, attention! Don't "type"

Mady Christians, she's too versatile

A DAZZLING beauty in Vienna, Mady Christians was imported to Hollywood only to find herself cast as a drab, hard-working drudge in "A Wicked Woman."

As we chatted over the luncheon table at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, I recalled that lovely Berlin-made film, "The Waltz Dream," which introduced an exciting Mady to our screens a few years ago and I wondered how she felt about drab roles.

Her reply was diplomatic, "Perhaps," she said, "it is well to establish me as an actress first, not just as a personality. We need all sides of life in our film dramas but I believe screen audiences, especially the American ones, prefer romances with glamor."

She added, I thought a bit wistfully, "I hope in my other pictures I can sometimes be decked out in peacock feathers and dazzling frocks. And I want to sing and laugh, too."

Her name, Mady Christians, intrigues one. And the girl herself, a tall, willowy blonde with exuberant spirits and sensitive moods, very definitely stirs the imagination. There's nothing exotic about her and she has no desire to envelop herself in mystery. She's a laughing, wholesome girl finding joy in each hour of the day.

She greets you with a firm clasp of the hand, like a man. She is utterly sincere and has no pretenses whatsoever. She looks straight at you when she talks—and her eyes are the bluest, most expressive I've ever seen. Fearless, independent, yet she is always deliciously feminine.

Born in Vienna, Mady is, however, a citizen of the world, a true cosmopolite. She has lived in many countries and this contact with the peoples of various

nations has influenced her basic character and her emotions; her understanding embraces all humanity.

WHILE "A Wicked Woman," offered opportunity for her ability and one senses the power and authority of the finished actress whenever she is on the screen, this story of a Texas swamp woman and her rise in life never once revealed Mady's beauty, her humor or her glamorous personality, which is rather too bad considering how much of all three she has to give.

Nothing could have kept Mady from becoming an actress. Her father was Rudolph Christians, one of Germany's foremost actors. Her mother was an opera singer whose greatest fame was won in singing the role of Marguerite in "Faust." So, it was but natural that this name, lovingly shortened to Mady, should be chosen by the romantic young couple for their baby.

Mady spent her childhood traveling all over Europe with her parents on their professional tours and, while she was still very young, the family came to New York where they established the German Theatre. Their home became the center of a brilliant group of artists, writers and actors. The child was reared in an environment of the finest traditions of the theatre.

Oddly enough, in view of their own successes, neither her father nor her mother wanted her to go on the stage. She explains this by saying that all actors have a sentimental yearning for a home and a quiet family life, both so impossible in their profession. With this in mind, they urged their daughter to marry, have children and settle down far from the excitement of the theatre. But already the love of the stage was (Continued on page 86)

**BY MAUDE
CHEATHAM**

Fabrics will make spring evenings more glamorous



Hollywood suggests four charming ideas for spring evenings in this group, above. A bold black and white print for Carole Lombard's tunic dinner gown, at left. Next, back view of the graceful chiffon gown worn by Gail Patrick—the long sash and double tier of skirt flounces give that diaphanous, floating silhouette that is new. Carole again, this time in a thrilling black sheath with overdress of soft soufflé dotted with paillette discs. Next a sweet spring party frock for a young girl is that of Anne Shirley's. It's crepe in a soft blue with little muffs to match. And just below Anne, is the front of Gail's chiffon, showing the cluster of corsage flowers and the flattering ruffled cape which was removed in the back view.



BY ADELIA BIRD

HOLLYWOOD SETS THE TEMPO

HOLLYWOOD has to force itself to think of fashions in terms of seasons. The weather out there doesn't change as radically as it does with us. Not long ago I was discussing this with Madge Evans, who happened to be in New York on a shopping jaunt. Madge had asked me up for tea and I was replying by plying her with questions about what she had bought for spring. She

gave me an amused look.

"I'm afraid you aren't going to get much inspiration from me about spring fashions because I have been doing all the resort shops."

"Are you going on to Florida or to Palm Springs when you get back to the coast?" I asked.

"No, indeed, I'm buying my spring wardrobe! We

Tailored suits really must head your daytime list



I have picked three classic suit types for you to use as guides in your shopping. Left, Anne Shirley wears a boldly checked brown and white woolen with a seven-eighths length coat. Lower right, Steffi Duna in contrasting jacket and skirt. Her box jacket and vest are of Scotch plaid woolen, the skirt in a mixed tweed. Another suit is the man-tailored favorite of Hollywood. Above, right, Lombard wears it with a short tuxedo jacket with a pin striped skirt. Rene Hubert, designer, suggests some interesting suit accessories. First a set of bag, scarf and gloves in necktie silk. And a white leather belt with your name in red script. Also a dead white necklace of unusual design.

FOR YOUR SPRING SHOPPING

really jump right into warm weather in California, there's not much of this in-between sort of business you have here. In fact, we try to follow your seasons and change our wardrobes accordingly, but it is a bit of a strain. You see, there's no need to buy heavy winter clothes, and what you term spring clothes, such as suits and light woolen dresses, we wear all through your win-

ter season. I know it must sound confusing but it's true. "One of the funniest things we do in Hollywood is to start the fall season going. It means introducing fall accessories while we still need to wear summery looking costumes. But in the spring, we really have the jump on you because we are wearing spring-like clothes long before you even start thinking about them!"



What do your favorite stars wear when they are caught by the camera in their off-screen moments? Here's the answer in this group of informal shots made recently. Above, left to right, Rosalind Russell waiting for a traffic light to change and looking very chic in a tweed reefer with belted back. Madge Evans, on a rainy day, wearing a trim brown and white checked raincoat. Jean Harlow—and isn't it a lovely picture of her?—Jean wears a white twin sweater set with a gray woolen skirt. Note the printed linen scarf she wears like a tie under the small sweater collar. And Anne Shirley, at the Santa Anita racetrack, in a perfect, youthful riding habit. At left, you see Astrid Alwyn fence-sitting in a blue, white and gray striped woolen dress which boasts a trimming of ten-penny nails.

Madge went on to explain that she had been buying a whole wardrobe planned around blue and white, the blues from navy to a very soft, light tone. Many of her costumes were white trimmed with blue and complemented by blue accessories.

"I have one linen suit that I've worn for three years. That doesn't sound very exciting, does it? It is one of those grand, comfortable outfits that won't wear out and I can't bear to part with it until it does. I buy new accessories for it and let it go at that. Probably everyone sighs when they see me!"

And this is a very good point to adopt for your own wardrobe: buy one costume so good and so becoming that it can be worn for several seasons with only new accessories to freshen it up. You need never worry about anyone's commenting upon its age; if it's good, it will withstand any amount of comparison with newer and less expensive costumes.

Madge also contributed an interesting suggestion for your spring shopping scheme. She never buys her coat until after she has bought her other clothes. This is the reverse plan of anyone I (Continued on page 108)



Aline wants what she wants when she wants it. She's firm against doing too many pictures.



The MacMahon-Kibbee team in a thrilling mystery drama, "While the Patient Slept."

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, I've just come in from doing that interview with Aline MacMahon, like I said I would, and as soon as I change into dry stockings and wring out my coat, I'll tell you how it was.

They were doing a rain scene for "While the Patient Slept" and I haven't seen such wet weather since the Brothers Warner made "Noah's Ark." They had an entire sound stage devoted to the vagaries of the equinox, and mighty moist the whole thing was, with the carpenters drilling holes in the floor to let the excess water escape, and me drilling Miss MacMahon with questions, and *her* trying to escape.

The press agent was very obliging, although he might have provided galoshes and umbrellas, inasmuch as everyone was scurrying around, busy as beavers (and as wet), in sou'westers and rubber boots, and the thunder (artificial) was clapping merrily, just like life. About every two minutes there would be a reverberating crash, like a heavenly cannonade, and then a blinding flash of lightning (also artificial). It made interviewing just dandy.

"What do you want from life?" I shouted at Miss MacMahon, right off, because there's nothing like being vital about such things.

"Why—er—I don't know," she shrieked back, with a giggle, and dodged as a clap of thunder broke over her head. "What *does* one want from life?"

"Well . . . security?" I said as a starter. And just then a streak of green-blue lightning bolted toward me.

"Oh, not that," she said, with a low laugh that started way down in her throat. "I've always had that. It's noth-

STRONG-MINDED WOMAN

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Get better acquainted with Aline MacMahon; she's one of our more determined actresses

ing new. I'm an only child. My parents didn't mind that I went on the stage. I never had to pinch and starve to become an actress. I've always had everything I wanted, and I never wanted a great deal. My life has been very normal, ordinary, with plenty of ease."

Her answer rolled off in a clap of thunder, and the wind machines started their deadly work of whipping the fast-falling rain into a hurricane.

EXCUSE me a moment, please," MacMahon said, "if that girl is going to walk into that rain, she will need my rubbers and a couple of towels, and this umbrella." She pushed her way through the glistening sou'westers, and left me to my thought. There was only one thought, Editor, and that was "Will my lungs hold out if I have to vell above this tropical storm?" because by that time wind machines (huge 'plane propellers, they are), cymbal-like thunder, and flashing lightning were united

in one huge Reinhardtian finale. Back came MacMahon, smiling, the ankle-length blue serge of her nurse's uniform, with its fitted bodice, whipping about her sensible black Oxfords. She plays a nurse, a cross between Philo Vance and Florence Nightingale, who solves this mystery drama.

"I understand, Miss MacMahon," I yelled, lustily, "that you are a strong-minded woman. Are you a strong-minded woman?"

"Perhaps. Am I?" she answered with a smile. It was a quizzical smile, Editor, MacMahon is past mistress of the quizzical smile, full of unspoken query, amusement, doubt.

"I mean, Miss MacMahon, (Continued on page 100)



At eleven, Muni portrayed the role of an old man. When he was twenty-five, a producer said, "I always thought you were 60."



Though they'd rather stay at home and read or dine quietly with friends, occasionally, the Munis do join in Hollywood's gaiety.

PAUL MUNI, or Muni Weisenfreud as he was named thirty-seven years ago in Vienna, is recognized as one of the finest actors on the screen today. Perhaps you know how he rose step by step from the grind of character parts in the Yiddish Art Theatre, but the Man behind the Actor, and even more so the Woman behind the Man, has remained in a haze of obscurity as far as the general public is concerned. Over ten years ago, that woman was known as Bella Finkel, star of the same Yiddish Art Theatre where Muni rose to prominence. Today, she is known socially as Mrs. Muni, but "Bella Finkel" she remains—especially on the set where Muni's pictures are made, for Bella is the power behind the throne.

It is perhaps bromidic to observe that in the life of every man there is always some woman whose influence either makes or breaks him. Bella has always been that woman for Paul—to her he gives all the credit for his present success. The fact that no one knows much of Bella Finkel Muni is entirely her own fault. Her husband is only too eager to tell the world about her. This petite, dark, round-faced girl has gone all the way with him, perfectly willing and content to stay out of the glaring light of publicity which has fallen upon her man and to take her only reward in the satisfaction of knowing that it is she who helped put him where he is.

Bella Finkel is not merely her husband's inspiration. She is his stabilizer, his tower of strength, his aide de camp, his secretary, his nurse, his pal, his play reader,

TO MY WIFE, BELLA!

BY DENA REED

**She's Paul Muni's
manager, advisor, pal,
cook, nurse, best friend
and severest critic**

his cook, his best friend and severest critic. A tough assignment? Perhaps—but not for Bella Finkel.

Their romance began when he was leading man in the Yiddish Art Theatre and she was leading lady. After the show, he would escort her across the street to the Café Royal, a restaurant where actors of all types and denominations gather, and which is still a favorite hang-out of theirs when Muni is playing in New York.

THERE, with the clatter of dishes and the hum of conversation as its accompaniment, Paul Muni asked Bella Finkel to be his wife, and there it was that Bella Finkel willingly and unhesitatingly gave up her own career, and centered all the ambitions that she had had for herself, upon the man whom she later married. Her intuition told her that this quiet, modest man possessed a remarkable genius which only needed development and she decided to direct all her efforts to see that it was recognized.

Under her guidance, his career began to prosper. But the going wasn't easy. There were heartaches and disappointments for Paul Muni. Like many others who are gifted, he has a high-strung and nervous temperament. He might have gone all to pieces, had it not been for the sane ministrations and counsels of his clever and unselfish wife. Fortunately for them both, her own disposition is easy-going, calm and not easily ruffled. She is the cushion which softens the hard blows; she is the shock-absorber which keeps the ship from rocking too much. She is the door which (Continued on page 101)

*Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

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Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
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Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport
New York

Mrs. Henry Field, Chicago

Mrs. James Russell Lowell, New York

Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, Chicago

Mrs. Langdon Post, New York

Mrs. William T. Wetmore, New York



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Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels ... MISS DOROTHY PAINE"

"They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never

make my nerves jump. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which

overcomes fatigue. Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired, you can get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves.

Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

For beauty of lips
and neck-line enjoy
Double Mint gum. Every
day! Wherever and
whenever convenient! It
is a sure beauty exercise.



Modern Screen's First Spring Patterns



874—(Above) Gertrude Michael in a charming two-piece ensemble. The short-sleeved dress has a striped silk bow. The coat in smock style has shirring at sleeves and back yoke. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

885—(Above, left) Dorothy Sanders in a lovely white evening gown. The cape-jacket and the belt with bow tie are nice details. Suited to both silk and cotton fabrics. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40. 864—(Above, right) Wearable silk or woolen jacket dress worn by Susan Fleming. Dress has monotone skirt and figured, short-sleeved top. The one-button jacket has a collar of the print. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing (in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No. Size Pattern No. Size
Pattern No. Size

Do you want our new Spring Pattern Book?

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name

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City and State

(Please write in pencil)

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(Continued from page 15)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	N. Y. World Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	RATING
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	-	+	+	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	87
Fugitive Lady (Columbia)	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	○	○	+	+	+	-	80
Gambling (Fox)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	+	+	+	○	-	-	+	-	36
The Gay Bride of the Rackets (M-G-M)	-	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	+	+	-	-	46
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100+
Gentlemen Are Born (First National)	+	-	-	+	+	-	-	+	○	+	+	○	+	+	+	73
Gift of Gab (Universal)	-	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	-	50
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	+	○	
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	+	+	
Great Expectations (Universal)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	
Happiness Ahead (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	87
Have A Heart (M-G-M)	+	+	+	○	+	+	-	○	+	+	○	+	+	+	-	85
Hellorado (Fox)	-	+	+	+	+	+	-	+	+	-	○	+	+	+	-	69
Hell in the Heavens (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
I Am A Thief (First National)	-	-	-	+	+	-	-	+	+	-	○	-	+	+	-	57
Imitation of Life (Universal)	+	+	+	+	+	-	+	-	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	80
The Iron Duke (Gaumont British)	+	+	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	-	○	-	-	+	-	64
I Sell Anything (First National)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	-	+	-	86
It's A Gift (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	-	+	+	○	+	+	+	+	93
Jealousy (Columbia)	-	○	○	+	○	○	○	○	○	-	+	+	-	+	-	
Judge Priest (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Kansas City Princess (Warners)	-	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	+	-	-	-	-	-	+	53
Kentucky Kernels (RKO)	+	-	+	+	+	+	-	+	+	-	+	+	+	-	+	73
Kid Millions (Sam Goldwyn)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Lady By Choice (Columbia)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
The Last Gentleman (20th Century)	+	○	-	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	-	85
The Lemon Drop Kid (Paramount)	-	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	-	-	+	-	+	+	67
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	-	-	-	-	+	-	+	-	+	-	○	+	-	-	-	23
The Little Minister (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100+
A Lost Lady (Warners)	-	○	-	+	+	○	-	+	+	-	+	-	+	+	-	54
Madame Du Barry (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	-	-	+	+	-	+	+	+	+	-	73
Man of Aran (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	○	○	100
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Universal)	+	+	-	+	+	-	+	+	+	-	-	+	+	+	+	73
Marie Galante (Fox)	-	-	-	-	+	+	+	+	+	-	+	+	-	+	-	53
Menace (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	-	+	+	+	92
The Merry Widow (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100

(Continued on page 72)



LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

DRYNESS is often attributable to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

SAGGING TISSUES, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of the muscles. All occur in *underskin*.



Little known facts about Your Skin

Your skin has two parts—the outer skin, *epidermis*; the true skin, or *corium*. It consists of blood vessels, nerves, fat, muscle, oil, sweat glands . . . When your underskin grows sluggish, faults develop.

Miss Maribelle Rodiger, one of the most charming of last season's debutantes, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from blackheads and blemishes."

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Lines Wrinkles Blemishes first develop. *Skin Authorities say*



H. R. H. MARGARET OF DENMARK
Princess René de Bourbon de Parme

"Skin remarkably smooth. Not a trace of lines or crepiness"—Dermatologist's Report. "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my contour firm," Her Royal Highness says.

Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. The fresh blood rushes up to nourish shrinking tissue. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

ONE of America's leading dermatologists says: "The beauty of the outer skin depends on the underskin. You cannot be too emphatic about that."

Yet women try one thing and another for faults they see on the *outside* of their skin—never dreaming that what their skin really needs is help *underneath*.

How skin faults develop

The underskin is the workshop where the outward beauty of the skin is constantly being created. Once the teens are past, the underskin begins to lose vigor. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. All of this slowly but surely shows up in your outer skin in the form of blackheads . . . lines . . . blemishes . . . wrinkles!

How can you ward them off? By *invigorating your underskin!*

There is one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough germ-free cream. Pat it in briskly—you will feel your skin roused. All the day's dust and grime will float right out of the pores.

The first thing every morning—during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for this cream. Use it daily, soon you will see skin faults fade. Lines soften. Blackheads, blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look finer—smoother. Until it glows with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

Mail Coupon today for 9-Treatment supply—

POND'S, Dept D 50, Clinton, Conn. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

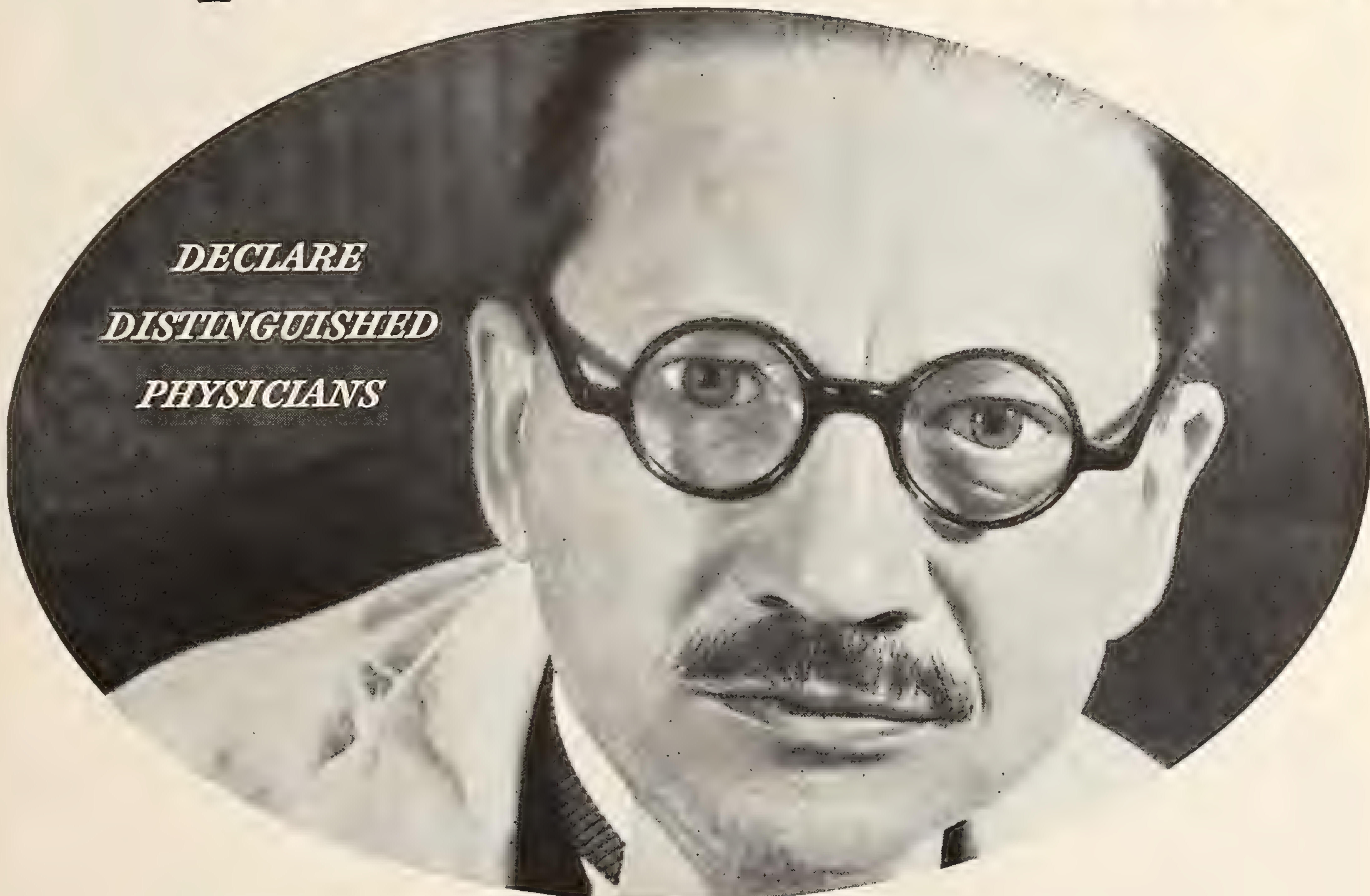
Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	N. Y. World Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Hollywood Reporter	Film Daily	Variety	RATING
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Mills of the Gods (Columbia)	-	○	○	-	○	○	○	○	-	○	○	+	-	-	-	100
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	92
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	92
Music in the Air (Fox)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
My Heart Is Calling (Gaumont-British)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	92
Mystery Woman (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	67
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
Now and Forever (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	33
Outcast Lady (M-G-M)	-	-	-	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	-	+	+	87
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	93
Peck's Bad Boy (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100+
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	50
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	-	-	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	100
The Pursuit of Happiness (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	
Ready for Love (Paramount)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	
Red Head (Monogram)	○	-	+	-	○	+	○	○	+	○	○	○	-	+	+	36
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	○	○	○	+	+	+	93
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
Sing Sing Nights (Monogram)	-	-	-	+	+	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	42
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	85
The Silver Streak (RKO)	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	71
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	-	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	87
Sequoia (M-G-M)	-	○	○	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	
There's Always Tomorrow (Universal)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	92
365 Nights in Hollywood (Fox)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	85
Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round (United Artists)	-	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	+	80
Under Pressure (Fox)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	○	
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	92
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	○	○	+	+	+	100
Wednesday's Child (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	93
We Live Again (Sam Goldwyn)	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	93
West of the Pecos (RKO)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	85
What Every Woman Knows (M-G-M)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	100
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	64
The White Parade (Fox)	+	-	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	+	○	○	+	+	+	87
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	○	○	
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	+	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	42
Women Must Dress (Monogram)	+	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	+	+	○	

The new XR Yeast will solve the cathartic problem for thousands!



DR. JULES BELOUX, noted specialist on the stomach and intestines, editor of a medical publication, reports: "XR Yeast is twice as ef-

fective as the former yeast for constipation, indigestion and skin troubles. No one need keep on taking harsh cathartics now!"

Stronger new yeast is far speedier for Constipation, Upset Stomach, Broken-Out Skin and Lack of Energy!

NO LONGER need you constantly "dose" yourself with violent cathartics, for a discovery that doctors call "the greatest advance for treating constipation in years" is here!

It is a far stronger new yeast . . . an entirely new kind of yeast . . . discovered by a great medical scientist in a leading American university!

It has given results to make physicians marvel. As the noted Dr. Beloux says, "It is almost unbelievable how well the new XR Yeast works! It

acts by speeding the digestive juices and muscles!

"Food," Dr. Beloux adds, "is digested better . . . carried through the body faster . . . expelled more easily. Also, skin troubles end sooner.

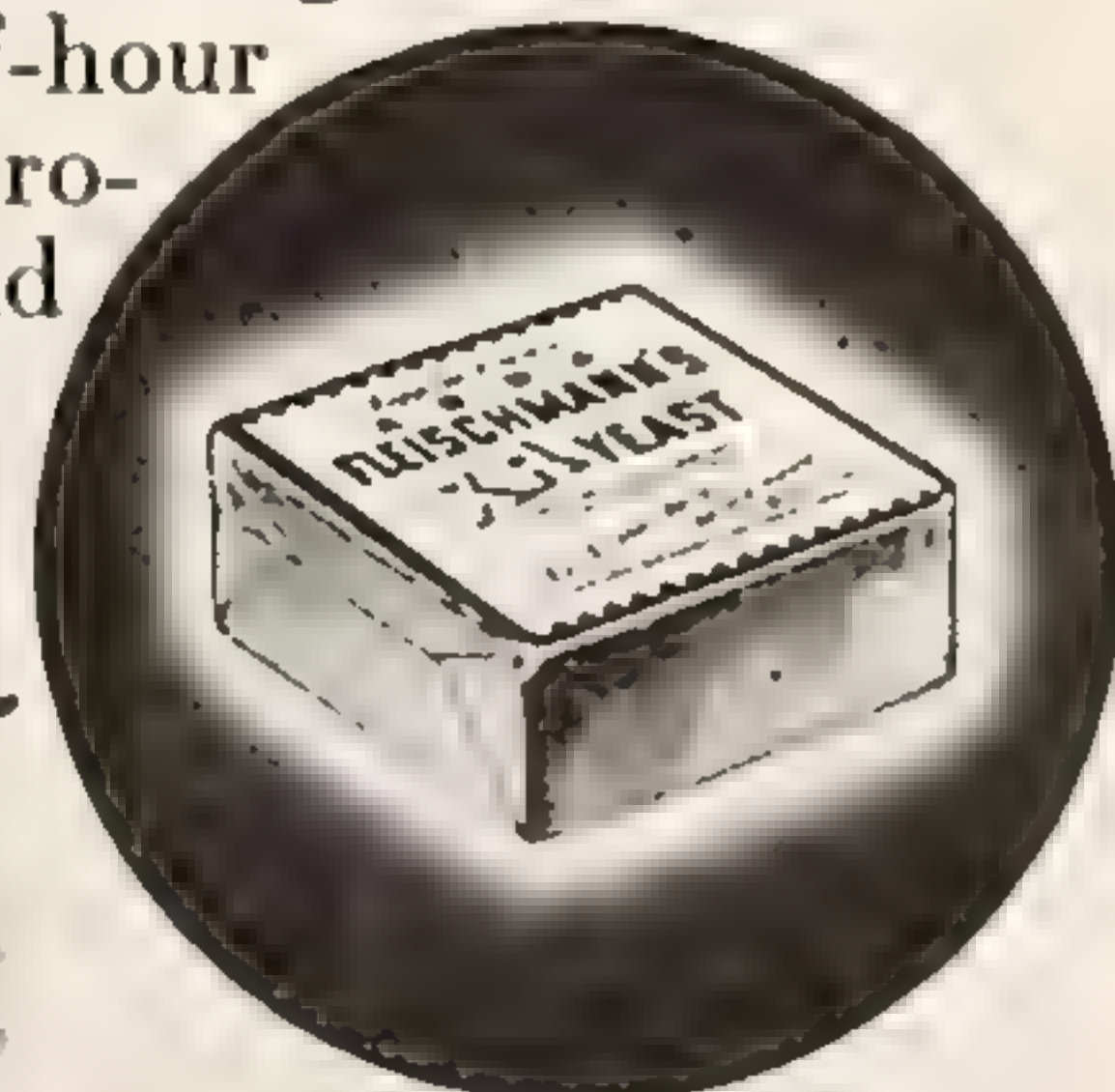
"It is the best remedy I know for constipation and its related ailments—such as indigestion, complexion ills, headaches and lack of energy."

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's XR Yeast today? See how speedily you feel full of pep . . . how quickly your skin is cleared of pimples!

See how you avoid frequent colds—with a clean system and the Vitamin A in this new yeast. It has Vitamins B, D and G, too, and hormone-like substances that aid health.

Start Feeling Better Now!

So get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast right away. Eat 3 cakes every day—plain, or dissolved in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before meals. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains!



3 millions already eating Fleischmann's new XR Yeast



(As good as ever for baking, too)



Lonely Girl...



Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who'll call you his "only girl"... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

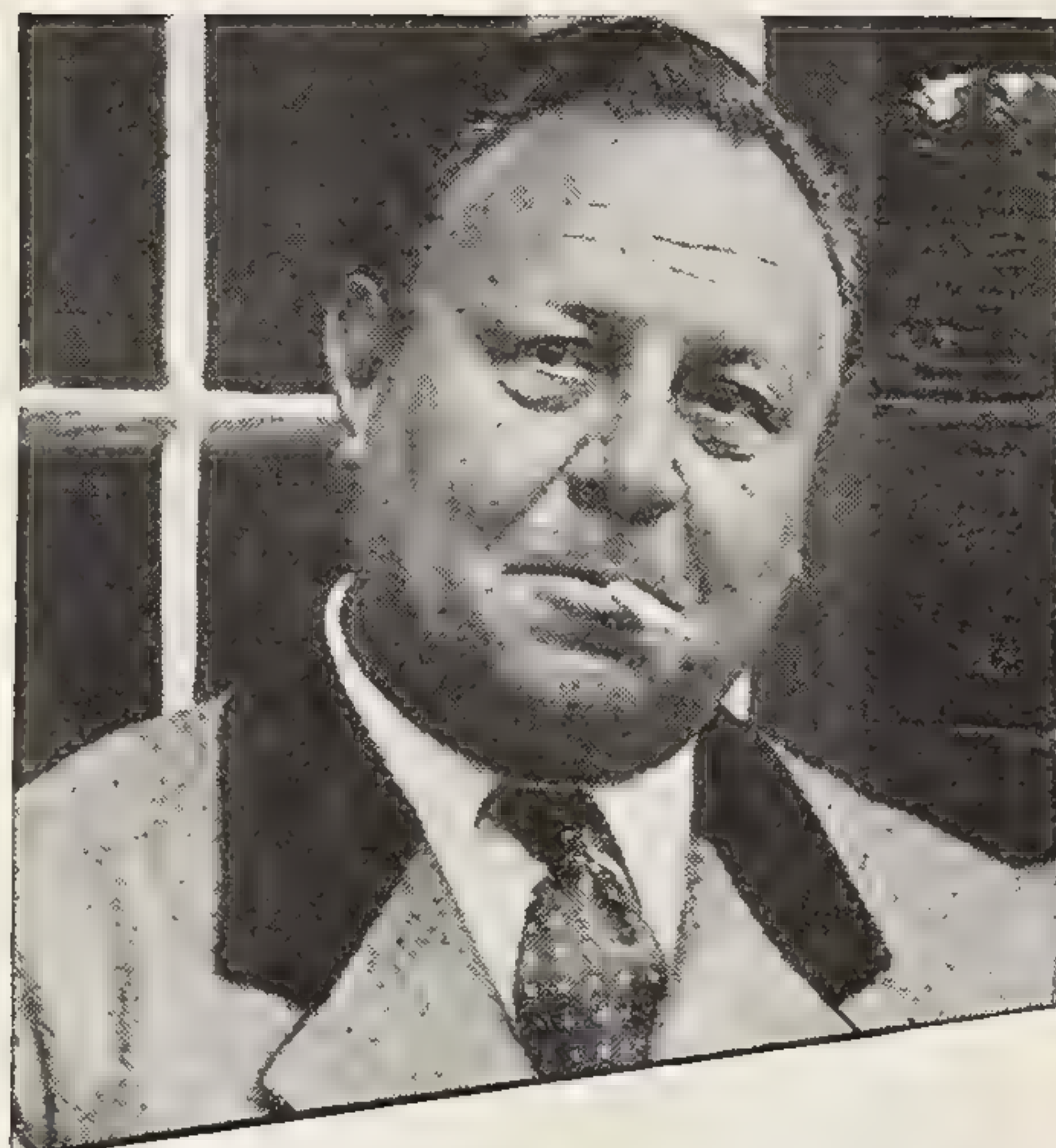
Make your dreams of romance come true...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz

PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD

The talkies made the first wealthy and more famous than he had dreamed of being—Maurice Chevalier. The talkies took gold from the hands of the other and sent him back to Germany—Emil Jannings.

BEFORE he died, Edison witnessed his first sound film. I wonder how he felt. I wonder if he laughed when he recalled how many years had passed before the movies had carried out his original plan. For it was Edison's original idea that the movies should talk.

In 1926, the movies were thirty years old. When Edison invented the kinetoscope, his idea was to use it merely as a subsidiary gadget for his gramophone. He thought it would be amusing for those listening to the talking machine to *see* the speakers.

Since, however, as we have seen, the history of motion pictures has been entirely accidental, somewhere along the line motion and sound were divorced and for thirty years the movies were mute.

All during this time, men in laboratories were experimenting and every now and then an obscure item, announcing that talking films were "just around the corner," appeared in the papers. Nobody paid much attention.

The producers themselves were becoming gray haired with worry because their magnificent theatres were but half filled, in spite of the fact that they gave the

customers elaborate stage shows along with the movies. These producers blamed many outside influences for this drop in attendance. Mostly they blamed the radio—and that was as stupid as if they had blamed mystery novels. What they didn't see was that movies had reached a peak—that the public had become jaded with stupendous productions—and that nothing could lure that (Continued on page 102)

By KATHERINE ALBERT

Concluding the movies' history

HURRY IN AND PUT
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.
IT'S LATE...



NOT TILL I'VE
CLEANED MY
FACE WITH **LUX
TOILET SOAP.**
NO COSMETIC
SKIN FOR ME!

Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather will sink deep into

the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE WOMAN IN RED"



OF COURSE I USE
COSMETICS, BUT
I NEVER WORRY
ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN. I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



THE BEST THROAT GUARD...

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Why One Man Loved Her

(Continued from page 33)

think of what an elusive thing beauty is? It's much more than a perfect face and a bewitching figure. Some girls strike you immediately as the most stunning creatures you have ever seen. Then you realize, despairingly, that they are not beautiful at all. They merely have certain attractive features. Why is that? One girl opens her mouth and her voice is rasping. Another has an unpleasant laugh. So many are ungracious in their movements. Most of them are dumb. What has that got to do with beauty, you say? I'll tell you later, but first look at Carole."

We looked across the room. The music had finished in a primitive throb of drums. Carole and her escort were walking back toward their table. Jim brought his head down quickly so that he wouldn't be recognized. He nervously lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and continued.

"Well, you know what she looks like. Everyone knows that she has a magnificent figure. But it's the little things that give her her genuine beauty. Her voice is alive and vibrant. When she laughs you know that she is genuinely amused. It has the mirthful quality of a silver bell that is ringing. And, then, grace! That is one of the most precious qualities a woman can possess. Beauty of movement. Is there anything more disappointing than to see a nymph-like figure that is slightly awkward? Look at Carole's hands the next time you are with her. Note the fingers. She is so alive with energy that they are constantly moving. Not jerkily, but with rhythmic vitality. She is like a gazelle. Her whole body expresses her nervous animation with unconscious grace. Then, too, she is intelligent."

Jim raised his eyes to beckon the waiter. His eyes were getting bloodshot, but his voice was steady. "Bring us two more," he said.

I LOOKED over the tiers of heads to one that was shining blonde. Carole was absorbed in some conversation with her escort. Whatever they were talking about I knew it wasn't the movies. She doesn't like to talk shop. The orchestra leader was coming over toward her table. "What piece would you like?" I knew he would ask her. The waiter set the drinks down before us.

"Well," Jim continued, "perhaps I can best illustrate what I mean by beauty and intelligence by recalling one evening at Carole's house when you were present. Beside ourselves, remember, there was a young scientist from Cal-Tech, a chap from Wall Street, some kind of an engineer, and a correspondent of the Washington Post. Carole was the only woman. Yet I don't think six men ever spent a more enjoyable evening. Carole kept the conversation leaping from one subject to another. Every man got to talk about his particular interest, and everyone joined in. Ever stop to think why that evening was so successful? Because Carole didn't try to be the thoughtful hostess, that's why. She was genuinely interested in everything we talked about. She has a greed for knowledge. And she knew enough to keep us all on our toes. And when she didn't know, she wouldn't pretend.

"Now here's the point. When we finally left, I'll wager each man thought she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met. Why? Because she was so

gorgeously ornamental? Because she looked like a Kohinoor diamond framed against that old rose damask of the Empire chair? Partially that, yes. But principally because she was beautiful as a human being. She was like a stimulant. She made everyone feel alive. Her mentality was a challenge. She had the gift to make each person feel important.

CONSIDER the sirens of history. Caesar didn't tarry in Egypt because Cleopatra had a pretty leg. She was plump and fortyish; but she had a brain that he couldn't find among the girls of Rome. And all the others: Diane de Poitiers, Pompadour, Catherine the Great, Madame de Sevigné. Madame de Stael even had young men fall in love with her when she was eighty years old. Their intelligence made men feel that they were beautiful. They had grace. They were charming. In short, there are two kinds of beauty. That which strikes you, and that which grows. Carole has both. The cool loveliness of a painting and the glowing warmth of a vital person. Her personality supplements her external appearance. She . . . say, am I boring you?"

I had glanced up to see some people cluster around Carole's table. The tango had finished and a few friends followed as she left the floor. My mind went back to that evening to which Jim referred. I remembered particularly how she . . . but Jim was talking again.

"I'll make it snappy now. I'm overflowing with words too much, I guess. The second reason I can't get her out of my blood is—those other points I classified as one—is her caprice. An utterly feminine quality. She changes her mind in such a provocative manner. At first you think it is whim. It's not that. Not entirely, anyway. Realizing that all things change, she changes with them. If a person doesn't progress as he lives, she leaves him far behind. She has, as I mentioned, a greed for life. Yet always changing, she still is herself. Get what I mean? Fancy anyone ever being bored around her?"

"And then—what is it the French say?—she has the *joie de vivre*. She enjoys every moment of life. She won't permit herself to worry. Each day, for her, is too full of possibilities to allow one precious minute for worry or regret. And I guess she'll be that way when she's sixty years old. Always a kid, eager for tomorrow's adventure.

"But the principal reason of all, I think, is her boundless affection. Remember when I was laid up in the hospital? She sent flowers every day. And I know it is the same with everyone she knows. If she hears that you are discouraged, she'll call you up. It is those little attentions, when a person needs them, that you can't forget. There are a million other things I could mention but these. . . ."

Jim suddenly stopped talking. Carole and her escort were leaving. As they walked toward the door, waving goodbye to friends, Jim bent over his glass. When he looked up, he stared for a moment after his departed dream. Then he shook his head, called for the check, and got unsteadily to his feet. "Let's go," he said.

The reader, I hope, has surmised correctly. My friend's name isn't Jim. I wouldn't dare reveal his real identity.

NOW NEW POWDER SHADES

make their skin Thrilling!



"Your new Natural gives my skin such a delicate blush—I never had such grand times," writes a young New Yorker.



"All other Brunette powders made my skin dull. This one makes it sparkle—and me too!" a popular sub-deb says.

Over 200 Girls' Skin "Color Analyzed" *Six Flattering New Colors Perfected*

Is your skin dull? Uninteresting? Are you going along powdering—re-powdering—with the same old powder shades that don't do a thing for you?

Now there is a new face powder that does exciting things for your skin.

Just film on this new powder—and be prepared for admiring glances, for it gives sparkle. Conceals blemishes. Lends a seductive softness. And your skin holds this radiant loveliness for hours.

Hidden Tints flatter Every Type

No ordinary powder could do such thrilling things to your skin. The flattering effect is due to hidden tints scientifically blended into this entirely new and different face powder by Pond's.

These hidden tints are the actual tones in beautiful skin. Read above the story of their discovery. Then you'll know how Pond's Powder gives your skin the one needed tone that lifts an ordinary complexion to a glamorous one.



How Science discovered hidden Skin Tints

An optical machine which records color in human skin read more than 200 girls' complexions. It showed that blonde skin owed its beauty to hidden notes of brilliant blue—brunette skin to hidden tints of green. These tints Pond's blends invisibly in their powder to flatter every skin.

But another surprise! This pure, clinging, flattering powder, made of the finest ingredients, is inexpensive. In glass jars, it's 55¢ and \$1.10. In gay boxes, 10¢, 20¢ and 25¢. You can get it everywhere.

We want you to try this new Face Powder, *free*. Rush this coupon right off. You will receive 5 different shades absolutely free. See this scientifically blended powder make a more glamorous "You!"



10¢

¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

5 shades **FREE!** Mail coupon

This offer expires June 1, 1935

POND'S, Dept. D-94, Clinton, Conn. Please send free samples of five different shades of Pond's new Powder enough of each shade for a full five-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

"You May Be Going Blind!"

(Continued from page 34)

He said it so quietly, so simply and without dramatization that I begged him to tell me about it. He didn't want to say any more, and most of all he didn't want me to pass it on to you. But when I assured him that I would stress the fact that he was not trying to rouse your sympathies, he consented to its repetition. And I want you to know about it because I think it is an inspiration to all those who have struggled to overcome some handicap.

In college John wanted to be an artist. He was tremendously impressed by what he saw and it seemed to him that if he could interpret his impressions on canvas his soul would be completely satisfied. John, with sketch book and pencil, was a familiar figure on the campus, and those who saw the results of his work knew that talent guided his hand.

John is an intense person. I think you realize that when you watch his fine, sincere performance in "The Little Minister." And being intense, he worked too hard.

It didn't happen suddenly and dramatically, as things like that happen in stories. For several weeks John noticed that after he had drawn a line it looked fuzzy. At first he thought the fault was in his hand and he tried to make the lines sharper. But then he noticed that the faces of the people he saw on the street were blurred.

He thought that he needed glasses, so he made an appointment with an oculist. The doctor examined his eyes and sent him to another specialist. It was the second man who told him what the first had feared.

YOU must wear glasses, of course," the doctor said. "Also, you must give your eyes a complete rest. Use them only when it is absolutely necessary. I don't want to frighten you unduly. But I do want to impress upon you how important complete rest and relaxation are. I think you may be going blind."

I wonder if, for a moment, you can put yourself in John Beal's place. Imagine what torments would grip the heart of any boy or girl just on the threshold of life and a career who was told that he was going blind. Does the very thought clutch your soul with terror? Then add to this the fact that John was hoping to be a serious artist and that his sole ambition was to interpret on paper the things that he saw. And now he was told that there was a great possibility that he would not be able to see.

I'm sure I don't know how he managed to leave the doctor's office. I don't know what dark thoughts possessed his mind. He wouldn't talk about that part of it. He had bargained to give me the facts. The answer, of course, is that his emotions at that time were too deep to be brought to light by conversation. It would have hurt him too much to recall them with words.

How did he face it? I'll tell you, even if he won't. Courage was the watchword. This thing was given to him to bear and he must go through it as best he could.

First of all he was in college. It was necessary to him, he knew, to finish his education if he must plan for a sightless future. He hired a man to read to him. He paid him fifty cents an hour to read text books. He told no one what the doctor had said, but merely tossed it off with, "I've strained my eyes. Drawing too much, you know. I must give them a complete rest."

With his drawing denied him he knew that he must do something else to fill his life, and that's when he turned to college theatricals. That's when he laid the foundation for the career which has just been climaxed so brilliantly in "The Little Minister." But his sketch books and pencils were piled on a corner of his desk and he could not return to them.

AND then a miracle began to happen. Again it happened slowly. For months he had not used his eyes at all. He had absolutely obeyed the doctor and then he began to notice as he walked along the street that the faces he saw were sharper. The blur seemed to be lifting. It came so slowly that he could not believe his tired eyes at first. He thought: "This is only the wish to see that makes me see better. This isn't real. I simply imagine it."

But even as he thought this he found that objects were much clearer. He went to the doctor again. "Thank God, my fears have not been realized," the doctor told him. "The rest has done the trick. Take it easy for a little while longer. You can't make painting your career, of course, but you can certainly sketch again. You will not lose your sight."

I do not need to describe the waves of relief which swept over him. I'm sure there is something in your own life comparable to it. It cost him something, of course, to give up the thought of being a truly great artist, but in the meantime he had become so interested in dramatics that he felt he could find happiness on the stage. And the important thing—the thrilling, exciting truth was that he was not going blind!

You know his life from then on. You know how he came to New York against his father's wishes—his father wanted him to be a business man—and hounded the Broadway producers until they gave him roles in their plays. You know how he worked at the Hedgerow Theatre—Ann Harding's beloved workshop—with Jasper Deeter. And then, when fame had touched him on Broadway, you know how he came to Hollywood and the movies. You also know that a little less than a year ago he married Helen Craig, an actress and a charming girl, and is now one of the happiest actors in the picture colony.

He might have been able to put those dark months when he thought he was going blind completely out of his mind, had it not been for an anti-climax which occurred while he was making "The Little Minister."

He was doing the fight scene, standing in the midst of the extras who were hurling spears. Suddenly he felt a sharp jab of pain in his temple. There was before his eyes a terrific great white light. It was as if all the world were nothing but brilliant whiteness. He could see nothing but that white, white light. And in that moment, before he fell to the ground, all of the torments of those months in college came back to him. He thought: "It's got me this time. It was planned for me and I couldn't escape."

The next thing he knew the white light was gone and there was nothing but darkness. He felt his head. His eyes were bandaged. Quietly he asked the question, "Will I ever be able to draw again?"

Someone laughed. "Certainly. You're

(Continued on page 80)



THESE early spring days, with the tang of winter still in the air—how inviting they are—but how hard on the complexion! Dried by exhilarating but cutting winds—with sticky, sooty dust getting into the pores and clinging to the roughened surface, your skin tends to become grimy and "muddy looking" and irritations develop.

To combat this ravaging effect, particular care is necessary, and skin specialists say that cleansing with a pure, mild soap, at least once a day, is indispensable.

When you use Resinol Soap, you can be sure of thorough, safe cleansing, because it is a soap that is kind to every type of skin. Its pure, lightly medicated lather is so creamy, so soft, and leaves your skin so refreshed.

Now, the wind-roughened, irritated skin surface is ready for soothing Resinol Ointment. Its special medication is just what nature needs to help heal the sore, rough, reddened spots. It acts so quickly, too. Just spread it on lightly but freely and you will be amazed to see how soon the surface blemishes and discomfort disappear.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not start this treatment today—before these smiling, but rough spring days can seriously mar your complexion? For free trial size package, write to Resinol, Dept. 1-C, Baltimore, Md.



Sh-h! BILL HAD A RIGHT TO BE CROSS!



(After the party)

MABEL: I think you're awfully mean to be so critical! I feel just as badly about it as you do!

BILL: You haven't any business being so careless—do you think I can afford to buy you a new dress every day?



(Next day)

MABEL: Isn't it a shame! My new dress is all stained under the arm and Bill is furious.

BETTY: I don't blame him, Sis! You certainly ought to know by now that *what-ever else you use*, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to feel absolutely safe!



(In the store)

CLERK: Like *all* Kleinert's Dress Shields — these are guaranteed to protect your dress not only from perspiration but from friction and chemical cosmetics, too.



(That evening)

MABEL: Bill, I'm really sorry I was so careless last night. I bought some Kleinert's Dress Shields today so I can promise you it'll never happen again.

BILL: *That's* the girl! Maybe I can dig up enough for a new dress now that I'm sure you'll get your money's worth out of it!



Whatever else you may do about the perspiration problem, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields. They have no "in-between" days — they are *always* on the job protecting your dresses from friction and perspiration chemicals as well as from the moisture itself. You can buy genuine Kleinert's protection for as little as 25c a pair, or indulge yourself a bit more for Kleinert's Blue Label Shields which are specially treated to make them BOILABLE.

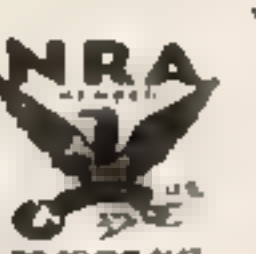
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These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night—one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

Moon Glow gives you what you deserve—a 25 cent bottle of marvelous lustrous nail polish, two or three times the size you have been getting for twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

One use of Moon Glow Nail Polish will show you why it is a Hollywood favorite. Moon Glow is a new and better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously—will not chip, peel, crack or fade.

Moon Glow Nail Polish is featured at 25 cents by the country's finest department stores from Sak's in New York to Marshall Field in Chicago and Bullock's in Los Angeles. Leading druggists will tell you that Moon Glow is one of their fastest selling nail polishes. And at your ten cent store, ask for the generous size Moon Glow bottle.

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Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the six smart shades.

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() Rose () Blood Red () Carmine () Coral.
() Oil Nail Polish Remover.

Name
St. and No.
City State

(Continued from page 78)

okay. But, boy, you had a close call. That spear missed your eye by just one-eighth of an inch."

You've seen that scene in the pictures. Now you know the drama that lay behind its filming.

Who IS that Man?

(Continued from page 55)

plump and jovial, I selected Edward Arnold for my first victim. Maybe you saw Arnold in "Sadie McKee" and realized that a man can be fat and forty-five and still have an abundance of that certain something the censors are now frowning upon. He was swell, too, in "Hide Out," "Biography," and a lot of other productions. I put the question to him.

"It has happened so often that I get a laugh out of it," he chuckled. "But it wasn't funny at first. I'd be sitting up straight watching myself, thinking how good I am, and what a big shot I am, when somebody, sitting right next to me, would say, 'Who is that guy? I saw him in a picture onct.' And I'd hear her friend answer, 'I saw him onct, too, but he isn't important or I'd know his name.'"

"Early reactions were painful. I wanted to stand up on my seat, beat my chest, and answer, 'It's me—Edward Arnold.' Instead, I slid a bit lower in my chair, hoping I wouldn't be recognized. The more I heard the question, 'Who is that man?' the more I wondered if I would ever really make good. I felt I had been in enough good parts in good pictures to warrant recognition—by name. Then, one night, I heard three people, watching a grand performance by Walter Connolly, debate as to his identity. Again, I was enjoying Roland Young's startling characterization of Uriah Heep in 'David Copperfield' when a woman, sitting next to me, turned to her escort and asked, 'Isn't that Lon Chaney?'"

Here's another personal experience which will serve to drive home the theme of this piece. As a newspaperman I had lots of contacts with gangsters and my favorite screen gangster was—and is—a gent whose name I did not know, but who always does those "dumb cluck" roles—roles, like the pal of Clark Gable in "Manhattan Melodrama," the mug in "Penthouse," the detective in "The Thin Man," and a dozen others. Now, out at M-G-M, during the course of this investigation, publicity hounds were insisting I talk to Nat Pendleton. The name meant nothing to me, but I agreed to see him. Imagine my surprise when I walked my favorite gangster!—Powell's pal in "Reckless," Gable's right-hand man in "Manhattan Melodrama."

Pendleton is one of Hollywood's most unusual characters. He's been about everything from a wrestler to an auditor on the west coast of Africa, prior to his advent in Hollywood. In the past two years he has appeared in 55 pictures. He was a gang leader in "Sing and Like It," the baseball player in "Death on the Diamond," the husband of Carole Lombard in "The Gay Bride," the college wrestler in "Deception" (which he wrote) and the dumb cluck gangster in more films than he can remember.

"I can top any story told by any 'unknown,'" grinned Pendleton. "I was sitting in the preview room of a certain studio, watching a picture in which I had a big part, when some executive turned

John is well now. There is only the tiniest of scars near his eye. He can still draw. He simply must go easy, that's all. But not a day goes by that he doesn't remember to be thankful that he still has the precious gift of sight.

to the director and said: 'Who's that mug?' That mug was me. The director took another look and said, 'That's—, that's— what the hell is that guy's name?' For the one and only time in my life I stood up and said, 'Me—Pendleton!' I've wanted to do it a dozen times since, but I lacked the nerve. Instead, I just slide down in my seat and hope my mug won't be recognized by the folks who ask, 'Who is that guy?'"

HERMAN BING, that nervous little German, is even more honest than his fellows. Bing, you know (or don't), plays those nervous waiters, impresarios and what-nots, and has a part of some kind in about every third Hollywood production, asserts that his complaint is not that he is not recognized by name, but that the audience never likes him. "I go to the previews to study myself, to see my faults, to determine what is good, and what is bad. I scrutinize my every move, so that I may better myself next time. But I am constantly diverted, constantly disturbed, by what I hear. What do I hear? I will tell you.

"I hear them say, 'I hate that guy, who is he?'"

"And do you know what I say to them, when they sit very close to me, and I hear them? I turn and say, 'I am very disgusted with that guy myself.' I am too! I am a dialect comedian. I always try to talk like a zither—but sometimes it comes out like a trombone, and then, when it does, I am especially disgusted. I have heard many questions asked about myself which had to do with 'Who is that bird?' Only once I was complimented. I heard a woman answer, 'Don't you know him—that's George Sidney.'"

One of the most outstanding illustrations of my theme is Henry Armetta, the Italian, who once barbered the "Who's Who" of the Lambs Club, New York. I doubt that any reader will recognize the name, yet Armetta is one of your very favorite character actors. Think of the Greek waiter with the lower lip that rolls up over the upper one and you'll have him spotted. A check-up of actors' activities by the Producers' Association for 1934 reveals that Armetta was fourth among 9,000 thespians in the number of pictures and number of days before the camera.

Armetta has been in so many pictures, hundreds of 'em, that I hesitate to name even one. He's under contract to Universal for some 1600 smackers a week, with a contract that has six years to run. Universal actually makes money "renting him." It was Julius Klein of Universal who introduced us. I shook his hand. "My favorite Greek waiter," I beamed. "Make your face," grinned Julius, and Armetta pouted!

"The number of the pictures in which I have had a role has long since passed 250," said Armetta. "And yet I doubt that ten fans, seeing me, can call my name.

"To most of the fans, I'm a Greek waiter."

"Well," I consoled, "I'll admit you are my very favorite Greek waiter, too."

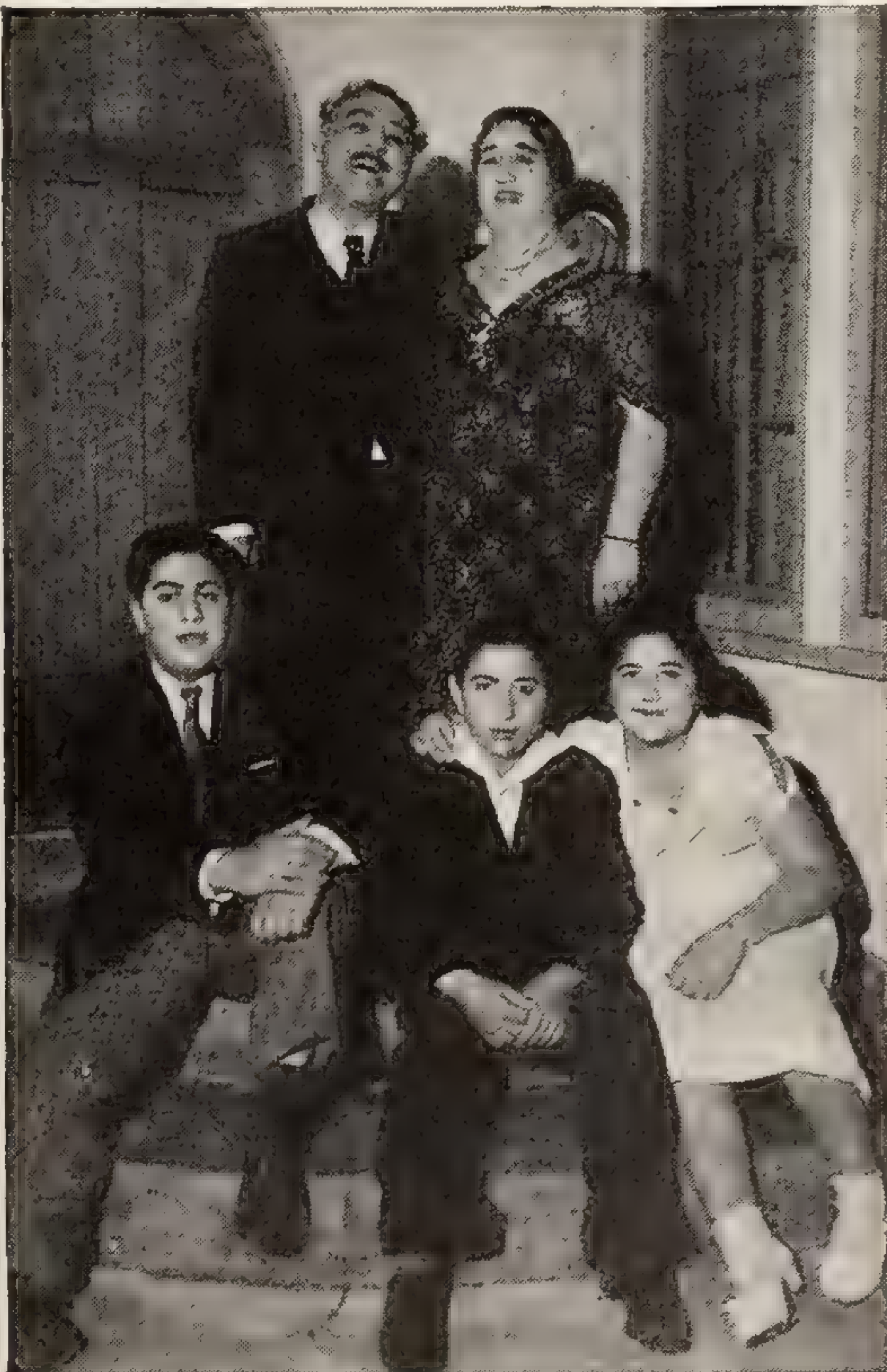
"Thanks," said Armetta, in a mournful tone. "But dammit, I'm an Italian."

WHICH brings me to Roscoe Karns, Paramount player. He's been in hundreds of pictures, and yet he, too, experiences the sinking feeling of hearing people ask, "Who is that man?" He's heard the fans say, "There's Roscoe Ates" and "Isn't that Lee Tracy?" Old ladies and kids, Karns feels, are his best audiences. "When I come on the screen some kid is sure to say, 'There's that guy.' The kids recognize me, but don't know my name. Nor do the shoe salesmen. Only yesterday I was leaving a store, after having purchased a couple pairs of shoes, and gave the clerk, who had been most courteous, a check for my purchase. As I went to the door the clerk bowed, and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Tracy.' And this despite my check. What's a guy gonna do?"

So we come to Russell Hardie, the star of "Sequoia." I'll agree with Hardie that it is about time fans recognize him when he appears on the screen. He had swell roles in "Back Field," "West Point of the Air," "Pursued," "The Band Plays On," and sufficient other M-G-M productions to warrant recognition. But, let's allow Hardie to tell his own story:

"I can't tell you how many times I've heard fans ask, 'Who Is That Guy?' since I broke into pictures. But believe me when I tell you, that at my very lowest ebb, in Buffalo, New York, everybody seemed to know me. I had clicked in stock, in Buffalo, and then, after the company flopped, I had to go to work. I was a horse shoer, by trade, but there were few horses in Buffalo and I got a job in a department store, demonstrating vacuum cleaners.

"I used to put silver dollars and talcum powder on the floor, after which I would demonstrate how OUR cleaner would pick 'em up. Now, I'd been somewhat of a success in stock in Buffalo and it seemed to me that every woman who passed the home economics department in the store



Meet the Armettas! You know Henry, but not the Missus, or John and the twins, Louis and Rosalie. Swell family!



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B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS

by
Jane
Heath

MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only \$1 at any leading store.

Improving
on Nature

Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint*. \$1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.

Beauty in
the Handbag

Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashtint*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original \$1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-4, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc. 1935

took a look at me and said: 'Look, there's that Hardie boy from the stock company trying to sell cleaners.' I couldn't take it. I quit and started doing my demonstrating from door to door.

"It was all very personal back there in Buffalo when I was out of a job, but it's certainly impersonal out here in Hollywood, now that I'm working. Now the ladies say, 'Look, who is that chap?' Why, I ask you, couldn't this situation be reversed? In Buffalo, everyone, it seems, recognized me as a vacuum cleaner salesman who used to be a stock actor. But in Hollywood I'm not even recognized as the ex-home economics expert. As a matter of fact, I'm not even recognized!"

And now speaking quite confidentially, here's a thrilling twist to this story. Not so long ago an unknown sang a song in the M-G-M production, "Student Tour."

The very next day after the picture was released, a thousand or more telephone calls were received at M-G-M, asking the name of the man who sang the song. And throughout the nation, interested persons called newspapers, and film exchanges, asking, "Who is the man who sang the song?"

Nelson Eddy sang it. And because of the interest in "Who is that man?" Eddy is being co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

Who IS that man?

You Can Make People Like You

(Continued from page 29)

And they had pretty much the same experience. They pounced upon what I said and we all began to talk and laugh and to confess to the perfectly horrible times we had endured.

"And I found myself the center of a lively group instead of a haughty young woman sitting in lonely splendor. I liked it and went on from there." So we come to our first rule for being likable:

Don't be haughty. Admit your fears and doubts and mistakes. All human beings have these things and feel warmer towards you when you admit having them, too.

Loretta Young and I were propped up on opposite ends of a hospital bed, drinking Coca Cola. Beyond, on another stage, the "White Parade" company was working on a scene in which Loretta didn't appear.

We were talking about a girl we both know. Alone with this girl you find her delightful, warm and understanding. But place her in a group and she soon becomes impossible. She will pick out certain people or one person in that group and quarrel with everything they say and do, pounce upon any tiny flaw in a story they tell and hold it up for general inspection.

"And she actually wonders," Loretta said, "why she isn't asked to more parties. She's surprised that she isn't a social success. I really don't believe she's conscious of the trial she proves at times."

I WATCHED Loretta wiggling her straw around in the bottle, intent upon getting the last drop of coke. And I thought how unusual it was for anyone as pretty and as young as Loretta to take the time and energy to think things out the way she does.

"Another thing," she said, referring again to the girl we'd been discussing, "more and more people are coming to distrust her for fear that when they aren't around she will make the same kind of sport at their expense that they've heard her make at the expense of others."

Whereupon we come to our second rule:

Never place anyone at a disadvantage even lightly for the sake of a joke. As the Chinese put it, never make anyone lose face. People are afraid of unkindness and instinctively withdraw from those who practice it.

It was this loyalty, which too, too few women possess for each other, which occupied Karen Morley not long ago as we sat over a late luncheon at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

"You'll hear one woman say of another 'Oh, she's just a little waitress!'" Karen explained. "Or 'My Dear! If you could see her family!'"

"As if the girl who earns her living by waiting on table, or the girl born to humble people were even made differently. As if they bore some eradicable mark which forever set them apart as inferior.

"I don't mean to propose that women turn ardent feminists. But I very definitely do propose that they develop something of the fine fraternity that men have."

UNTIL this happens, certainly the woman who does evince loyalty for her own sex is going to have an advantage. She's going to be more generally liked by women and she's sure to seem warmer and kinder to men. Rule three then:

Have loyalty for your own sex. It will endear you to women as a confidante to be trusted and recommend you to men as a good sport.

No story about Hollywood people who have learned to be likable would begin to be complete without reference to Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia has become likable in spite of herself.

Sylvia's an independent piece with definite ideas. She hasn't always been especially likable and this used to worry her. A rising young actress at the time, she felt she should make a mark socially, that it was important for people remember her pleasantly.

Her difficulty lay in the fact that she was too definite an individual, that she never tried to tell herself that she was having a good time or interested in things when she wasn't.

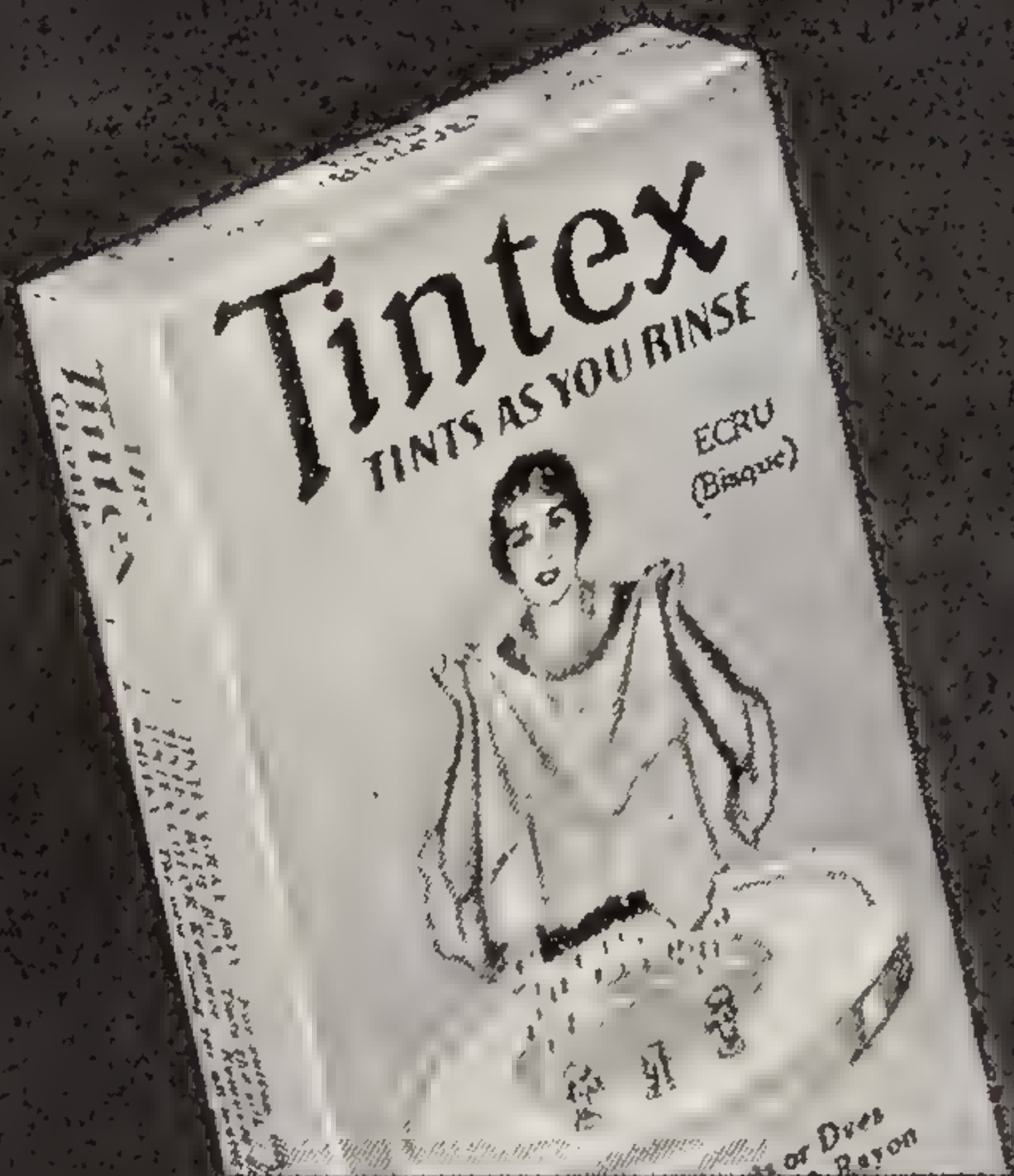
"I've never had any gift for social conversation," Sylvia says. "I can't talk about the horse-show because, not particularly interested in horse-shows, I don't go to them. I haven't the faintest idea what it was Freddie did at the last May-fair party. And I'm always completely in the dark about the terribly amusing thing that happened at Mary's wedding or the Graves' priceless week-end."

"If," Sylvia went on, "it's important to you to be able to take part in such conversations, it's a simple matter to acquire a smattering of all the things people rate smart. With time and effort you can sound like a Michael Arlen heroine.

"If that's what you really want, all right. Then it's time and energy well spent. It simply happens that I've discovered that by directing the same amount of energy in other directions I can acquire things more important to me. So . . ."



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(Continued from page 82)



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SO! Exactly! By applying herself to the things which sincerely interest her Sylvia has become stimulating and interesting. By refusing to pretend a knowledge of things she knows and cares little or nothing about, she has gained a reputation for sincerity and individuality which serves her very well indeed. And we find ourselves with a fourth rule:

Be true to yourself. Have the courage to be what you are, to follow your own interests. Don't attempt to make yourself into a pattern of somebody else.

Jean Harlow is another star rated especially likeable. Not because she's exciting and glamorous and all the other things you'd expect, judging by her screen personality, but because she's quite different really. Because she's warm and friendly with women as well as men.

"I received a great dressing-down the other day," Jean told me the other afternoon as we sat talking in her big white sunroom. "I announced that a certain person annoyed me, and a man I know criticized me severely.

"That man whom you say annoys you, is as sensitive a person as there is in Hollywood," I was told. "You should sympathize with him if anyone should. If he's rude it's because he's afraid you won't like him and he doesn't want you or anybody else, including himself incidentally, to realize how much he hopes for friendship and favor."

Jean played with the zipper at the throat of her pajamas nervously, impatiently.

"I was ashamed of myself," she admitted after a minute or two "for having been so stupid and blind. I'd have recognized that man's rudeness for a defensive measure if I hadn't been so concerned about his behavior towards me.

"So often, of course, it's the nicest people who appear the most unpleasant. Nice people are apt to be shy and sensitive. And people who are shy and sensitive inevitably set up a defensive mechanism and parade as rude or haughty, patronizing or effusive."

Jean need not be ashamed of herself in this instance for she's not given to complaining that people either annoy her or bore her. Generally she has an instinctive understanding for people and an intuitive wisdom as to why they act one way when deep inside they feel another way entirely. Which is why Jean's as likeable as she is. Rule five, then:

Like people. Look beyond any unpleasant characteristics they may manifest at first. And you'll find you will be rewarded with more than enough warm relationships to repay you.

The other day a young girl, just starting out in pictures, came bursting into Ann Meredith's. Ann Meredith's, incidentally, is Hollywood's premiere beauty salon where the walls papered with autographed pictures attest to the esteem in which the different operators are held by the stars.

This girl was enthusiastic in her praise of Claudette Colbert.

"I'm mad about her," she announced. "I just met her and she was so warm and

friendly. Why if I'd been somebody important she couldn't have been more interested in what I had to say."

She's so warm and friendly. Why if I'd been somebody important she couldn't have been more interested in what I had to say. . . .

In those two sentences, it seems to me, that girl came pretty close to summing up exactly what makes people likeable.

The average person, as we've seen, has an inferiority complex even though she may hide it fairly successfully. This must be accepted even by those who resent the labels with which the psychiatrists tag certain recognized emotions, fears, and reactions. Most of us would like to be more stimulating, attractive and glamorous than we have any reason to think we are.

I know exactly what that girl meant about Claudette, who has been one of my favorite people for years. Claudette is an intelligent and alert young woman and, therefore, she has many interests. So many subjects of conversation hold importance for her that immediately, by her eager questions and comments, she charms people who introduce these subjects into conversation.

AMONG other things Claudette is interested in people, themselves, as human beings. She is interested in the way they go about shaping their lives, in their ambitions, in their emotions, in the valor they display a hundred different times in a lifetime.

"When I was in school," Claudette said to me, one day when we were driving together, "I remember thinking it smart to be bored by people."

"At that time it never occurred to me," she went on, "that to be bored with most people was an indication that you must be rather dull yourself. Practically everybody has some charm, or an arresting point of view on some things, provided you take the trouble to bring them out." Which brings us to our sixth and last rule:

Increase your interests so you bring warm attention to many more conversations and, by the same token, to many more people. And, above everything else, be interested in people for their own sakes.

Learning to be likeable is, after all, such a simple process. People are only too eager to like you, if they're given half a chance. For others, in turn, are lonely and eager to be liked. All right then, let's go! Let's:

1. Quit being haughty. Admit our fears and doubts and mistakes.

2. Never cause anyone to lose face, as the Chinese put it.

3. As women, have loyalty for our own sex.

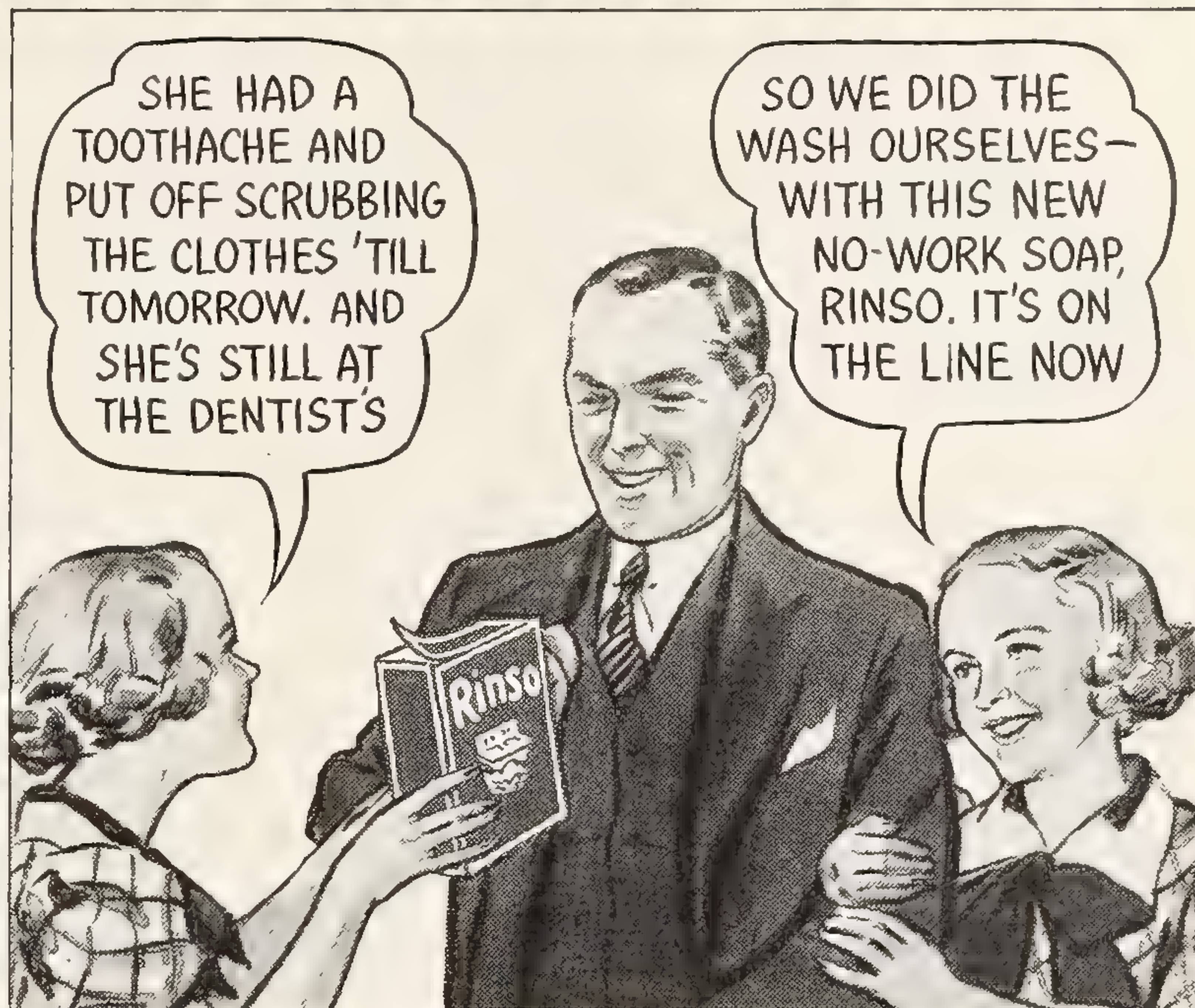
4. Be true to ourselves. Follow our own interests. And never attempt to make ourselves into a pattern of someone else.

5. Look beyond the unpleasant defensive characteristics people may manifest at first.

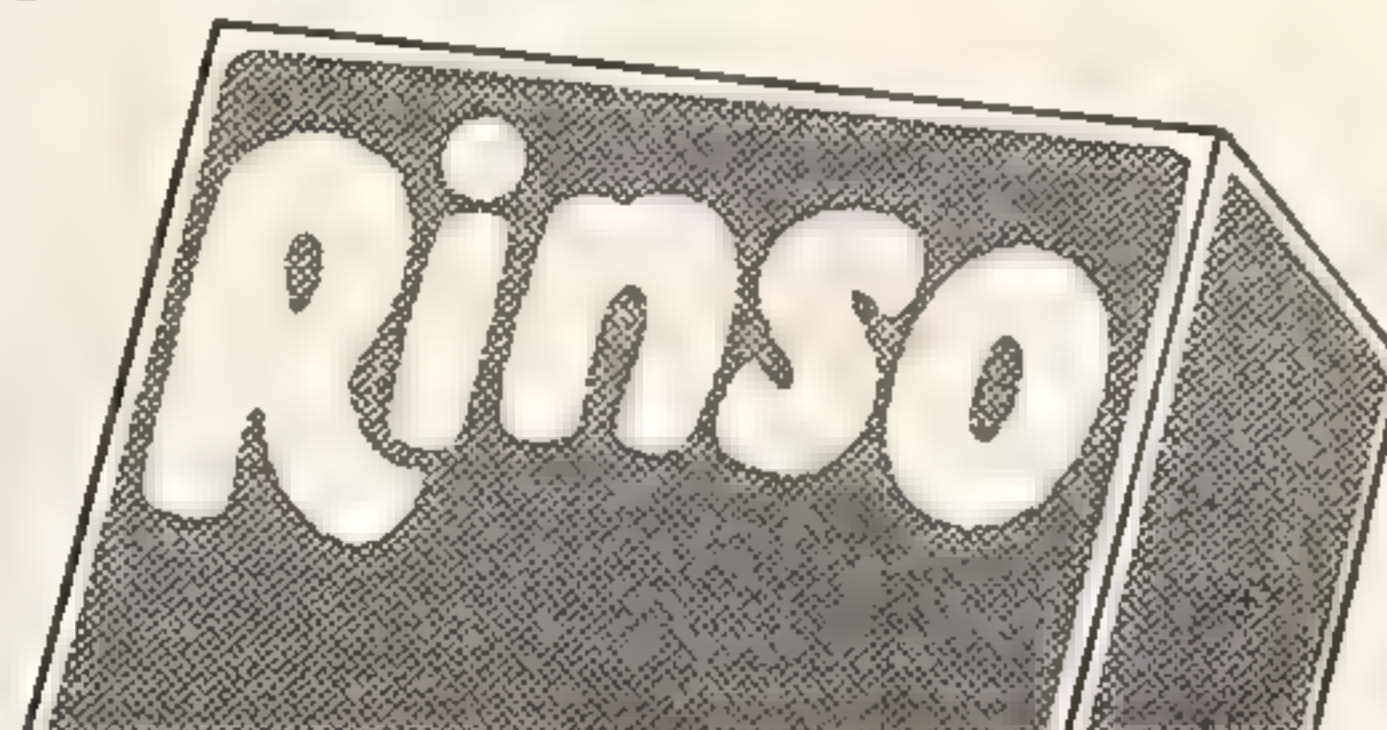
6. Increase our interests. And be interested in people for their own sakes.

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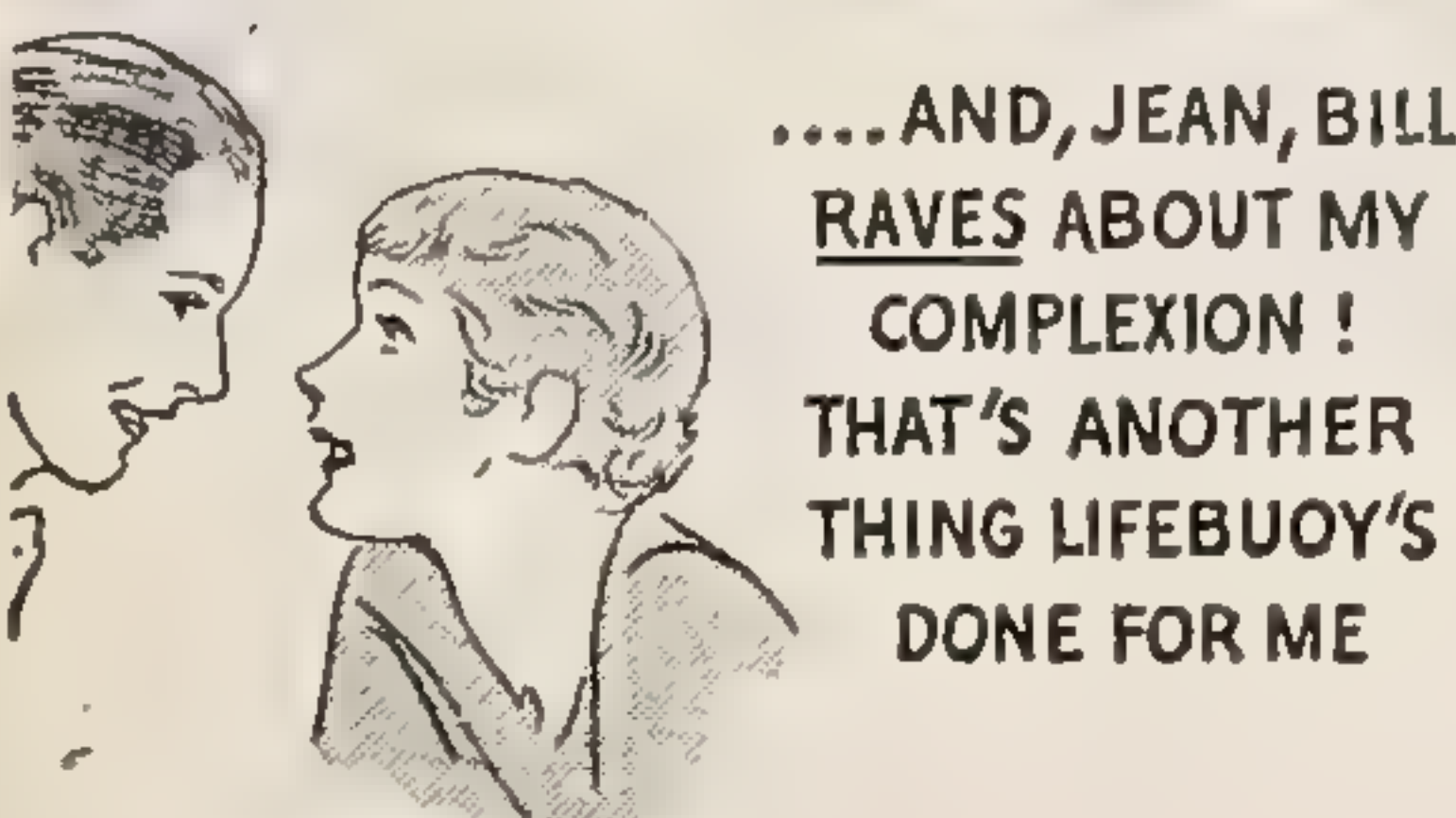


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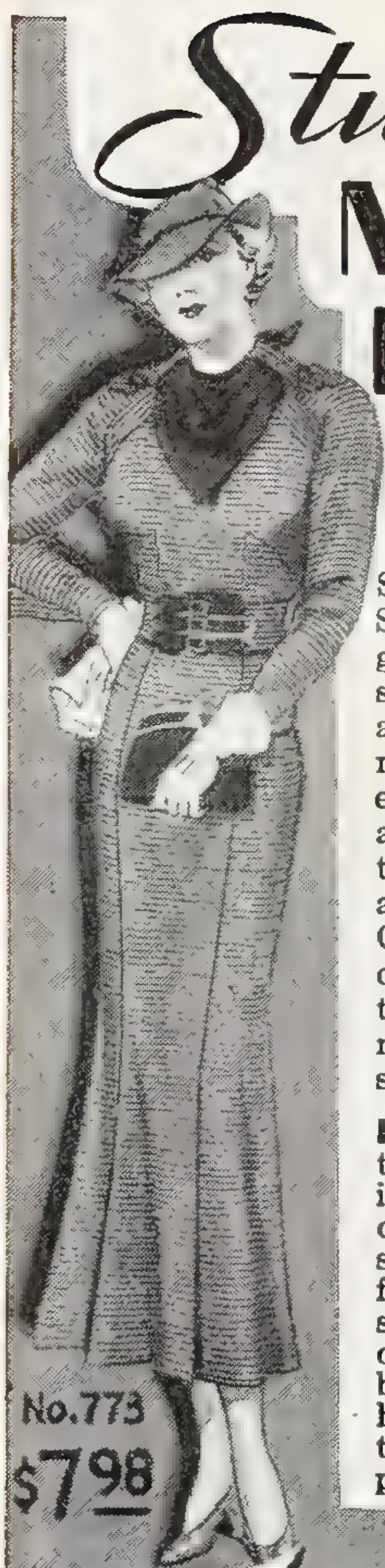
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So Much Ability

(Continued from page 61)

in her blood.

After a brief fling in her father's company, when he reluctantly permitted her to play the part of a German girl because she could speak the language fluently, she knew definitely that the stage was her very life.

So, in 1917, after months of discussions, her father gave in and Mady was sent to Berlin where she entered the Max Reinhardt School.

BEING Rudolph Christians' daughter made it hard, for all her father's friends expected so much of her. She didn't know it at the time, but Christians had written ahead to Reinhardt, telling him to disregard all the sentiment of their life-long friendship and make it as difficult as possible for his daughter. He wished to test her sincerity for the career she had chosen.

Mady says she was a tall, lanky girl, terribly scared but stubbornly determined. The more obstacles that appeared, the harder she worked. She knew she had to succeed not only for herself but for her father, whom she adored so extravagantly.

Now, it takes much more than a certain temperament and an inherent aptitude to develop a really fine actress. It requires hard work, hours upon hours of study. It takes experience in a variety of roles in order to learn how to visualize emotions. Above all, one must be imbued with a burning passion to achieve his goal.

Mady was diligent. She studied music and now sings everything from grand opera to the latest jazz in a rich mezzo-soprano voice. She is also, an accomplished pianist. She studied elocution, history, languages. She speaks five languages fluently and has appeared in plays and films in Vienna, Paris, Berlin and London. Already she has eighteen talking pictures to her credit and most of these were made in three languages. To show how sincere she is,

she employed a Texas gardener and learned from him how to give the Southern slur to words of her dialogue for "A Wicked Woman," so as to create the authentic color and atmosphere of the Texas locale.

Mady's enthusiasm might deny that struggle and hardship trailed her path, but her triumph as one of the most brilliant actresses of Europe was won slowly and painfully. No spectacular climb to the top, no sudden applause marked those early years of struggle. Her entire career is a lesson in fortitude that should be memorized by every aspiring young actress.

ONE time, when things were going badly and Reinhardt had no place for her in any of his plays, Mady sang torch songs in a little café in the basement of one of Reinhardt's theatres in Berlin. Here she found a warm response from the patrons that bolstered up her courage and renewed her confidence—both so desperately needed at that zero hour.

A year and a half later, she was starring in a great tragedy, "Orestie," in the theatre above. Frequently during the four months' run of the play, Mady would slip down into the cellar café and sing a song just for old time's sake.

Looking back over these years of hard work, heartbreak and disappointments with an occasional bright spot, I think she is grateful that she had a hard beginning, for it built up a spirit of endurance and courage, of which she is very proud. Sudden and easy success is dangerous because it lacks foundation. She insists that to become a good actress requires a lifetime of effort.

"Among my cherished treasures," she told me, "are two yellowed theatre programs. One is of 'The Miser,' the first play I did under Reinhardt's management. The other is that of 'The Son of Casanova,' my first starring play in Berlin, after four years of intensive study. That



Hollywood gaiety at the popular night rendezvous, the Trocadero. Left to right, Frances Drake, Dick Powell and his best girl, Mary Brian, and the big horn blower, Bill Gargan.

marked the happiest moment in my life and—my saddest.

"Father had lost his German theatre in New York after the World War and when he was summoned to Hollywood to make 'Foolish Wives,' he accepted. He was there at this time and I sent him a cable on the opening night, the next morning I mailed a program and some clippings, hoping he would be proud of me. They were returned unopened; my father had died away off in California on the very day of my success in Berlin. He never knew I had won my fight."

Afraid of its memories, Mady determined never to come to Hollywood. Refusing many offers, she waited eleven years, then found that time had softened the sorrow.

It was while she was in New York last year doing Vicki Baum's play, "The Divine Drudge," and Rachel Crothers' "Talent," that she first seriously considered Hollywood. Neither of these plays scored but Mady Christians was lauded by every critic as one of the great artists of the stage. With her theory that all things work for the best, she looks upon this experience as a precious interlude in her career, for it fulfilled her girlhood ambition to return to New York as a dramatic star. Too, she considers both plays a success from a professional point, and the day "Talent" closed she received ten offers from stage, films and radio.

A dozen screen tests for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent the studio executives into raves and they heralded Mady as the next great foreign star. She was immediately put under contract and given what was considered a choice role of the season, that of the tragic wife in "A Wicked Woman." Although the story was mediocre, Mady proved what a splendid actress she really is.

NOW Mady is settled in Hollywood. A tiny house with a tiny garden clinging to a sunny slope in Benedict Canyon is her home. It is all very simple, the only pretentious thing being an electric fountain which is her delight as it is a rendezvous for all the neighboring birds.

Hollywood being the crossroads of the theatrical world, she has met many old-time friends and has become popular with a lot of new ones. She is fast losing the relentlessness that has always been her curse. She is hoping that her young husband, Sven von Muller, a brilliant writer on German national financial affairs in Berlin, will visit her soon. Their marriage is one of those rare, understanding romances where each honors the other's career with no attempt whatever at interference.

She looks to be about thirty but she is the ageless type. Her beauty and appeal do not depend upon the more perishable feminine qualities. She is strong, vital, robust and one wouldn't associate nerves with this girl. Yet, she confesses that, despite her many stage and screen premières, she has never suffered such agonies of apprehension as she did the night her first Hollywood film was to be previewed. It seemed the crux of her career.

She has the humble spirit of the truly great and is not striving for superficial fame that may be won in a single role and forgotten tomorrow. She is building to whatever is worth while in the acting art.

You are going to like her on the screen—she's so real. While laughter and bubbling merriment are always near the surface, Mady Christians is tremendously serious about her work. To her, acting is the greatest of all the Arts!

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April
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Mae West Is in Prison!

(Continued from page 45)

o'clock in the morning by a slight scraping at the door. During the last twelve months the ever-faithful Libby has learned to sleep with one ear open and a police whistle under her pillow. She ran to the door and peered out. But the intruder was too quick for her. He was already halfway down the hall. Later she described him to the guards as a "short, stocky man."

"If I could have got my hands on him, he'd be using a couple of collar buttons for vertebrae. Yes sah!" said the girl.

These guards, the District Attorney's men, go through the entire building several times during the night on the lookout for anything or anyone who looks suspicious. And, of course, some funny mix-ups are bound to occur.

There was the time when two very doubtful-looking people appeared in the lobby in the wee sma' hours. They were dressed in patched overalls and wore enormous red bandannas around their necks, and pulled-down caps. One of them had a patch over his eye. "Humph," said the officer, "I'd better see into this." What he discovered were two prominent Hollywood stars who had been attending a "hill-billy" party! They had apartments in the place, but even the night clerk failed to recognize them.

Mae's whole family lives there, too. Her sister, Beverly, and her husband occupy one suite, "Dad" West, when he was living, had another, and the brother had one, but since the scare he's moved in with Mae as extra protection.

They're a devoted lot, these Wests. The threats on the famous daughter of the house have been pretty disturbing so that when a perfectly strange woman came meandering into Beverly's rooms looking for Mae, Mae got decidedly restless. She hadn't bothered to knock. "I've been searching on every floor of this building for Mae!" she told her. Why she hadn't inquired at the desk for her wasn't explained.

"What do you want?" asked Beverly.

"I'm a friend of hers."

"Well, I have never met you," asserted Beverly.

THAT'S all right," said the Unsquellable One. "You're a New Yorker and so am I. What's the difference?" It was at this moment that the nurse came in from her afternoon walk and the other woman went out.

Crazy or clever? And what would have happened if she had actually found Mae's apartment and had been able to enter?

It's easy to understand why even the electricians on the West set have to have passes. Her own brother can't get in without one. And each extra has a pass issued to him in the morning and taken up at night, no matter how long he works in the picture. There must be no slip-ups in protecting Hollywood's curvaceous queen of hearts!

Not that she isn't absolutely capable of taking care of herself! "I can honestly say that I have never in my life known fear," she told me once and I believe her. Put her in a lions' den and she'd be telling the little beasties bedtime stories. Drop her off in Zulu and the savages would be

her stooges before the next ship docked. That's Mae.

The District Attorney's men thought she ought to know how to shoot. "It's, well, it's wise to be able to," they explained not wanting to scare her.

"Sure," said Mae.

They took her out to the rifle range. They gave her a gun. They spoke to her in the considerate tones gentlemen reserve for poor, helpless ladies. "Now don't get nervous! All you have to do is just look through that sight and don't lift the gun when you shoot!"

Mae nodded. "Okay, boys. Let's start."

The target stood a good hundred and fifty feet away. She took aim . . . fired . . . Someone gulped. A bull's eye! Calmly, she pulled the trigger again. They couldn't believe it. Once perhaps, a beginner might hit the mark like that, but twice! After the third time Mae dusted her hands eloquently. "I guess that's that."

The men clamored around her. It was sensational! Where had she learned to do it? She gave them that slant-eyed West look, "Boys, I used to work in a shootin' gallery." And that's how Mae established a Los Angeles "police record."

ONE of the things that has puzzled Hollywood most during the past year is the fact that Mae didn't "circulate." She, the "Love Dictator" of the screen, went out only with her business associates. Now the reason comes to light. "I have to sacrifice dates. You see, it's this way. You can't go out with a man and take a bodyguard along. It's apt to cramp your style, if you know what I mean. Besides, it embarrasses him. So when I want to go places, someone like James Timony escorts me. He's been my attorney and manager, so he really understands."

Maybe it would take a bit of understanding at that. When Mae attends the fights, for instance, the four guards close around her. Two go ahead to clear the path and they continue to flank her inside. Picture to yourself, having a "date" like that! She doesn't stop to autograph things on the street anymore. She does it all from the safety of her car. And she's one of the few women I know who would take the trouble to sign autographs under the circumstances.

Mae does an heroic amount of work and she's never alone to do it. When she writes her plays in that white satin bed of hers at night, Libby is nearby to watch. When she's studying her script in the back of the car, there's always someone beside her. Imagine, never being alone. Place yourself in her position.

"It's true I can't go shopping anymore—and I loved that. I went for long walks by myself, too, and to a lot of movies. I like to see the audience's reaction, to find out what makes them laugh and what makes them cry. Now there's always a guard to help me!"

It would probably drive the ordinary person mad—that sense of watchful waiting, of being constantly under surveillance. But Mae isn't ordinary. She shrugs, she gives you that fascinating little half-smile of hers. "I've always liked a man in the house, but I didn't count on four!" says Mae.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 13)

in Cream." It is served traditionally, with black bread. (For the bread I recommend a visit to the nearest delicatessen or the substitution of one of the whole wheat breads.) To fix this dish you really should have the large white radishes which, in America, are called Chinese radishes. The more common variety of red radish may be used, however. Cut radishes into thin slices. Pour one-half pint of sour cream into a bowl and add salt and pepper to taste. Add sliced radishes, cover bowl and shake well, just as though you were shaking a cocktail. When well mixed turn into serving plate.

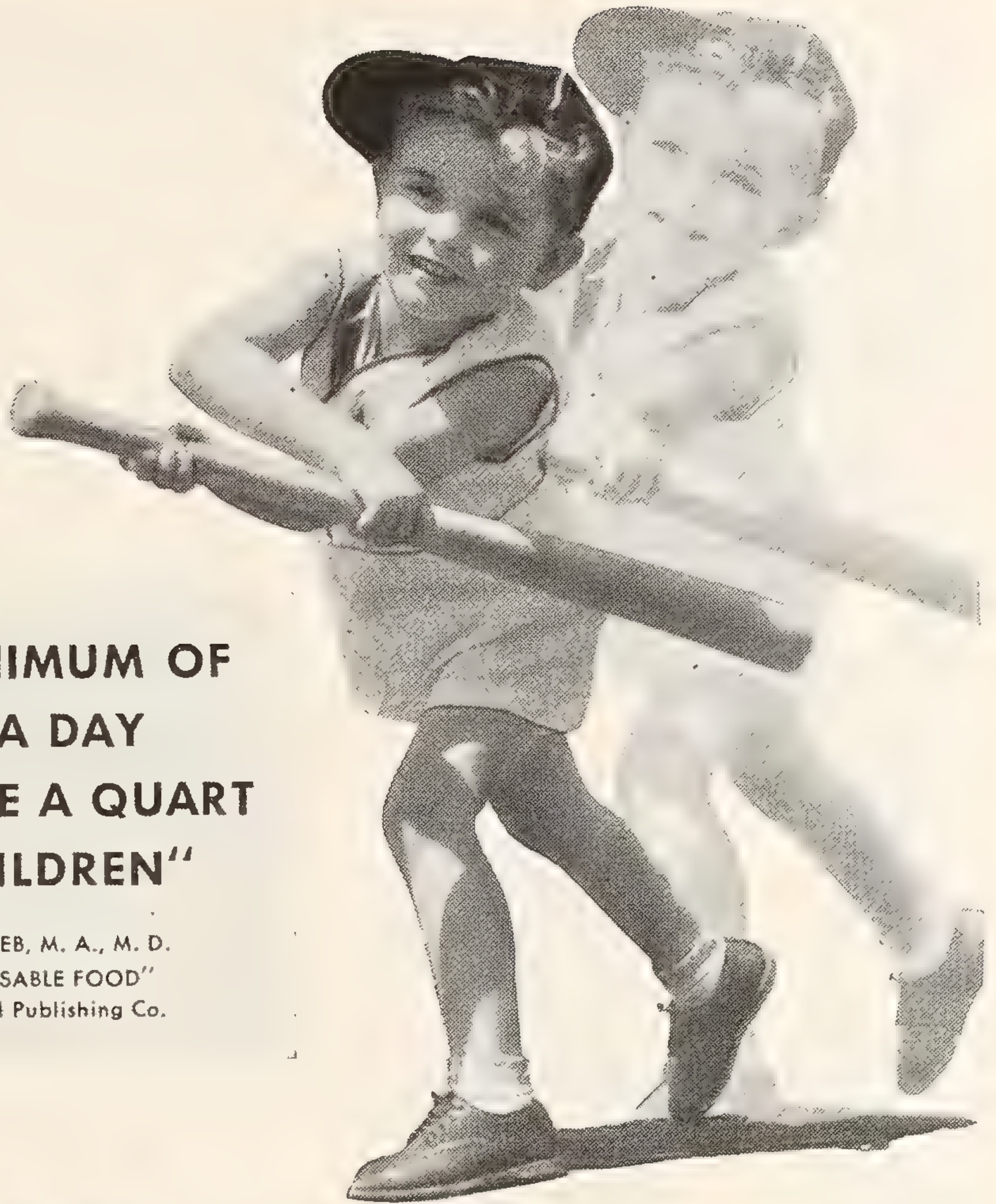
AFTER the Hors d'Oeuvres, the guests are seated and the Borsch is brought in with silver bowls of sour cream on the side. A tablespoon or more of the sour cream is floated on top of the steaming soup as it is eaten.

I learned an interesting thing about this soup course from another expert on Russian cooking, General Theodor Lodjensky. The General is very much a soldier of the old school and is the proprietor of the film colony's popular Russian Eagle Café, where all of smart Hollywood goes to indulge in the rich mysteries of Russian cookery. According to the General, soups formerly were of vast importance and often as many as ten were served at a meal—crawfish bisque, mushroom or cauliflower purée, soups made of tender young nettles and, of course, Borsch. Anna's memory, however, does not extend back to the more lavish days of Imperialistic Russia since the closest contact Anna has with Czarist days is in her table's flatware. The Sten-Frenke guests eat with the very knives, forks and spoons that were in use in His Imperial Majesty's palace before the Revolution. Anna's husband, Dr. Frenke, secured this elaborate gold service, bearing the Czar's insignia, following the overthrow of the Czarists and brought the beautiful pieces to America with him.

For Anna's guests, then, but one soup, Borsch, is served. It is made the night before. With this comes Russia's most fascinating and palatable morsel. It is Pirojiks which I described briefly before and which you will find in recipe form in this month's Modern Hostess Recipe with a simple recipe for

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as Russians use to broil the meat, I prefer to give you another of Anna's meat dishes which is equally good. It is far easier to prepare, too, since it calls for foods and equipment with which we are entirely familiar, even though the combination is an unusual one. This is a dish known as Beef Stroganoff. The recipe will be found in the leaflet, too.

WITH the Shashlyk (which originated in the Caucasus) or the Beef Stroganoff, vegetables are served. Nothing spectacular, nothing unusual, simply asparagus, beans, peas, cauliflower or Brussels sprouts cooked by the steam method with which American housewives are well acquainted. In Russia, vegetables are served as a separate course, but Miss Sten has simplified the service in her American home so that they come in with the meat.

The conventional salad course is omitted (since it does not exist in the Russian meal). The next course, therefore, is that dessert with the tantalizing name of "Profiteroles" and if I may be permitted a really frightful pun—it would profit you to learn about these delicious, individually filled pastries. The recipe is yours for the asking, together with the Borsch, the Beef and the Pirojikas—all four of them conveniently printed on cards of filing case size and awaiting but the coupon to make their way to you.

Anna Sten's wine card for this dinner is almost as elaborate as her Romanoff flatware, ranging from Vodka with the

appetizers on through Madeira, white wine, red wine and numerous liqueurs and including Champagne, when she is celebrating the completion of a film. With this there is an accompaniment of a great deal of gay and brilliant conversation.

It all sounds very festive and appetizing, doesn't it? Why then don't you imitate Anna Sten and have a Russian dinner—complete or in part? Just send for the recipes—which are free, as always—and you'll find that they are easy to follow, even for the inexperienced cook, and deliciously different as well. Besides, think of the distinction it will give you as a smart hostess to serve a real Russian meal à la Anna Sten!

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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The Information Desk

(Continued from page 8)

picture for Paramount will be "Now I'm a Lady" with Paul Cavanagh and Grant Withers.

BARBARA OLCOTT, Troy, N. Y.—Come, come, Barbara, six questions! Neil Hamilton was born September 9, 1899 and Fay Wray on September 10, 1907. Miriam Hopkins' birthday is October 18 and she is about 26. Neil Hamilton's next flicker isn't scheduled as yet. His last two pictures were "One Exciting Adventure" and "Blind Date." Miriam Hopkins' latest flicker is "Becky Sharp," and her next will be "Barbary Coast" for Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. She might send you a picture if you write her there, or at least tell you how much she charges for one. Miriam is separated from Austin Parker.

ELLEN RIDLEY, Collingswood, N. J.—Tsk! Tsk! Why don't you ask a few questions? Just to teach you I'm not going to answer all eight, so there. Dick Powell's next will be "Gold Diggers of 1935" and after that he's appearing in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Robert Donat is in such demand now, since his big hit in "The Count of Monte Cristo," that the studios are fairly fighting for his services. However, he has signed a long term contract with Warners, his first picture to be "Captain Blood." He is now making "Thirty-nine Steps" with Madeline Carroll for Gaumont British. Carl Brisson's current picture is "All the King's Horses" and his next may be "Waikiki Wedding." Mady Christians made her American screen debut in M-G-M's "A Wicked Woman" and she will appear next in "The Flame Within." Randy Scott has finished two pictures—"The Rocky Mountain Mystery" and "Roberta." Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor and Pauline Frederick are not scheduled for anything at this writing. And that's all eight, cracky!

MISS R. R., Youngstown, Ohio—Yes, indeed, We Barry is still acting, and you can see him in "Versal's Night Life of the Gods," his latest.

GLORIANA, Dallas, Tex.—Gene Raymond's recent picture is "Transient Lady." I'm so but there's no telling when and where old pictures will show up next. He is also in "Woman in Red" with Barbara Stanwyck.

B. ANN WELLY, Fostoria, Ohio; EDITH MARTIN, Chicago, Ill.—More ages and Franchot (Frahn-show) Tone is about 29 and next picture after "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" "Reckless." Fred Astaire is about 35 and is married to Phyllis Potter. Dick Powell is 30. Mady O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, on May 1911. She is under contract to M-G-M. Her favorite color is green.

INTERESTED—Irene Dunne (that's her real name) was born in Louisville, Ky., on July 14, 1909.

W. LEWIS, Kansas City, Mo.—The natural color of Joan Crawford's hair is reddish-brown. Re Novarro's real name (prepare yourself) is Ra Samaniegoes.

A BICKFORD FAN—Charles Bickford has come back to the screen in a big way. He recently completed a very strong part in "Under Pressure" for Fox. Did you see him in "Little Marker"? Kay Johnson was the leading lady "Dynamite," and Conrad Nagel was the man. Remember?

HARRIET E. SPIVACK, Oshkosh, Wis.—In "The Heavens" William Stelling played the part of Corporal May. He is about 22 and is under contract to Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

J. E. FREMAN, Rochester, N. Y.; VIRGINIA HELLER, Columbus, Ohio; H. S., Chicago, Ill.—

Did you know that Tullio Carminati is a Count? He is, and his full title is Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla, born in Zara, Dalmatia (an Italian province) on September 21, 1895. An only son, he was educated in Vienna and Salzburg. Because his parents refused to permit him to become an actor, he ran away at the age of 15 and joined a theatrical troupe. He later appeared in a series of Italian motion pictures until the war, and then joined the Italian forces. In 1919 he returned to the movies and in 1920 was again on the stage in Rome. Then Eleanor Duse asked him to be her leading man and director, which he was for 2 years. After Duse's death, Tullio retired from the stage for 6 months; his father died, leaving him his title; and he continued on the stage once again. In 1926 Joseph Schenck brought him to Hollywood to appear with Constance Talmadge in "The Duchess of Buffalo." After making several other films, the advent of the talkies halted his screen career for, although he spoke Italian, French, German and Spanish, he knew very little English. He mastered this language quickly and returned to the stage in America and London. In 1932 he was brought back to America for a role in "Gallant Lady." He next appeared in "Moulin Rouge" and finally in "One Night of Love" in which he was such a hit. He is now making "Let's Live Tonight" for Columbia, with Lilian Harvey, and is scheduled next for a picture with Mary Ellis.

Modern Screen Dramatic School

(Continued from page 10)

as pupils to be developed into full fledged actors and actresses for the Broadway stage.

During the course of the afternoon, one young girl of sixteen stepped forward and did a little recitation. The girl was small, intense, charming, and in the few moments allotted to her, she showed so much repose and concentration and was able to project her mood so completely that the board of directors watched her with particular care.

They were eager to give her a chance, but there was one drawback, talented as she obviously was. They could hear her only faintly, yet they were all seated in the tenth row. The voice of the little actress was tiny—a piping, delicate voice pitched way up in the top of her head. So small was the instrument through which she tried to express her emotions that the effect of what she had to say, charming though it was, was almost lost.

THE members of the board turned to Dagmar Perkins, one of its members, and an accomplished and experienced trainer of the speaking voice. They told her that the fate of the girl rested with her. The board would admit her to the school if Miss Perkins felt she could develop her speaking voice.

Miss Perkins saw the intensity and concentration in the girl's performance and said, "The girl's a worker. If she will work with her voice, as she works with her acting, she should be able to develop it so that it's an asset, not a handicap. The girl should be given a chance."

She asked the girl her name. It was Sylvia Sidney.

Sylvia described her own piping voice to me. Yet it was almost impossible to believe that the warm, rich tones which issue from her throat, today, were not God-given. I assure you, they weren't. Sylvia gives all the credit to Dagmar Perkins and she asked Miss Perkins to be this month's guest teacher.

"In order to improve a voice," Miss Perkins told me, "you must, first of all, set yourself a standard. You must be conscious of your own shortcomings. In order to set yourself a standard, it is necessary to listen to good speech and to accustom yourself to the modulations and inflections of refined speaking. Go to good plays, listen to the voices of good actors in motion pictures, over the radio and on phonograph records.

"Good speech is never exaggerated. A good speaking voice should be pitched low and should be melodious but should sound—above all—natural. A voice should be allowed to grow like a flower and, in starting to do things with the voice, you should always relax—let go the muscles of your throat. It is most important to open up and loosen the throat—and you do this with conscious concentration upon relaxation—so that the voice itself has a chance to grow.

"Here's a good exercise: Let the jaw drop. Now practice vocal consonant sounds such as D, G, V, etc., focusing the tone at the roots of the upper teeth. This opens up the pharynx space and amplifies the tone.

"Remember that the voice is partly physical, partly mental and a little vocal. It is vitally necessary to hear, yourself, what's wrong with your own voice.

"It's a good exercise to take a serious



WIVES KEEP MAKING THE *Same* OLD mistake

EACH season of the year sees another happy lot of girls go confidently into marriage. They are so young, so lovely, so light-hearted about it all. And many of them are as pitifully lacking in understanding as their mothers were before them. The older women know this. Sometimes they are rather inclined to be sad at weddings.

"MY FRIENDS WERE
ALL CONFUSED"



It is a shock to the young wife to find that friends married for quite a few years are still confused about the matter of feminine hygiene. Some of these modern women actually talk the way her mother talks.

Some of them seem to have changed from method to method—as though to learn by trial and error. Surely this cannot be right. Surely certain of these methods could never have been right.



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Before the days of Zonite, as any nurse or doctor will tell you, there really was no antiseptic powerful enough for the purpose except poisons. It was a question of poisons or nothing. Surgical cleanliness could be attained in no other way. The practice of feminine hygiene was always right. It was the old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic which was wrong.

Then came Zonite. How gratefully women received Zonite! At last an anti-

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- ✓ losing weight
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Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

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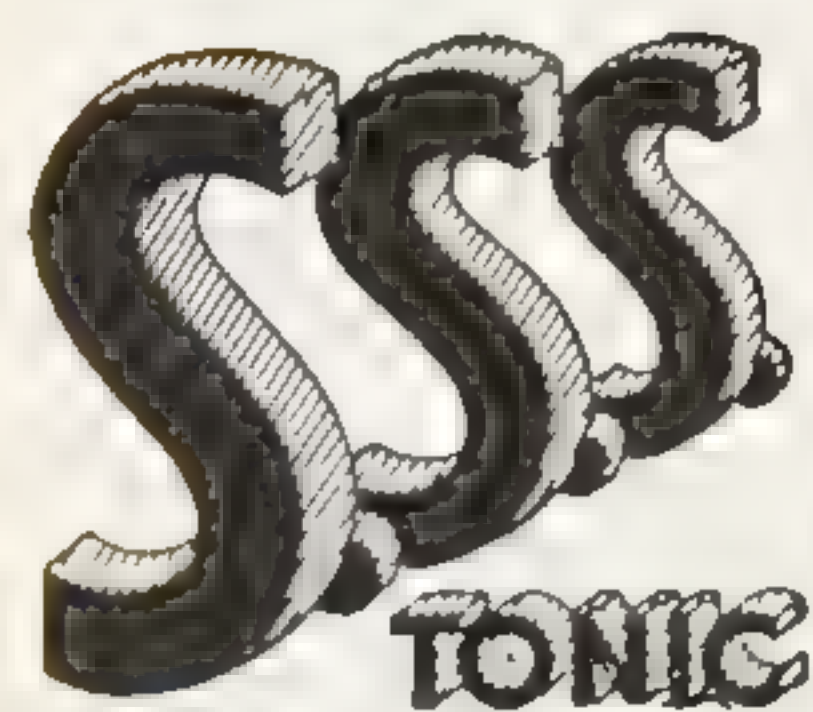
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The winners of the Agfa-Ansco Beauty Contest who are currently appearing in "Women Must Dress," with Minna Gombell, for Monogram. Left to right: Nell Rhoads, Anne Kasper, Madelyn Earle, Harriet deBussman, Anne Johnston.

passage from a book or a poem and read it aloud, and your own good taste will come to your aid, once you have established a standard. For instance, fancy delivering Marc Antony's oration over the death of Caesar in a squeaky voice, or through your nose. It's incongruous, isn't it? There is dignity and repose in every line.

"Likewise, if you take one of the humorous speeches from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' your voice must, in the very nature of things, be light and airy and flexible. It's utterly incongruous to deliver comedy lines, even when reading aloud in the privacy of your own room, in sombre, sonorous tones.

"If a young man or woman has used the voice incorrectly and his own ear hasn't told him it's wrong, then he should have a teacher, but if he knows what his defects are then he can do much to correct them himself.

"A voice is like a violin. It has to be kept in good order—it is the instrument through which emotional content is conveyed. Just as a violinist must keep his arm relaxed, so must the speaker keep his throat relaxed."

THERE—I think those are some good points from one of the world's greatest voice and speech teachers. Often you will hear Miss Perkins over the radio. Her own lovely voice is an inspiration in itself.

And now I want you to have some exercises for volume and control that I have gleaned from some of the speech teachers and coaches in Hollywood.

Volume and the ability to throw the voice, so that even a slightly deaf friend on the back row can hear you, is a matter of breathing properly. When you are speaking on the stage, think that some dear friend who doesn't hear very well is sitting on the last row. Do your utmost to make him hear you.

Learn to breathe from your diaphragm. The way to do that is to lie on the floor with a book on your chest and another on the diaphragm. Breathe so that the book on your chest keeps still and the one on your diaphragm rises and falls as you breathe.

When you have accomplished that, then stand up and speak certain sounds. The vowels are good—A, E, I, O and U. Keep the tip of your tongue at the base of your lower teeth. Without moving the tongue

say the vowel sounds and project them out of your mouth as if the breath from your diaphragm were hurling them outwards. Then begin practicing words the same way, except, of course, that your tongue will have to move. But get your volume by practicing on vowels alone.

FOR resonance and flexibility, sit at the piano and strike the key of C. On the note C, sing A, E, I, O, U, with the tip of the tongue held at the base of the lower teeth. Now strike the note D and repeat. Go up and down the scale as far as you can without straining. Whenever your voice becomes strained, too breathy or squeaky—stop at once.

Take the same exercise singing "bee, bay, by, bow, boo" as fast as you can.

Now practice this volume exercise. Completely relaxed, breathing from the diaphragm and keeping the voice low and resonant, repeat some nice passage. A good one is "Beauty is truth and truth beauty, that is all we know on earth and all we need to know." Throw the words out, letting them ride on your breath.

Repeat the same sentence, accenting various words. Now repeat it, making the words rise and fall. Then make the sentence rounded and meaningful—put rhythm in it, as you would into poetry.

Make your voice stronger and stronger, but do it with breathing, never, never strain the voice!

And remember to read aloud an hour a day, thinking every minute about the sound of your own voice. If you've already formed a dramatic club, it would be a splendid idea to open each meeting by having every member of the club read a short passage aloud and then have the others point out voice faults. If you haven't formed a club ask a friend to hear you read and to criticize your speech.

And don't forget that I'm ready at all times to help you with your problems. Be sure to write to me and ask for help in speech problems or ask me for any exercises that I haven't given here. Be sure to address all letters care of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Ask anything that will help you in dramatic work and I will try to help you—but don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope or else I cannot answer you.

The 8 Most Fascinating People in Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

thing. She is alone.

Of course I have heard a lot about her through mutual friends. And her avoidance of publicity hasn't whet my interest in the slightest. I don't give a hang whether she's brilliant or dumb, or whether it's a magnificent act she's putting on about wanting to be alone.

I BELIEVE that Garbo has utilized all kinds of artificialities to enhance her film glamor. But so skillfully that she gives the impression of being a stern realist. She exudes beauty and strength.

My one close friend who strikes me as intriguing is Frances Goldwyn, wife of Sam Goldwyn, the producer. Her love of life overwhelms me. I've never encountered anyone with such a zest for living. She appreciates everything she has; she squeezes the good from each waking moment and detests going to bed for fear she'll miss something.

Possessing great firmness of character, a brilliant mind, wholesomeness and sophistication, she also has an elegantly ridiculous sense of humor as the final touch. She understands people as well as anyone I've ever known. She's one of the best wives and mothers I know. But it's her unfailing vitality and enthusiasm that delight me most.

A director, W. S. Van Dyke, follows on my line-up. He is a Richard Harding

Davis character. As hard as nails, a hard-boiled hombre, he is at the same time sincerely thoughtful of others. To me he's a steel trap with a brain allowing for reservations as to when it should snap.

Van Dyke happens to be a movie director. He is a kindred spirit to a Foreign Legionnaire. A leader of men, a soldier of fortune, he is truly adventurous in this modern, tame world. His kindness is unexpected and so all the more potent. Virile, dominating, he has tramped the by-paths of the world and, somehow, this seeps through.

The fourth man in Hollywood who is intriguing is neither actor, director, nor executive. He is Perc Westmore, the make-up genius. He excites me because he is a man who started from the bottom and built up a splendid organization and yet has time to be absolutely crazy about children. Great tenderness in a self-made success is a very bewildering quality to me.

Very thorough, extraordinarily conscientious, Perc has gathered about him in his business, people who are nice as well as artistic and capable. That's a reflection on his own intrinsic worth, in my estimation.

But I can't get away from his love for children. He has three, two of whom are adopted, and his love for them is marvelous. It denotes much that is beyond mere words.

THE other woman, among all the women of Hollywood, is Anna May Wong. She stands out head and shoulders above the crowd because of the fine manner in which she has handled her personal life. Anna May's exotic, Oriental appearance; her lovely face, hands, and figure are unique in their allure. She is in a class by herself.

Yet it is her sane rise that somehow stimulates me. I don't know her intimately, but I believe that she, more than any woman in pictures, has made the best of her opportunities. So few do, it seems. Here in Hollywood, in New York, and in London, Anna May is a gracious person. Thanks solely to her own efforts, for she easily could have gone berserk. Her problems were peculiarly complicated, but she wasn't daunted in the least.

And there you have them—!

It's really an intangible something that makes one intriguing, and it's been difficult for me to find precisely the right words to explain why only these eight strike my fancy as qualifying for this distinction in Hollywood.

My choice may not be correct. It may bring a flood of rebuke down upon my head. But, at least, I've dared to be perfectly candid about the Hollywoodites whom I honestly like and deeply admire!

To me, Faoen (FAY-ON) is the essence of romance
says *Anne C. Parke*

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. NORMAN H. PARKE
of New York and a descendent of DUNCAN PHYFE.

AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use—she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

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Let Me Be a Man for a Change

(Continued from page 60)

could prove himself an actor. He'd gone into the game as had so many before him.

And I used to wonder if he'd stop in time. For a man may fall from fame on the very ladder he uses to create it. Look over the list of men I've just named and you'll understand exactly. It has been written many times that Rudy Valentino really passed away just in time. The world was weary of reading about his being just a ladies' man and was ready to turn to a new romantic hero. Incidentally, Rudy knew that. He felt defeat approaching from the fair hands that had made him famous. Yet he could not change a world's mind.

Gary Cooper did change it. Others have. Would Lyle Talbot? How often I had wondered. And it was when I read he'd gone to Warner Brothers and demanded the lead in "The Brute," that he-man picture that contributed to Milton Sills' fame years ago, that I dashed right out to ask him if he'd really awakened in time and was going to be himself at last.

Lyle Talbot is a true man's man. How often I've wanted to write those little truths about him to prove it. And yet I didn't dare because what is good publicity for a man's man is not for a ladies' man!

TAKE the day he saved Margaret Lindsay's life while they were making "Fog Over Frisco." She was wearing a flimsy white dress and someone carelessly threw a lighted match against her. She was in flames in a second, but, in less than a second, while the rest of the men, from prop boy to director, were thinking what to do, Lyle Talbot had his coat off and had rolled Margaret Lindsay on the floor in it. She hardly was scarred and anyone present, I was there, too, will tell you his quick wit and courage saved that girl's life, to say nothing of her beauty.

Could we print it as a story of courage? Certainly not! Lyle Talbot was a ladies' man. He began taking Margaret Lindsay places. He had saved her life and that commenced a romance. He capitalized willingly upon an incident of true bravery as one of romantic import. A part of his Hollywood campaign as he had figured it out from the very beginning.

I have sat for hours and listened to incidents from his life story. I have read his life stories as printed and laughed aloud. The perfect build-up for a ladies' man when, in reality, he was a daredevil from the very beginning.

When his school teacher had hay-fever, he bought some powder that would make her sneeze, put it on an eraser and patted it on the blackboard behind her. She was in bed for several days, and Lyle got a good whipping. But he could take it—he'd had his fun.

Eventually he got tired of that cat o' nine tails because he was always caught. So he decided to do away with it, he buried it where nobody could find it. And the moment that it was gone, there was no real reason to be courageous.

When he left home at seventeen, it wasn't necessary. A ladies' boy would have stayed around home in nice, cozy comfort, but Lyle preferred to take the road. He wanted to become an actor. He wanted to begin young because he figured you could stand starvation better when the blood of youth could make even starvation an adventure. He found it. On his "first night," while playing the old man in a wandering stock company in "Cappy

Ricks," he had stage fright so badly he forgot to pull his punch and actually knocked the leading man out. Of course, he was fired. But he begged to be allowed to remain with the company—begged so hard they retained him as the stage hand who swept the theatre and cleaned up the actors' dressing rooms. He could take that, too, with all his dreams of fame! Hard as nails from the beginning.

Eventually, of course, one of the actors became ill and since there was no one else, he was given a second opportunity. At the end of three years, when that company folded, he was exactly where he started. No money. He could have gone home. A sissy would have. He didn't. He became a ballyhoo man at the "Hoopla" stand for a carnival.

There was a fire in that show, too. Lyle was in the tent with one old man. The next show was about to start when he saw flames. He knew what a fire meant to a carnival. If he yelled, there would be panic. There were buckets of water standing ready for the players—wash buckets. First he clapped his hands over the old man's mouth to keep him from giving the alarm, then releasing him, he put out the fire, alone, with their coats and the water from the buckets.

ALL this time, there were no women. A he-man—no time for women. But there was one eventually, a dancer. Perhaps you have read a little about her. But I wonder if anyone has read the true story. Romantic? Of course. Love stories are always romantic. But romance wasn't what I sensed when he told me about it. Rather bravery and determination.

They loved madly. So madly that I wonder if Fate, who seems to stack the cards for or against us, wasn't just a little jealous of this divine love. I sometimes think that when people are too happy they simply magnetize tragedy. These two did. When happiness had crooned its sweetest lyrics for only a short time, Lyle lost his position. She was dancing. They had no money. He could not get a job near her.

What to do? He could give up his career as an actor and get something else. But that would mean regrets later. They could separate and work in separate cities. But that meant tempting a happiness so great that neither could bear to think of it. What would a *man* do in such a situation?

A *man* faced the facts. Faced them with a heart so heavy, but a courage so great that I have never heard a story exactly its equal. They would separate—legally. They would go their own separate ways, remembering bliss, before separation or sacrifice of his career and pride, brought disillusionment. And when he was able to support *her*, they would marry again. They would not spoil marriage, but they would give it a second chance when he had proven his ability to provide for it, forever.

Women! A ladies' man! I remember I cried when Lyle Talbot first told me that story. "I have always loved one woman," he told me. "I have hoped against hope for that second marriage."

So I'd write about his romances with other girls, about his big cars, his purchase of orchids and champagne dinners for the ladies, with both a tear and a smile in my eye. And I didn't feel sorry for the other women, either. Because I knew he'd told them about it. A man would!



Put back on that mustache, Frank Morgan, we know you! Frank looks serious and kinda nude at the races.

I knew he'd made them understand—Sally Blane, Genevieve Tobin, Claire Trevor, Mary Brian, Billie Seward, Margaret Lindsay, Patricia Ellis. One of them told me, "I like to go out with Lyle Talbot because he never tries to maul me. There's nothing synthetic about him—he'd have to mean it." How many men can she say that about?

But could I print that a girl was *safe* with a man who was building a reputation for being a sheik? Could I say that the most-engaged man in motion pictures was merely a companion, and a pal for pretty ladies? Could I tell the truth and remain his press agent?

I COULDN'T even tell his best friends, Pat O'Brien and Joe E. Brown—men's men if you ever saw one. I couldn't explain that between pictures Lyle dashed to the mountains with men pals, that he was an adroit fisherman and skillful sailor. I couldn't write that a ladies' man left the ladies on his holiday.

But then I learned that he had demanded "The Brute"; that he'd refused to play any more namby-pamby heroes until he'd played some he-men.

His eyes kept right on blazing as he continued talking to me. "I've served my apprenticeship, Jewel. If I don't cut out this rot about being a sissy ladies' man, I'll end up a Hollywood gigolo. You take an awful gamble when you start that rep. I knew it then. I know it now. It's a gamble when you try to get out of it, too. People think it's a gag. You've pulled one gag, probably you're pulling another."

"However, spill the beans, now. Be a sport and make them believe it. You see, my ex-wife is coming to Hollywood soon. We're going to talk things over—"

I hope this helps do the trick, Lyle. There's something so heart-warming about a man who plays the game to win, with the knowledge he may lose. He's done it throughout his life. He's doing it now—with his career and his *one woman*.

"Let me be a man for a change," he leaned forward.

And I answered, as I could have answered few men about whom I've written publicity, "There'll be no change, Lyle Talbot."

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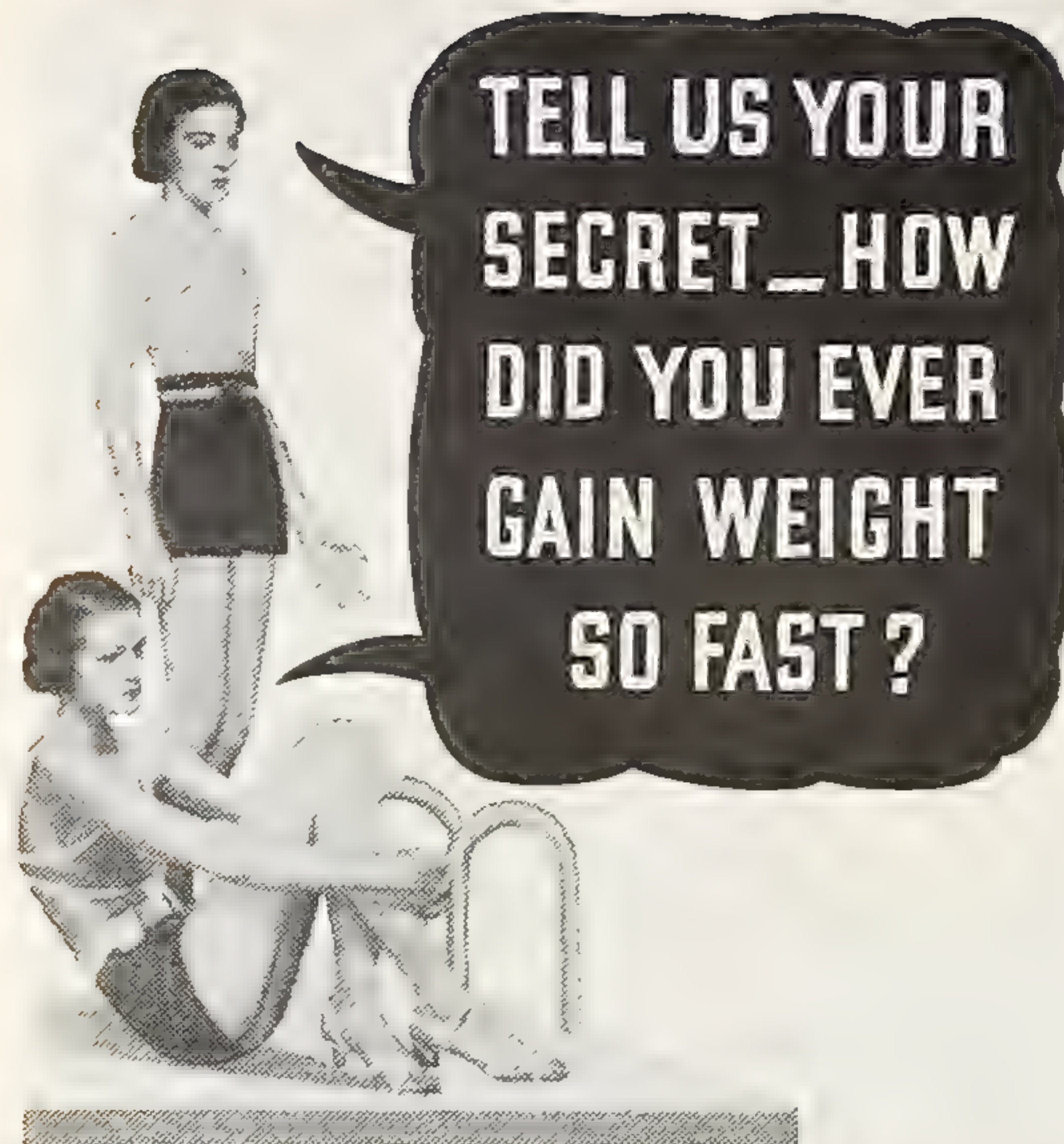
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STOP being ashamed of your figure—so “skinny” you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Marvelous new discovery

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, relief from indigestion and constipation, new strength and pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add tireless energy and vitality.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty, new health come—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, “New Facts About Your Body,” by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. All druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.



A Pal and Critic Tells

(Continued from page 59)

so that each time the doorbell rang Windy, Rudy's dog, would bark an effusive greeting to each newcomer. Waking Rudy, not me. Throwing on a bathrobe Rudy would have to gallop to the door and let them in. After the second interruption he couldn't get back to sleep for the rest of the night.

When I got up in the morning, a haggard Vallee confronted me. With a few well chosen words he told me all the events of the night before and then, with solemn face, presented me with a scroll he'd printed during his wakeful hours. As I recall, it was entitled “A Bark in the Dark or the Story of a Sleepless Night.” It gave me one of the finest ribbings I ever received and one that neither he nor the boys will ever let me forget.

“But,” you say, “why is he so unreasonable? Why get so upset by that?”

You haven't heard the whole story. That morning was Thursday, on which the first work of the picture was scheduled to begin. It was also the day of his first broadcast from the Coast, in which he was welcomed to Hollywood by Mary Pickford. If his broadcast that day was poor, the public would blame Rudy. And if a tired Vallee did badly in the first shots of the picture, he was on the receiving end of the comments. Not me. And yet it was all my fault.

YOU see, Rudy doesn't think so much how adverse criticism affects him, but of its effect on the whole organization, the forty-odd people whose very bread and butter depend on his continued success. The band, his secretaries, all of them are affected. And that's why Rudy will not tolerate slipshod work on the part of anyone, because everybody is hurt by it. The picture public or his radio sponsors might say, “Vallee's slipping!” and with his dismissal, where would the others be?

Rudy has said to me, “The boys in the orchestra wonder why I call them down when things go wrong. So very many musicians are like little children in that you have to explain every little thing to them. Usually, the better musicians they are, the screwier they are. Because our radio hour has long been ranked near the top, the boys are content, willing to rest on their oars. They can't do it any more than I can. There are too many top-notch competitors willing and ready to replace us!”

One result of Rudy's temper and temperament is that everyone is electrified into keeping on his toes. They work harder and do better work and are more alert than they would be with some plodding director at the helm. Musicians will tell you that after having worked with Vallee they find it very easy to get other jobs because leaders know they must be very definitely alert and capable.

Essentially a leader, Rudy has the dogged determination that demands perfection at any cost and gets it, or else—Other band leaders are called “sweet” to work for, yet when you make a mistake you're told in a sad, gentle voice that you're fired. Vallee blows up, there and then, and it's all over with. And you're still working.

Musicians who work with him may have forgotten what it feels like to be fired, out of a job. Rudy hasn't. Some six years ago, he and his band were discharged from the Heigh Ho Club after almost a year's engagement. There was no work in sight. They sat in a band booker's

office one morning, plenty downcast, while Rudy said, “Stick with me, boys, and we'll make the real top together. We've just got to hang on until all this radio work we've done helps us.” Less than two months later, police reserves were needed to handle the crowds at their initial theatre appearance!

THERE'S also a practical psychology to his occasional outbursts of temper. Intent on his five careers, Rudy has no idle time on his hands. People know him and his reputation for quick action and when they have business to discuss, they tell it fast. And get just as rapid an answer. Rudy says, “There are forty or fifty people a day who want just four or five minutes of my time. If I gave everyone that much time, we wouldn't be able to do our own work and then where would we be?”

Vallee's bark is much, much worse than his bite. To realize what he's up against, you should spend just one full day with him. We can't go into a coffee shop but what some song writer will come up to our table and croon his latest brainchild while we try to down our coffee. Entering his office building, Rudy has to run a gauntlet through the lobby of those who want an audition for their cousin's child, the fellows who know a sure way for Rudy to make them some money, and all types of mysterious individuals with “some very confidential business, Mr. Vallee!” He's as good-natured as the rest of us, but how would you feel after the thirty-fifth interruption?

When he is recording or working in a picture, Rudy keeps his boys working constantly, never leaving their chairs for five hours at a stretch. And does he crack the whip! But when it's over, he'll take them all out to the finest dinner he can buy.

An incident which occurred when Rudy was making the “George White Scandals” a year ago caused a great deal of comment and not even Hollywood knows to this day why Vallee contemplated walking off the picture. There was one sequence that called for Alice Faye and Rudy to skip—and skip is the right word—across some rocks among the lily pads of a garden. He pointed out that such antics might well be offensive to the men in the audience and certainly added no value to the picture as a whole. After cajoling without avail, the executives said that they would omit the scene.

Coming to work the next morning, Rudy was amazed to learn that the company had already been shooting an hour. Going on the set he found they had taken that scene from a long shot, employing his double to do the skipping! That was the final straw for Rudy, already harassed by other troubles. And he hit the ceiling. He told the producer what he specifically thought of his promises and then went to the head of the studio and explained that the scene would be omitted, or else. That individual was as astonished as Rudy and the sequence was, to be sure, promptly eliminated. But how many new and none-too-secure stars would have dared defy the producer, taking a chance on being blacklisted as temperamental? For Rudy was none too secure as a picture star at that time. Caution flew to the winds, however, when it came up against Rudy's conviction of right. He lost his temper, spoke his piece, won his point and went back to work. Temper? Yes. Temperamental? No!

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 17)

with a good waving lotion; and those new coil curlers which are so comfortable for overnight wear are additional wave coaxing helps. Incidentally, the latter are grand for taking care of "scraggly" ends.

DON'T you think that I fail to realize how difficult it is for many of you to sandwich in those precious minutes that have to be spent on one's daily grooming chores, but do your best to work out a system where you can accomplish the most in the fewest minutes. Plan to take just a few minutes each night to freshen up for the next day. While your bathwater is running, for example, you can pop your hose and underthings into the bowl, and swish them around in warm, sudsy water (always use the tissue thin soap flakes that dissolve so quickly), rinse, and hang up. You'll have fresh underthings ready for the morning almost in the time it takes to say, "Your bath is ready." Of course you know better than to put on a new pair of silk stockings before you've washed them out. They wear much longer that way. Remember, too, that feet give off impurities and perspiration which makes hose-washing a nightly requisite. A salesgirl gave me a hint recently about making hose wear longer. A few drops of vinegar in the rinse water once every several washings seems to strengthen the silk fibre.

Your before-going-to-bed routine should include any nightly laundering that is necessary for the next day's daintiness. It should include a brushing and mending of clothes for the morning, too, if you're going to the office, or if, as a housewife, you have any early morning plans. And it should, of course, include a thorough face and neck cleansing with cleansing cream, and then with soap and water. Many an unhappy case of blackheads is directly due to neglect of the nightly cleansing routine. Every night or morning take a cleansing, refreshing bath. A clear skin is a fragrant skin. When you're drying yourself after bathing, remember to push back the cuticle of your nails (hands and feet). The latter will help you save time when you come to your weekly manicure and pedicure.

Have a regular deodorant schedule. It doesn't have to be summer for perspiration to mar the wholesome fragrance of your skin. Perspiration continues, even when we're unaware of it. As a matter of fact, I think we make too much fuss about it in the summer, and too little in the winter. Right now when the weather is so changeable, and we're apt to dress warmly for a cold day in the morning, and find that the cold day has turned "fair and warmer" by noon, a deodorant is supremely important. You may want to keep a small size of that cream deodorant in your desk drawer at the office. But, at any rate, experiment with the different types of cream and liquid deodorants, and find out which one is the best protection for you. Then use it regularly, according to instructions.

Your best safeguard against perspiration unpleasantness is cleanliness, internal and external. Make your plan of beauty include a sane routine of eating, exercising and sleeping. Drink plenty of fruit juice every day . . . any kind of fruit juice that you find easiest and cheapest to secure . . . pineapple, grapefruit, or orange juice every day . . . any kind of fruit juice quota: eight to ten glasses for a well regulated system. Avoid foods that are hard to digest such as heavy pastries and starchy foods. Fresh fruits and vegetables do a



**HAVE YOU A
“DIRTY LINEN” SKIN?**

**DOES IT LOOK
A DULL GRAY,
LIKE LINEN
COME BACK FROM
THE LAUNDRY
IMPROPERLY
WASHED**

**It's a Sign You're Not
Reaching that Hidden Dirt,
that Dirt that Lies Buried
Beneath the Surface!**

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

**It Calls for a PENETRATING
Face Cream!**

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

Almost instantly, it dissolves the waxy grime that lies buried in the pores and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you immediately know it, for your skin tingles as it never did before.

It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove it at my Expense!

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge. Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN *NO* TIME!



**Thousands Now Get Safe
Relief from Indigestion,
Skin Troubles, "Nerves"
with this Pasteurized Yeast**

DO you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized* yeast. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



**YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

better job of keeping your system wholesome and sweet.

I don't know of any more appropriate expression of daintiness and femininity than the new dance and dinner frocks of filmy chiffon and airy ruffled nets. The other day as I was shopping, I chanced upon an old product in a new box; although the product itself might be termed better "new" since it features an entirely new and long-hoped for innovation which is a truly safe protection for personal daintiness at those times when you're afraid to wear sheer, light frocks. It seems to me a particular blessing that it should be introduced now (they've been working to perfect it for two years) when spring is so close at hand, and we can enjoy the prospect of dancing through carefree evenings in a frock light as a spring breeze, without even a shadow of worry or fear. We can wear dainty, light colored dresses to the office without any of the old nagging, self-conscious doubt. You'll be grateful for information about it.

Before your wardrobe starts annexing new spring frocks, give your clothes closet,

down to every last sweater and hat, a good airing. If you do this frequently, your clothes won't acquire that stuffy odor that sometimes spoils their freshness. Little sachets pinned to your clothes hangers are helps to fragrant grooming. Some sweet day we're going to devote a whole article to sachets and perfumes. Write me if I can help you with any problems of personal daintiness. I think you'll like my beauty bulletin this month. It's yours for clipping the coupon, and sending along a stamped, self addressed envelope.

**MARY BIDDLE,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Please send me your Pre-Easter Beauty Bulletin, absolutely free.

Name.....

Address.....

Street

City

State

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 6)

Tips to Stars

Gloria Swanson: Don't look as if posing for a tooth ad.

William Powell: Relax your facial muscles and let your weary eyebrow droop down to its natural level.

Jean Harlow: Use more material for your clothing.

Pola Negri: We tank you should go home (not Garbo).

Ruby Keeler: Donate a part of your eyebrows to Marlene Dietrich who could very well use them.

Rudy Vallee: Consult a physician about your adenoids.

Bing Crosby: Eat less carbohydrates.—"Winchell Twins," Omaha, Neb.



He-Man Holt

I have a small picture of Jack Holt stuck in the corner of my mirror. I'm not a hero worshipper—I do not worship clay—but the personality behind it. I really marvel at his picture for this reason; at a distance his face looks extremely wild, like a lion's after having a big meal, and then close up he almost threatens you to come any closer. He's all the strongmen you read about—both good and bad. To me his face represents strength and I admire that in anyone. If I were an artist, I'd aspire to do Mr. Holt in oils. The picture would suggest solitude, quiet and, oh, what strength!—D. H., No address.



We're interested to know how YOU will answer these fifteen questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in a future issue of MODERN SCREEN. Fill it out and send it to: Between You and Me, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1. The most beautiful star on the screen is.....
2. The most handsome man on the screen is
3. My favorite female star is.....
4. My favorite male star is.....
5. The best dressed woman on the screen is.....
6. The best dressed man on the screen is.....
7. The musical I've liked best to date is.....
8. The most enjoyable film I've seen recently is.....
9. My favorite team is.....
10. I'd like to see..... and..... teamed.
11. I'd like to see..... starred.
12. The "bit" player I like best is.....
13. I'd like to see more pictures with.....
14. My favorite comedian is.....
15. My favorite comedienne is.....

My name is.....

Address

(City)

(State)

Is This Gratitude?

(Continued from page 41)

and venom filled his erstwhile cup of gratitude and spilled over in some mighty nasty remarks about the same producers who had kept him a star while his pictures were losing money. He intimated that there was a conspiracy against him and that the industry was ungrateful to him. He was so bitter in his denunciations that the publicity department kept interviewers from seeing him. And then he was given another chance—and Hollywood again was second only to Paradise.

CHARLIE BICKFORD was already a stage star when he came to Hollywood—not a very brilliant star, maybe, but still a somebody. Why he ever condescended to accept the terrific salary Hollywood offered him is beyond anyone's ken. For he blasted the stupidity of producers, raved against their established methods of production, condemned the roles that were offered him, and went on salary strikes. It was all very amusing for awhile, but, finally, Hollywood lost patience—and Bickford lost his contract.

En passant, a word of advice to fan magazine writers: Don't attempt to interview Connie Bennett on that good old bromide, "What Hollywood Has Done for Me." I know a scribe who tried it once and was told, "Hollywood hasn't done a thing for me, except to give me money!"

Hollywood is used to it, Hollywood expects it, and Hollywood can take it! Hollywood has taken it on the chin from at least fifty per cent of the people whom it has showered with favors. Hollywood will probably go on taking it on the chin—for human nature is human nature, gratitude is rare, and Hollywood makes the mistake of pampering its favorites too greatly.

HOLLYWOOD finds its solace in the few who are loyal. For instance, there's Joan Crawford.

"Hollywood has given me everything I have in the world," she says—and says it with feeling. "I'm deeply grateful to the people who have liked me and I want to prove my gratitude in every way."

And what did she do but endow a private charity clinic in a great hospital and then spend a goodly portion of her



Charming Josephine Hutchinson is now Mrs. James Townsend, and here is the happy bridegroom.

"No More Shabby, Cracked Shades at My Windows!"



.. not when
Lovely CLOPAY Shades are
Only
15¢ EACH

"How deeply embarrassed I was when I accidentally overheard someone call my home 'the house with the shabby shades'! But what could I do? I simply couldn't afford to buy all the shades I needed. Luckily I found Clopays, the remarkable fibre window shades that cost only 15c each. Now there are no smarter, neater windows in town than mine. Clopays are simply wonderful. Not only all the popular plain colors, but so many lovely chintz patterns that harmonize with any decoration scheme. What amazing wear, too! Clopays actually outlast shades that cost me 3 or 4 times as much."

Clopays offer many features found in no other shades. Patented gummed

strip makes attaching to old rollers easy. No tacks or tools. Patented creped texture makes them hang straight—roll straight—wear longer. Being solid fibre instead of filled cloth, Clopays will not crack, pinhole or ravel at the edges. No other shade regardless of price can give you all these features. Clopays are sold at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to Clopay Corporation, 1355 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

And...

"HOW DID I EVER KEEP HOUSE BEFORE I FOUND FABRAY?"



New FABRAY Gives You Every Advantage of Oilcloth at 1/3 to 1/2 Lower Cost!

And think of finding a revolutionary new kind of material that serves every purpose oilcloth can serve—does it as well or better—yet costs 1/3 to 1/2 less! There's real economy. FABRAY—another CLOPAY product—actually outdoes oilcloth. Has an oilcloth surface on a fibre backing. Looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth but will not crack or peel even when creased because it has a solid fibre backing instead of flimsy cheesecloth. Many lovely new patterns. Comes in 46-inch width for tables, also 12-inch widths for shelves. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores, or send 10c for a 2 1/2-yard roll of 12-inch shelving. State colors preferred.

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1362 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio

You'll never know how
BEAUTIFUL
you can be!

**UNTIL YOU DISCOVER
THIS SECRET OF
MAKE-UP!**

It isn't enough, today, that the color-tones of your various cosmetics match your own skin. The important thing is that they *match each other!* Powder, rouge and lipstick should be of complementary shades, so harmonized that they achieve a perfect Color Ensemble.

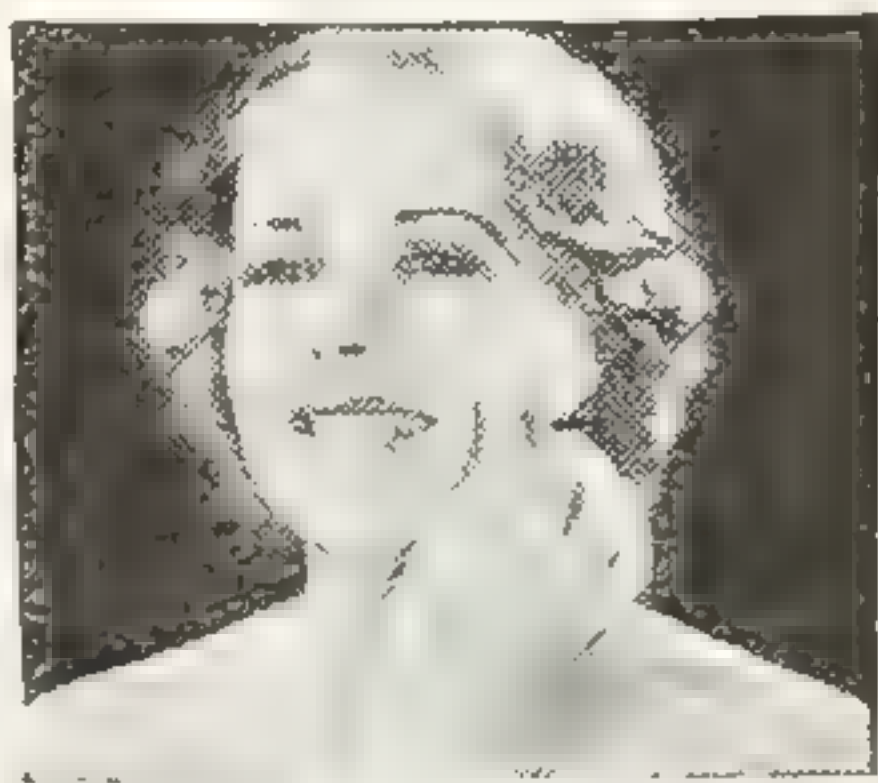
That's what you get when you use OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids. Regardless of which shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you can be sure of finding an OUTDOOR GIRL Lipstick and Rouge of the *same tonal quality.*

No clash of colors! No cheap, gaudy effect! Your make-up is free of all artificiality... *natural.* OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids not only make your skin seem lovelier than ever before, but because of their exclusive Olive Oil base, they *protect* it, too!

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

P O W D E R

The *only* face powder with an Olive Oil base! Light and fluffy, yet clings for hours. Creates a youthful, transparent effect. No rice starch! No orris root! 7 smart shades.



R O U G E

Smooth and satiny in texture. Made with pure Olive Oil. Will not break or crumble. Lasts for hours. Pure, harmless colors. 7 skin-blending shades.



L I P S T I C K

Goes on smoothly; spreads evenly. Prevents lips from chapping or cracking. Pure, harmless colors. Waterproof and indelible! 6 captivating skin-tints.



TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

**OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS**

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 50-D
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name

Address

City State

energy in seeing that needy patients were ensconced therein.

And there's Norma Shearer, who says: "Where else in the world could I have been given all of the things which have been given me here? I'd still be a nobody without the miracle of pictures. Grateful? I can't find words to express my gratitude or my sense of obligation to all the people whose favors have done

so much for me!"

And there's a guy named Gable, who says, more simply: "I'm a fool for luck—and never think that I don't know it darn well!"

Grateful guests. And ungrateful guests. Be careful how you answer that question. Would *you* be grateful?

Hollywood, in the light of its past experiences, has its doubts!

Strong-Minded Woman

(Continued from page 65)

that you are one player who dictates the terms of her contract. That is, certain parts of it. And the studio says 'Yes, ma'am.' Is that right? No little, dribbling vacations of a week-end, but weeks on end, and the privilege of spending them all, consecutively, in New York. That's the way your contract reads, isn't it?"

YES," she answered, through a clap of thunder. "Six months here and six months in New York. I do four pictures a year, and when they are done, I hurry to New York. But four are really too many. I'd like to do one or two, and do them awfully well. I think the arrangement of my time is quite nice, don't you?"

"But this time arrangement is novel, isn't it?" I asked as a mock Jupiter Pluvius knocked his storm clouds together. "No other actress has quite the same provision in her contract, has she?" I continued.

"I don't believe so," answered MacMahon. "You see I insisted upon it when my contract was signed. I made eleven pictures in Hollywood before I finally signed with Warner Brothers, ten of them for that company and one for Universal. Each time I came West because Mervyn LeRoy, the director, for some reason or other, liked my work. Each time I would be invited to sign a contract and each time I said, 'No, the distance is too far from New York, and New York is my home.'

"All of my interests are in New York. My husband, my family, my friends, my activities. As much as I like Hollywood, I could never utterly abandon New York and work out here. That was why we arranged this contract."

"If you are so fond of New York, Miss MacMahon," said I, gossiping like a fish wife, "what do you do for diversion in Hollywood?"

"Ride horses, and walk. There are nice hills in Brentwood, where I have a house. And I read."

"And in New York, how do you live?" I pried, shamelessly, editor, because I knew you'd be curious, too. I was, and I wanted to know all about her.

"In New York, I . . . well, I do about the same things. I walk, and read, and see my friends, and go to concerts and the theatre. And shop! I love to shop," MacMahon said with a rush of girlish enthusiasm.

"I love to buy things. Not clothes, but bits of embroidered linens, things like that. Our apartment in New York is full of discoveries I've made, and bought. I don't keep to period. That's too dull. But I am fond of Early American things, and some of the modern art. Not all of the latter."

You can see, editor, that life, and the shops, are full of infinite variety for MacMahon. The secret of this (and it is no secret at all, because like all well-married women her contentedness is a shining armor), is that MacMahon as Mrs. Clar-

ence Stein, wife of a New York architect, is entirely happy.

Her life (and that may explain the smooth brilliance of her performance) is completely wrapped up in the brown-haired, pleasant-faced, forty-ish man, with glasses, to whom she has been married for a number of years. You ask about this man and whether she, with her flare for decorating, works with him in his craft, planning suitable interiors for his exteriors, and a warmth, a radiance, creeps into her tones (which are correctly Eastern, not Iowan, not Western). "No," she says, with a shake of her seal-brown head, and a little wall, invisible, but protective, arises. Behind this wall is her happiness, guarded carefully from prying outsiders. "He's very clever," she says. "And I am terribly proud of him."

MACMAHON is a strange blend of types. She is at once cool and distant; vivacious, with a giggle as infectious as a schoolgirl's; profoundly moved at the name of an excellent book; radiantly lovely at the mention of her husband. I have seen her walk, mink-clad and alone, into the studio's Green Room Café, and she looked as frostily poised as a duchess at a boat christening. On the set, this day, she was far from frosty. She was, at will, amused, a little bored, faintly embarrassed, even slightly shy. She samples all the human moods, and that's probably why she is forever turning in competent performances.

For four years she has been pursuing the even, uneventful life of a film actress who works in Hollywood and lives in New York. She does not bother much about local night spots, premières, gossip, but within the closely-knit community that is professional Hollywood, she manages to find a few congenial souls with whom to visit and dine.

She has travelled little and would like to travel more, and just because it seemed the correct thing to do, I asked her what was the most dramatic occurrence in her life. With amusement she gazed into the hurricane of the set, trees whipped almost to the ground in the intensity of the gale, thunder crashing. With that a bolt of artificial lightning spun down toward her and instinctively she threw her long, slim, expressive hands to her face. In a moment, they were down and she was laughing:

"That was, I think!" she said, as the rain continued in torrents. So you can see, editor, that strong-minded as she may be in some things, there are moments when MacMahon is just a weak woman.

The next moment she was on her sensible Oxford-clad feet, her right hand extended toward mine. Just thirty-five minutes had elapsed in the equinoxial display. "Good-bye," she said with a firm smile, and handclasp. "I hope I have given you a good story and that you have enough information about me." With these words she turned abruptly, decisively, and walked toward the rioting weather. And I stood in a puddle and watched her.

To My Wife, Bella!

(Continued from page 66)

keeps out petty irritations and annoyances which she knows would wear him out. In her, Paul Muni has his greatest asset.

She senses his every mood, his every whim. She knows them so well that she can see the storm approaching when no one else can even detect a cloud. She arranges all his interviews (an ordeal which he detests) without his knowledge, and informs him of them only five minutes before they take place. If he knew about an interview a day ahead, he would work himself up into a lather. Every reporter who interviews Paul Muni is warned that he will speak only on subjects which are of primary interest to him. He will talk about his travels; he'll talk about intellectual books; he'll talk about his work, but he'll glare or blow up if he's asked what kind of toothpaste he uses or what his favorite breakfast food is. Bella sees that he does not have to waste his time with the petty questions that other stars are bothered with.

NO other wife of an actor holds the position on the set that Bella Muni does. Her opinion counts more than the director's. Taken entirely for granted, she sits quietly by while her husband does a scene and watches every detail of his characterization. Make-up, portrayal, diction—all these and more must have her okay before the take is finished. At the end of every scene he turns to her and asks, "Okay, Bella?" If she says "Well, I think you can do better," the scene is taken over again. If her answer is, "Okay," then he knows he has done well, whether the director agrees or not. Directors and studio officials, he has observed, are all too often "yes-men," but Bella tells him the plain truth, and he knows that he can rely on her judgment.

You see, Paul Muni made a picture in Hollywood many years ago. It was called "Seven Faces" and though his characterizations were masterpieces, the picture itself was a flop. He vowed he would never return to make another one. He held fast to that promise until "Counsellor-At-Law," the play in which he scored his greatest success, again brought him to the attention of the motion picture producers. After much persuasion, he finally signed a contract. But he insisted that this time it must be on his own terms—two pictures a year. Whether it is in the contract or whether there is a tacit agreement to that effect, Bella Muni has the final say on them. And more than this, she chooses his vehicles as well. It was she who insisted that he make a light comedy like "Hi-Nellie!" after a tragedy like "The World Changes" so that he wouldn't become typed.

They lead an unpretentious life. Money in itself holds no interest for them. Their house is a simple one. It is not a huge mansion and it has no swimming pool. It is a home that has every comfort without being ostentatious. Their car is a moderately priced one. They eat simply and well. Bella still cooks the dishes that he like best at the Café Royal—sour cream salad and scrambled eggs. They like to travel—that is Muni does and Bella goes along just to be agreeable, like a good wife will. Mostly though, they share the same interests. Both like to read good books and both have simple tastes. Looking at them, and observing the way they live, one would never suspect that their income runs into four figures every week. Their scale of living is like that of any

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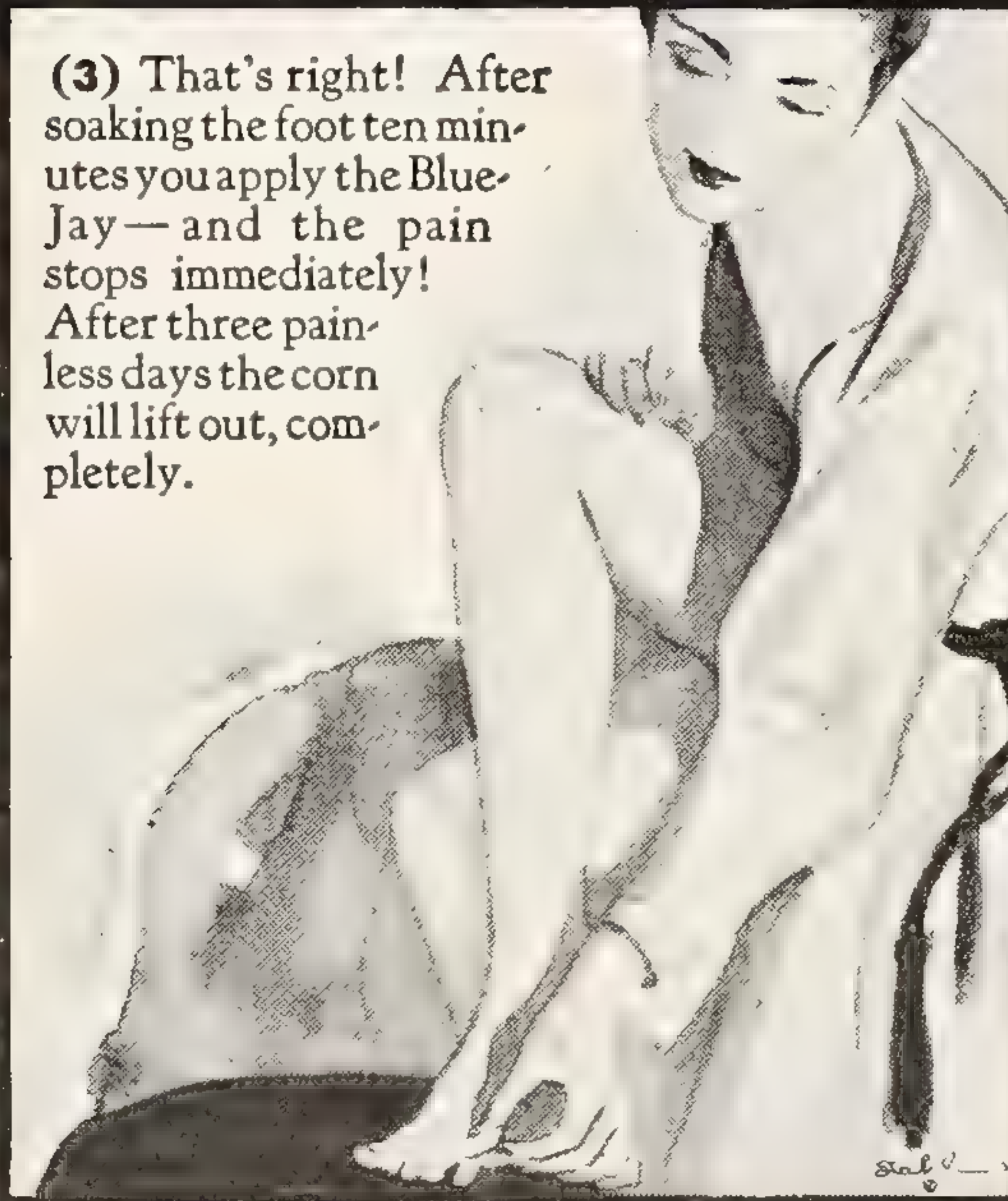
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(2) Here it is! The druggist said it's the most popular corn remover—made by a fine old surgical dressing company—easy to use, and safe.



(3) That's right! After soaking the foot ten minutes you apply the Blue-Jay—and the pain stops immediately! After three painless days the corn will lift out, completely.



(4) I'm so glad you took me in hand, John! I'm never going to nurse a corn again—I'll just take it right out with Blue-Jay.



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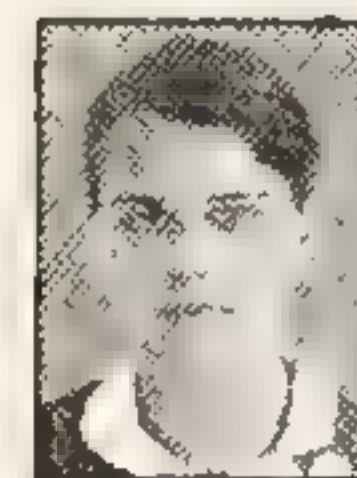
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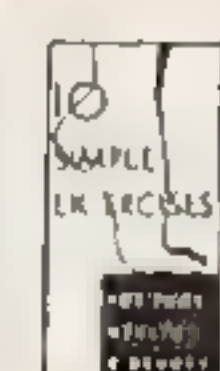
Even the Worst Corns Disappeared . . . "My husband is an ex-serviceman, and due to the long marches

in ill-fitting shoes, his feet were covered with hard corns and soft corns. I purchased a box of Blue-Jays. Gradually, even the worst corns disappeared until now he is seldom bothered, though on his feet continually."—Mrs. Andrew Brown, Portland, Ore.



"Bon Voyage now means Blue-Jay." writes Miss Ruth Jacoby, teacher of Alton, Illinois.

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The Best Groomed Woman in Hollywood?

Mary Biddle nominates three of Hollywood's most glamorous actresses for the title of the best groomed woman in the film capitol. The beautiful Norma Shearer is first on the list. Turn to page 16 for the other nominees, and for advice on how to acquire that just-stepped-out-of-a-bandbox look. Personal daintiness is of supreme importance to the woman who would star in the role of business woman, wife or sweetheart.

You will want the Pre-Easter Beauty Bulletin Miss Biddle has prepared for you, so fill out the coupon at the conclusion of the article.

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Biddle Every
Month in

MODERN SCREEN

fairly well-to-do business man's. Both enjoy good music—Muni has a passion for the violin, and it is his greatest pleasure to pack up both wife and fiddle and spend a few quiet days in some out-of-the-way corner where no one will molest them.

THEY take no part in the gay, noisy life of Hollywood. The scandals and divorces have not even touched them. They live in a world apart from all of that. They have made very few real friends there. For him, his wife is companion enough. What greater compliment can any man pay a woman?

Here is an incident which I think best illustrates the utter unpretentiousness of Bella Muni. The last time they arrived in New York, she wore a seal coat and carried one of mink on her arm. Photographers were waiting to take pictures. Muni's press agent admonished Bella to take off the seal coat and wear the mink. But Mrs. Muni demurred.

"Everyone knows I've a mink coat," she said. "Why should I bother wearing it?" But the press agent insisted that the public demanded mink coats of their stars' wives.

"All right then, if it will make you happier," said Bella good-naturedly, "but

I'm sure it won't make any difference in Muni's acting whether I wear a seal coat or a mink coat." She changed from the seal to the mink, just as she does many things that she doesn't want to do—to be agreeable.

It is Muni's ambition to get enough money together to be able to produce and act in plays that please him whether they happen to be box-office successes or not. Bella does not say whether she would like to give up her post of manager of her husband's very successful screen career, but when the day arrives that will see Muni realizing his ambition, you will doubtless find Bella at his side, still smiling, still helping with the casting, advising him about his role—still content to be his silent partner in anything that will make Muni happy. Bella has made sacrifices before and I'll wager she'll still be good at it ten years from now.

It takes a mighty big and unselfish character to give up one's own identity and center it upon someone else's even though that someone happens to be one's own husband. But Muni's success, and the happiness that he and Bella have achieved together, have proven her choice of ten years ago a wise one.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(Continued from page 74)

public back to the theatres but a great novelty.

Yet when William Fox and his chief engineer, Theodore W. Chase, launched the sound-track-on-film idea and Warner Brothers introduced the disk recordings, other film magnets heard the squeaks and squawks, shook their heads nobly and said, "It isn't good enough for our public."

HOW high the movies had flown! Not good enough for the public, indeed. Yet the public had flocked to see "The Great Train Robbery," when the film was so bad that it looked as if it were raining indoors and the actors jumped around the sets like monkeys. But the movies had, since these early days, grown fat and sleek. They were sated with lavishness and expensive mountings and, as always, they ignored the fact that you, you and you—the public—wanted something different, something completely novel.

Oh, at first you protested violently that you had loved the comfort and calm of the silent movies. You said that this new screaming from the screen annoyed you.

Will you ever forget hearing Conrad Nagel suddenly lisp from the screen, "Bet-thy, oh Bet-thy?" The noise seemed to come from his vest pocket. Nagel, being one of the few Hollywood actors who could speak lines, had been hastily grabbed for the part. But his exceedingly presentable diction was spoiled by mechanical imperfections.

For the most part, the early talking films were comedy shorts—acts of old-time vaudevillians—and news reels. Shortly thereafter, talking sequences were added to the silent films in which, with a noise that nearly knocked you out of your seats, the actors, who had been mute before, suddenly burst into loud dialogue.

Conservative theatre owners, thinking that the talkies were merely a passing novelty, refused at first to spend money on "wiring for sound." However, when they contemplated the empty seats and then looked across the street at the other theatres, whose managers had greater vision and were turning customers away, they soon fell in step.

As always, everything happens quickly in Hollywood. Just a few months after the coming of sound, the whole town was in an upheaval.

THE physical aspect of Hollywood changed. The old rambling "silent" stages (which had never been silent) were torn down and great, cool, padded edifices were erected in which the drop of a pin sounded like the report of a gun.

Hundreds of song writers were imported to Hollywood during the "musical" flurry. And when musicals were—too quickly—overdone, almost as many hundreds went back to Tin Pan Alley.

When the talking pictures were mewing in their cribs, one star arose to astonish the world. His success was an accident—like the success of so many. When a story called "The Jazz Singer" was bought by Warner Brothers as their most pretentious bid for talkie fame, George Jessel was approached as a candidate for stardom in it. But something went wrong during the negotiations and Al Jolson was given the contract instead.

Immediately upon the release of "The Jazz Singer" Jolson was the man of the hour, the white hope of the talkies, an entertainer snatched from Broadway's declining show business. There was more excitement over Jolson than over any other star since Garbo. He actually gave the talkies the terrific impetus needed to make the producers go on.

The talkies not only created stars. They snatched the crowns from stars, too. Emil Jannings, deemed the greatest character actor of them all, was forced to go back to his home in Germany (although he was Brooklyn born) because of the thick accent which it was thought, would not record.

TALKIES threw certain stars into the ash-heap of obscurity. It brought others forward miraculously. Bessie Love had been in pictures since 1918. She was, for several years prior to talkies, considered a has-been. She had been playing in vaudeville—the last stand of the star on the way out. But in vaudeville she learned to sing, dance and play the ukulele

and when M-G-M was looking about for a girl to appear in "Broadway Melody," one of their first great musicals, Bessie Love presented herself. Her come-back was spectacular and golden.

Bebe Daniels suddenly blossomed forth with a beautiful singing voice and was given a place in the sun. Conrad Nagel—a "creditable" leading man for years—was at once so much in demand, because he had had stage experience and could "talk," that he could hardly get from studio to studio fast enough. And Betty Compson who—after her popularity in "The Miracle Man" had waned—had resorted to "quickies," was discovered anew and was in constant demand.

Maurice Chevalier came from Paris, to fight for honors with Lawrence Tibbett, the singing son of a California sheriff. Warner Brothers kept John Barrymore under lock and key. Stage stars, lured by fantastic stories, boarded the Century. Some of them clicked and remained to make the movies something of which to be proud. Some of them didn't click—because you didn't like them—and they returned to a sadly depleted Broadway, making sniffish remarks about those too, too childish movies. Beauty took a back seat, to watch talent and training and artistry succeed.

The great stars of the silent days who really had pluck and will power—we think especially of Shearer and Garbo and Crawford—buckled down and learned how to speak lines. Not one of those actresses had ever had stage experience, remember, and they went to the top in the talkies. Determination will do things after all.

When we think back on the best pictures which were made ten—even five years ago, and contrast them with the best ones which are being made today, we become increasingly indignant with the snobbish Smart Ales who persist in regarding the movies as the poor white trash of the arts. Of "The Barretts," "Of Human Bondage" and "The House of Rothschild" and "David Copperfield" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." "Broadway Bill." "It Happened One Night." The great musical productions—fantastic and furbelowed, if you will, but so polished in every mechanical detail!

What will be next? What will happen when once more you demand something different? Talkies have reached a high state of perfection. Where do we go from here, from here—where do you want them to go?

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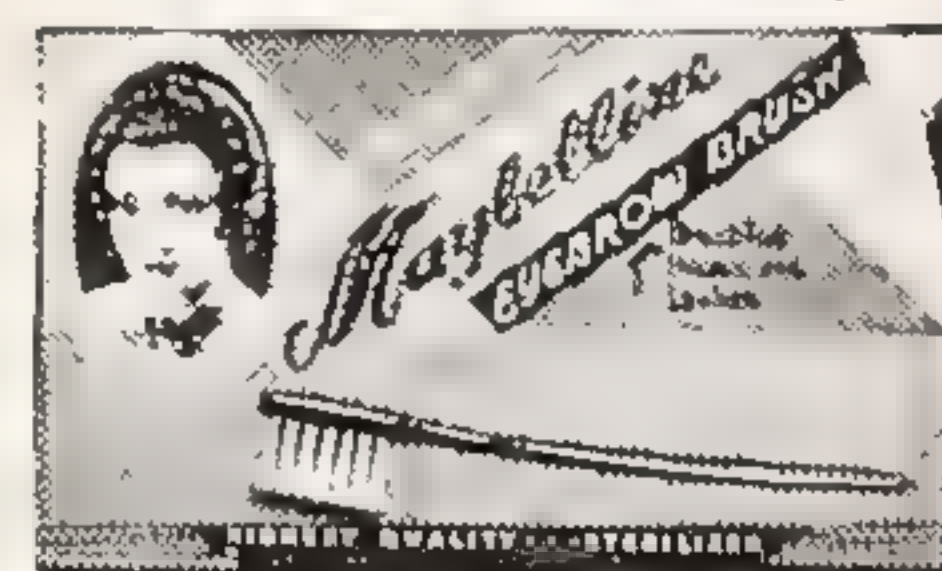
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Marriage of Convenience

(Continued from page 49)

"It's a little wild, but I like it." And she ran the smooth white palm of her hand along a flat chromium surface, looked at it and admired aloud, "See, not a speck of dust."

Maxine met Bartlett Saunders when it became inevitable that talking pictures were here for good. She had submitted to a voice test, and even she had been bewildered by the nasal raspings which had resulted. Indeed, it was later told that she had rushed from the projection room with sobs tearing at her slender body, screaming at the top of her lungs, "I'm through. Oh, My Gawd, I'm ruined." And had not come back to the studio for a week.

When she did, Abe Goldstein sent for Bartlett Saunders, who also had been treated to a running of the test.

"You t'ink you can make a fine talker from Maxine, Mr. Saunders?" Abe asked.

"If Miss Vane will put herself completely in my hands," he said, "for a month—six months, perhaps—I believe that I shall be able to correct the—er—defects, if I may say so, of her voice and English."

"I'll do anythin' you ast," she murmured huskily.

"Anything you ask," Miss Vane," Bartlett corrected. But he laughed, too, and his eyes crinkled pleasantly at the corners. Maxine thought, "He's a funny duck, but I like him."

In learning to speak the King's English, Maxine Vane applied the same unflagging persistence which had lifted her from the station she might so easily have inherited. She took his criticism avidly, was pleased as a schoolgirl when she won his praise, grateful for the time he gave her. She took him to her home, even tried once to give him money for what he was doing.

"But you see," he said, "I'm being paid by the studio."

"That!" she cried. "That measly..."

"Stipend," he supplied.

"Stipend," she repeated. "What does that mean?"

"A salary that affords a bare livelihood," he quoted.

"Livelihood!" she snorted. "Why, it ain't even cigarette money!"

"Isn't," he corrected.

"Isn't, then. You've got to let me do something for you. Don't you see, you're making it possible for me to go on and make a living?"

"I hope so," he said. "But you don't understand, Miss Vane."

"Don't call me 'Miss Vane'. Don't you like me? Everybody, from the juicers up, calls me Maxine."

"All right. It's Maxine, then," he said, and blushed. "You don't understand. I couldn't take money from you."

"You're a funny little guy," she said, but she never again tried to force money upon him.

HE stayed on the set with her all during the shooting of the first picture she made under the terror of that new monster, the microphone. Each line she spoke she had rehearsed many times for his private criticism. He meticulously extracted the superfluous "r" from such words as "boil" and "foil" in her speech, and insisted upon it in "verse" and "first." That was easy compared to the hard "g" which was the last to go from words like "long" and "sing." She hung onto those "g's" like a bull pup to a street urchin's pants, but he finally wrenched them loose from her vocabulary. It was not until long after

her first picture was released that he even mentioned the nicer refinements of the letter "a." Which no one in the studio would have known or cared about, but Saunders was determined that Maxine's speech should be as nearly perfect as he could make it.

No one knew how much or how little Saunders knew of Maxine's personal life. He never mentioned it to anyone, though each succeeding suppliant for her affection was subject to widespread and exaggerated discussion at the studio. His own dog-like but obvious devotion to her came under the microscope too, though he pretended not to be aware of it. Once one of the writers on the lot, eager for information of the star's love life, said to him,

"You know Maxine Vane pretty well, don't you?"

"I have that honor," Saunders answered.

"Is there any truth in the rumor that she's having an affair with Michael Robertson? If she is, somebody ought to warn her—his wife's a fiend out of hell."

Saunders drew himself up to his scant five-feet six-inches and withered his interrogator with a professorial glance,

"I'm sure I'm not interested in Miss Vane's personal affairs any more than she might be interested in mine. What she does with her life is quite her own affair. Certainly it is none of mine. Nor yours, as I see it."

That remark travelled like lightning about the studio—even to Maxine Vane's own dressing room. It elevated Bartlett Saunders, voice teacher, to an eminence of which he was innocently unaware. Yet there was a simple dignity about the little man that stopped wagging tongues when he entered a room, and he never heard the informal title one of the wags gave him—"Galahad to a Lost Lady."

Nor did Maxine Vane. For Maxine, whatever her morals, was loyal to a fault, and her importance to the studio made the job of anyone who might slander one of her friends as shaky as a Balkan throne. And that Bartlett Saunders was perhaps her best friend Maxine Vane never doubted, even though there were a great many things about him she did not understand. That matter of his not taking money from her, for instance. Almost everyone else took money from Maxine. Money—or other things. And Saunders asked nothing, expected nothing, even refused what she had to give. A funny little man, but she wouldn't tolerate anyone else saying that.

It was some three years after they had become friends that Maxine Vane met Michael Robertson, an English author, recently imported by the studio. Robertson came to Hollywood, alone, and took an apartment for the term of his contract at the Wilshire Arms Apartments where, it was said, he would be joined later by his wife, a fairly prominent English actress.

It happened that Maxine was quite fancy free at the time. She really took him up—though none of her friends would have believed it had she told them, so she did not tell them—because she thought it would be good for her speech to be around a cultured Englishman and listen to him. Besides, he seemed a good enough sort. She had never known any Englishmen before, except a few impoverished members of an entourage left in Hollywood by a hastily departing literary exponent of sin on a tiger skin.

But Robertson was not that kind. He was a gentleman, and it flattered Maxine,

too, that he liked her. Just how much or why he liked her, no one ever knew, but it was presumed, by those in the know, that her flamboyancies, her ready, if somewhat vulgar wit, amused him. Sometimes an onlooker would catch him gazing at Maxine, flashing in her satins, ermines and diamonds with the long ruby pendant at her throat, as if he simply could not believe what he saw. He was to be in Hollywood for only a few months, and if this were Hollywood—well, why not make the most of it?

He would not have introduced her to his friends in England except as a curiosity, but here she was accepted, indeed, was something of a social catch. And none of Michael Robertson's friends lived in Hollywood.

Maxine went everywhere with him, to openings at Grauman's, Wednesday night dances at the Grove, parties at Malibu. It was even said (gossip is seldom whispered in Hollywood) that he was seen leaving Maxine's mountain home, upon occasion, early in the morning. Of course, mornings in California are often foggy, and it is rather difficult to identify anyone at a distance of a hundred feet before ten o'clock.

IT was a Tuesday night that Michael Robertson told Maxine his wife was arriving on The Chief the following Saturday.

"I hope you understand, Maxine," he said, "there can't be any more of this—this sort of thing, I'm afraid."

"You needn't be afraid," Maxine answered.

"You've been 'swell,' isn't that the word? I shan't forget you."

"Let's not go into that. You didn't seduce me, you know."

"Good girl."

She went up to him and kissed him lightly on the mouth, threw her furs about her shoulders, and, without another word, left.

That would be the last of Michael Robertson. That should have been the last of Michael Robertson.

She was at home, of all places, and dozing, at nine o'clock Thursday night when Bill Wilson, head of the publicity department, called her on the telephone.

"Maxie," he said, "I'm down at the foot of the hill. I've got to see you right away. If there's anyone there, get rid of him."

"Listen, Bill," she said, "I'm dead. I can't have you coming up here tonight. I'll leave a bottle of Scotch on the doorstep and you come get it and go away. Do you hear?"

"Can it, Maxie. This is important. I'll be right up."

Five minutes later he arrived.

"What the hell?" she said as he brushed past her and into the room. "Now that you're here you can take off your hat and coat."

She saw that he was excited, and reached for her purse. That usually helped any emergency.

"If you need money, Bill, why of course..."

"It isn't that. It's that so-and-so's wife."

"I don't know so-and-so," Maxine said, "but you have my interest."

"That—that Robertson's. She's going to sue him."

"So what?"

"So you're going to be named correspondent."

"That's a nice name. This should be exciting."

Bill Wilson exploded: "Exciting! Say, for God's sake, Maxie, don't you know this is serious? She's arriving tomorrow night,

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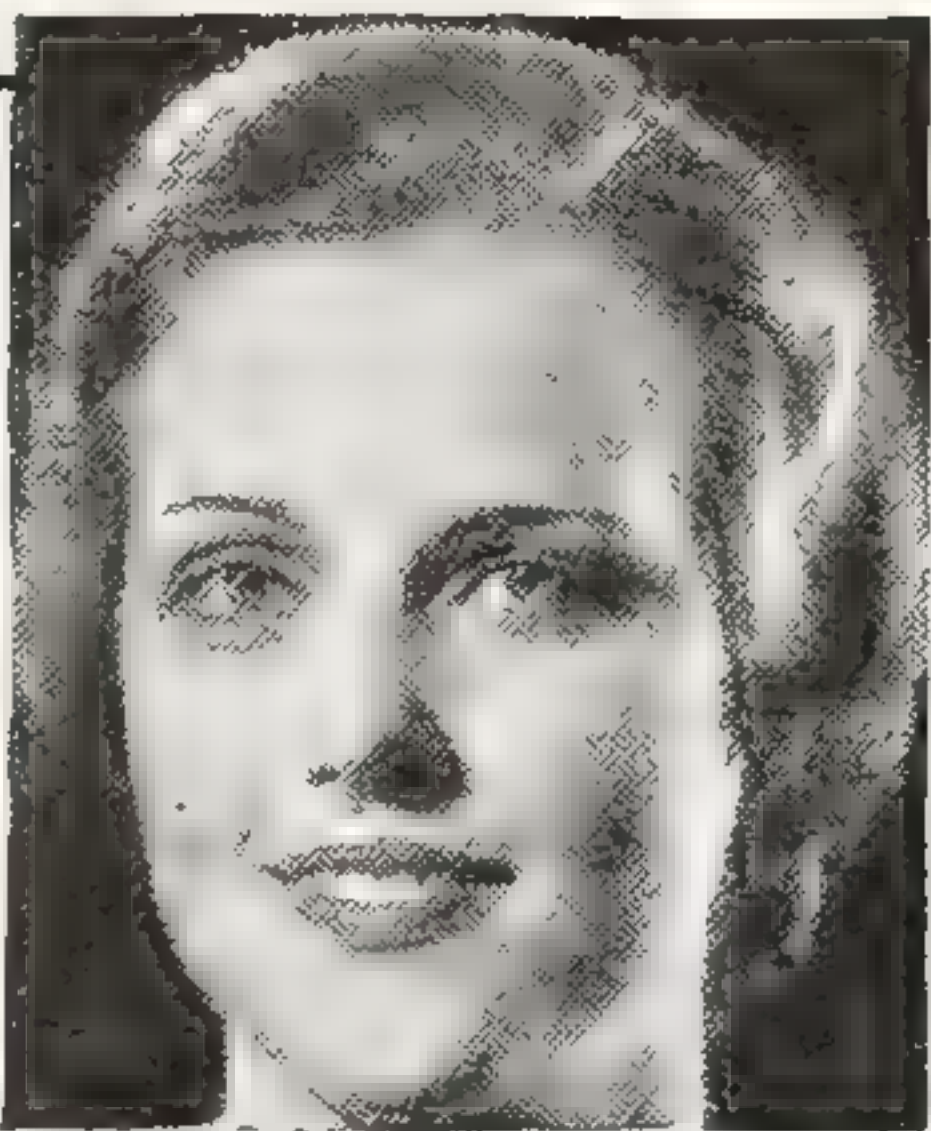
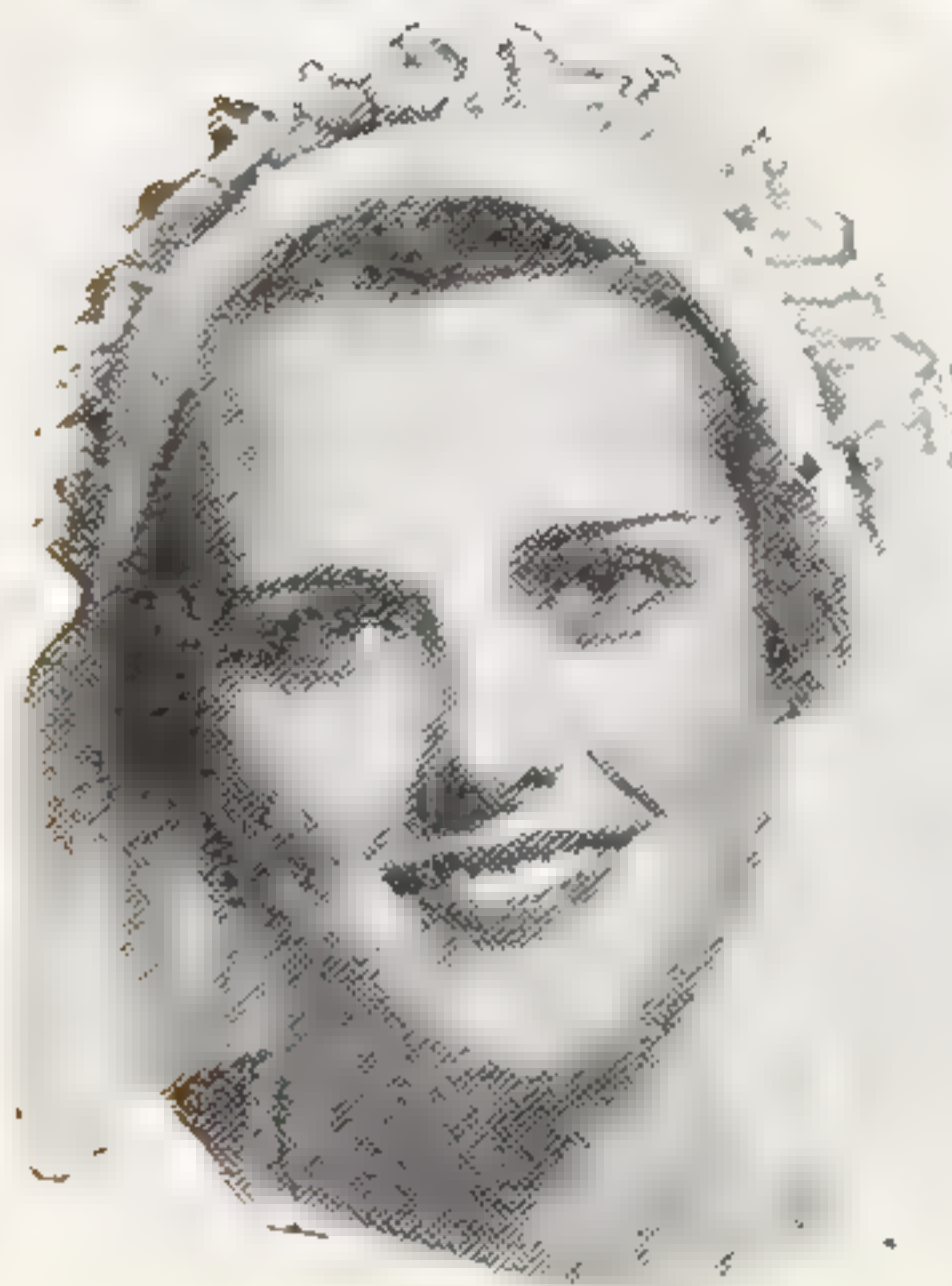
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Harold Lloyd is an interested bystander while Glenda Farrell, left, tells a bit of gossip to Mildred Davis Lloyd and Marian Nixon Seiter. This group was snapped by Scotty at a recent party at the Trocadero.

and it'll be in Saturday morning's papers—I just got the tip from one of the boys on the Examiner. We can't let 'em do it. Abie Goldstein's having fits right this minute, tearing his hair out in chunks. We've got to do something."

"All right. You're the bright boy. What is there to do?"

"Do?" he cried. "It's not up to me. It's you who've got to do it. And there's just one thing you can do—get married—fast!"

Maxine laughed. "Bill, you always were funny, but I never knew quite how funny before. Tell me some more of your jokes."

"You'll think it's funny when your contract's cancelled."

"Still joking, eh?"

"The devil I am." Wilson was shouting now. "You get into that kind of a headline and Goldstein will take advantage of that morality clause so quick you won't know where you've landed."

Maxine had forgotten that clause in her contract. Nobody paid any attention to those things. They were just in there to keep the Hays office quiet. But, true enough, they were in every Hollywood contract. Still...

"Listen, Bill," she said, "I'm too valuable a property for Abie to do me that way. My pictures make too much money. He wouldn't dare."

"He'd dare. Who knows how much money your pictures would make after a scandal like that?" Words failed him for a moment and he paced up and down the room. "Maxie, why do you go and get yourself in such a mess?"

"That's my business."

"It's not any more. It's mine and Abie Goldstein's and Will Hays', and it will be the business of every paper in this country Saturday morning. Unless you get married tomorrow."

"All right. Suppose I do get married. What good will it do? I'm not saying I will, mind you. But if I should."

"Why, it'll fix everything up. You get married tomorrow, see? Mrs. Robertson arrives, with the Saturday morning papers announcing your marriage. What chance has she got to name you as co-respondent in the face of a romantic elopement and wedding bells. It's a cinch!"

"But I don't know anybody I'd marry. Nobody'd want to marry me." The whole thing was so ridiculous, so like a nightmare. And it was true, she didn't want to marry anybody. She hadn't wanted to marry anybody for years. She knew what marriage was. Hadn't most of her friends

been married three or four times?

Wilson thought that at last she was listening to reason, and jumped in now that he had the advantage:

"There's plenty of men would jump at the chance. And Lord, you don't have to stay married. A little Reno divorce between pictures in four or five months—incompatibility, wife-beating or something—and everything's fine. It may cost us a few thousand, but what the hell? It'll be worth it."

"But I don't know a soul." It was so mad to be awakened at nine o'clock at night and be told that she had to get married. It was so crazy to be thinking over all the men she knew, counting them over on her fingers, trying to pick one of them as a husband, that she began to giggle. Of course, she did not intend to go through with the thing, but it was funny to think about.

Wilson was looking at her quizzically, a little disgusted with her mirth, when she saw a light dawn in his eyes. She stopped laughing.

"Don't tell me," she said, "that I'm in at the birth of an idea in that colossal brain of yours?"

"Maxie!" he cried, leaping from the steel-backed chair. "I've got it! I've got it! Oh, baby, it's perfect."

"You tell me. Let me be the judge."

"Why—Bartlett Saunders! He's nuts about you, has been for years. It'll set him up, too, make a man of him."

Maxine stiffened and glared at him. "Stop that right now," she said. "Right now, you hear? I won't even listen to such a suggestion. Why, he's—he's the only decent man I know."

"Sure he's decent," Wilson said. "He's perfect. He'll be only too glad to do it for you. Where's the telephone?"

"Who're you going to call?"

"Goldstein."

AFTERWARDS we always know what we should have done. Maxine knew a few minutes later that she should not have allowed Wilson to use the telephone. She had been in tight spots before and had always mastered them somehow, and she thought she was doing the right thing now.

So she left Wilson completing the call, dashed out to the garage in her negligée, backed out her roadster, and slid quietly down the mountain road. She did not stop, did not even think very much until she drew up in front of the little bungalow court where she knew Bartlett Saunders

lived. She only hoped she had reached there before Wilson or Goldstein had got him on the telephone.

She had not.

Saunders, in a black dressing gown, greeted her.

"I was expecting you, Maxine," he said.

"They've called you." She sank into the one easy chair in the small room.

She was silent a moment. There was so much she wanted to say, yet she did not know how to begin. While she waited Saunders came over and stood in front of her, shyly took her hand.

"They've hurt you, haven't they? You're afraid. Please don't be."

She looked up at him, and suddenly she saw him through a blur, her arms were around his thin waist, and she was sobbing.

"You're so good," she wept. "You'd let them do this to you. You'd marry me to save me."

He stroked her tawny hair shyly, like a boy. "Of course I would. I will," he said, "if you'll have me."

That made her sob the harder. "If I'll have you!" she cried out. "No, you deserve someone fine and splendid, and noble like you are, not a—a—"

"Hush!" he whispered. "Please don't say those things."

"But I will! I won't let them make a fool of you. What do I care for a contract? I don't need any more money. And I don't owe Goldstein anything. I've made enough for him."

SHE suddenly realized that the doorbell was ringing, that it had been ringing for quite awhile. "Now remember, when they come," she warned, pulling herself to her feet, "you're not to let them do this to you."

The doorbell jangled again. "Leave it all to me," he said.

He started for the door, but she pulled him back, and looked at him rather fiercely, her eyes on a level with his own, her negligée gathered close about her.

"Before they come," she blurted out, "I want you to know I think you're the finest man I've ever known." And kissed him on the mouth, shyly, like a girl kissing her first lover.

He turned from her and opened the door. He let them in, Wilson and Abe Goldstein. They were red of face and puffing from the excitement.

"So you're here," said Wilson. "The Lord be praised."

"Listen, Abe," Maxine began, but Saunders interrupted. There was something rather magnificent in his voice, a ring of authority.

"Maxine and I are ready whenever you gentlemen are," he said.

They were married in a little town in Arizona at six o'clock the next morning, after a justice of the peace had been routed out of bed. Abe Goldstein and Bill Wilson were witnesses. After it was over Goldstein said to Saunders: "We'll make it right by you. You'll be rewarded."

"I have been rewarded already, Mr. Goldstein. Here is my reward."

They say now that something has happened to Maxine Vane, that she is not the same woman she was. There is a sincerity and a tenderness in her work before the camera—perhaps you've noticed—that was never there before.

And she has eyes for no man except funny looking little Bartlett Saunders, whom she worships. She says now that she is happy for the first time, that, at last, she knows what peace and contentment and devotion really mean. They aren't empty words any longer. And for that she is thankful to Hollywood.

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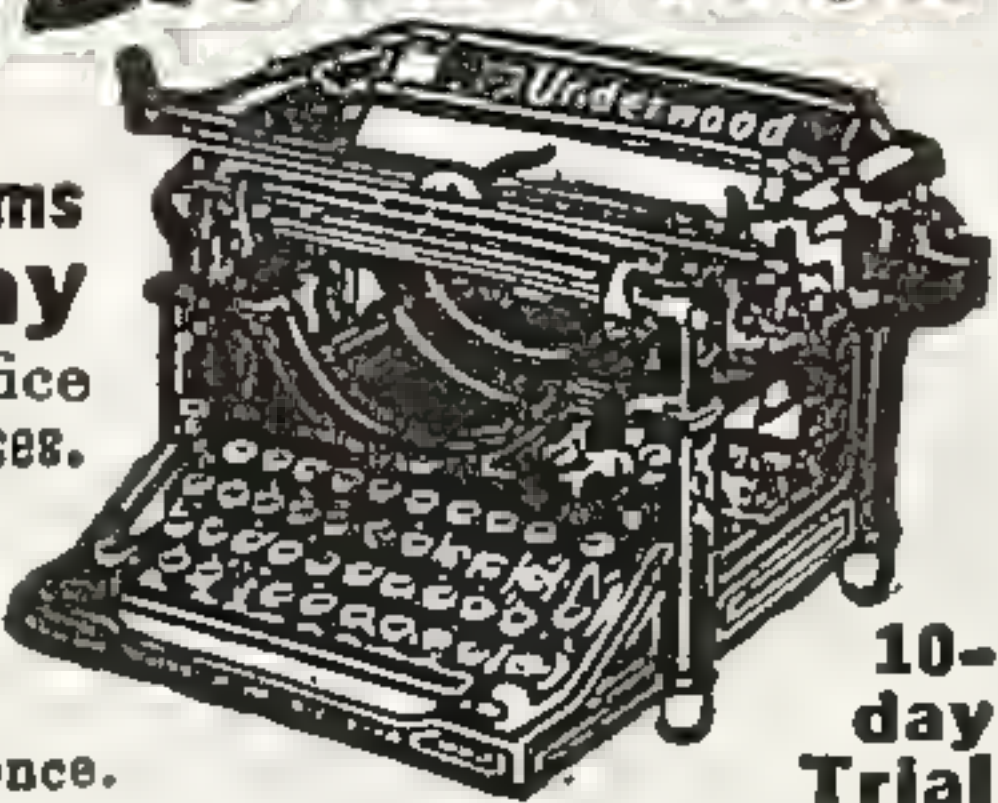
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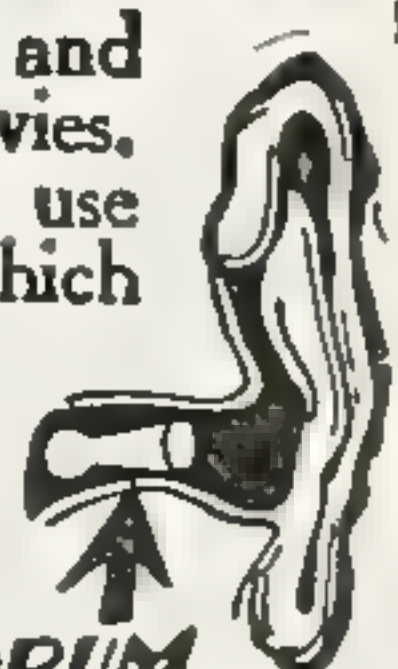
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Where's Rudy Vallee? Here's Alice Faye, done up in gardenias and flanked, left by Jack Donahue, right by Sol Wurtzel. Patricia Lee and Jimmy Dunn, far right.

Hollywood Sets the Tempo

(Continued from page 64)

know. Most of us laboriously plan our wardrobes around one single coat, sometimes an old one from the year before, sometimes a new one which has been bought in advance. Although I think there is merit in the latter, especially if you dress to a budget, I was tremendously interested in what Madge had to say.

"I hardly ever think of a coat until after I have bought my dresses and accessories. You see, I like to be able to indulge in whatever color scheme appeals to me, I don't like to be limited constantly to thoughts of a coat. The coat can be adjusted to my new dresses just as easily. Of course, I never go very far away from a definite color scheme each season, mainly because I look best in blue and like to wear it in all shades."

YOU could understand this readily if you could see Madge's coloring. She has reddish gold hair and very bright blue eyes.

Since she wasn't having any pictures taken of her new clothes until she returned to Hollywood, you will have to wait for a later issue to see them. And that's when you will be most interested in them because they are more suited to your summer needs. However, don't miss the smart rain costume she is wearing on page 64. She has another one, too, which is not shown. It's an all-white ensemble of galoshes, umbrella, rain cape and hat. You know, it does rain in Hollywood despite what the old residents say!

We started talking about fabrics, too, and Madge told me that she isn't interested in a costume unless the fabric has some texture or surface interest. This is right in line with all the stylists' reports on your new season's fabrics. Everything from silks, and rayons to woolens have some distinguishing weave or surface characteristic. And a good material with a distinctive weave or patterning can make all the difference between a smart costume and an ordinary one.

Rene Hubert, the clever French design-

er at Fox, says that all design begins with the fabric. That is why he goes back to his native France every year to see what new ideas the great fabric designers and manufacturers have evolved. Just after a recent trip, he showed me some of the fascinating discoveries he had made. He never selects anything that he doesn't have some forthcoming production and one of his stars in mind.

It is to the studio designers that we look for advance tips at the turn of a new season. They set the pace, often anticipating a season by six months, regardless of what restrictions California's climate may put upon the off-screen dress of their stars.

But to get back to Rene Hubert, he showed me some fabric swatches which he had brought back with him. All of them had exotic textures. Some were shaggy with cellophane threads woven through the materials to give them a hairy look. Others were skillfully executed in stunning patterns. All his costume fabrics are selected with a camera eye—they are chosen in textures that will photograph well and that will give you some idea of "feel" to the fabrics.

Hubert brought back a collection of hats that would have delighted you. They were so giddy, yet so flattering. Most of them had been selected with one of his stars in mind. But the one I adored was a bonnet type that he had picked out for Janet Gaynor. The crown slid back on the head and the brim was drawn up to a peak above the forehead, much like the old-fashioned, scoop-brimmed bonnet of years ago.

Incidentally, you who like the off-the-face hat but find the very bare forehead types severe, are going to be enthusiastic about these bonnets because they give your face a frame while still showing the brow. Sailors will be smart with suits and tailored dresses. And your old favorite, the little Breton hat with the turned-up, childish brim, is good.

The belt, shown on page 63, is another

version of one Hubert bought for Janet while abroad. Hers had her name cut into the leather, while the white one illustrated, has the name written on it in colored metal. He considers accessories a very important part of every spring costume. Even buttons and buckles must have individuality. For instance, he showed me some of the most amusing leather beer barrel buttons to be used for a sports costume. And the scarf, bag and glove set in tie silk, shown on the same page with the belt, is a favorite accessory scheme of his for suits and simple tailored dresses—these should be in interesting contrasting or harmonizing shades. For instance with navy blue, choose lighter blue accessories. And with brown, try a dash of dusty pink for refreshing contrast.

HUBERT sums up spring trends for you by saying, "There will be lots of blue, especially lighter shades often with white as contrast. The draped skirt is gradually insinuating itself into the evening picture. Evening bodices are very décolleté with a veiling of tulle or net. I am going to use a lot of starched collars and short straight sleeves on my daytime creations. Wide belts will be smart. My stars and their fans should dress to appear lady-like and quietly but beautifully groomed."

Suits will be one of the biggest daytime items in all our wardrobes. Of course, Hollywood loves suits better than almost any other costume with the possible exception of pajamas and evening gowns. There isn't a smart star in the town who doesn't have suits in all styles.

Suit jackets are as variable as the wind. You can wear very short, fitted jackets like the one Carole Lombard is wearing on page 63. This is what is known as the *tailleur* and it appears with the first crocus every year because it can be worn under winter coats long before you wear it alone. Carole uses a nice contrasting idea in her skirt and jacket. The jacket is black men's suiting, while the skirt, also black, has a fine pin stripe in white running through it. A suit like this can achieve infinite variety by having several skirt changes—one to match the jacket and one or two in a contrasting fabric. Carole suggests a nice color scheme, too, with her choice of a maroon blouse and a fresh carnation in her buttonhole in the identical shade. She is creating quite a rage for carnations, preferring them to the more customary gardenias and orchids chosen by other stars.

Then, the long, almost tunic length, jacket is excellent. Anne Shirley's brown and white check one is particularly flattering to slender, youthful figures such as hers. Checks are very important for suits from the small Shepard's check to the bolder size of Anne's. Notice that Anne's coat buttons up the front—one of the newer details. And the childish turnover collar is very flattering. All you young things will look charming in this type of suit.

ASPORTY type of suit is Steffi Duna's choice this spring. It is a grand style to keep in mind, too, when you shop—as good in town as in the country. It has the short box jacket without fastening which is popular this season. Steffi cleverly combines her fabrics by using plaids for vest and coat, a mixed tweed for the skirt. Notice her accessories; they are beautifully chosen to complement the suit.

Besides these three types of suits, the swagger style is still very good. Also the suit with medium-length jacket which is a length between Carole's and Anne's and not quite as short as Steffi's. Capes are in again which brings the becoming cape

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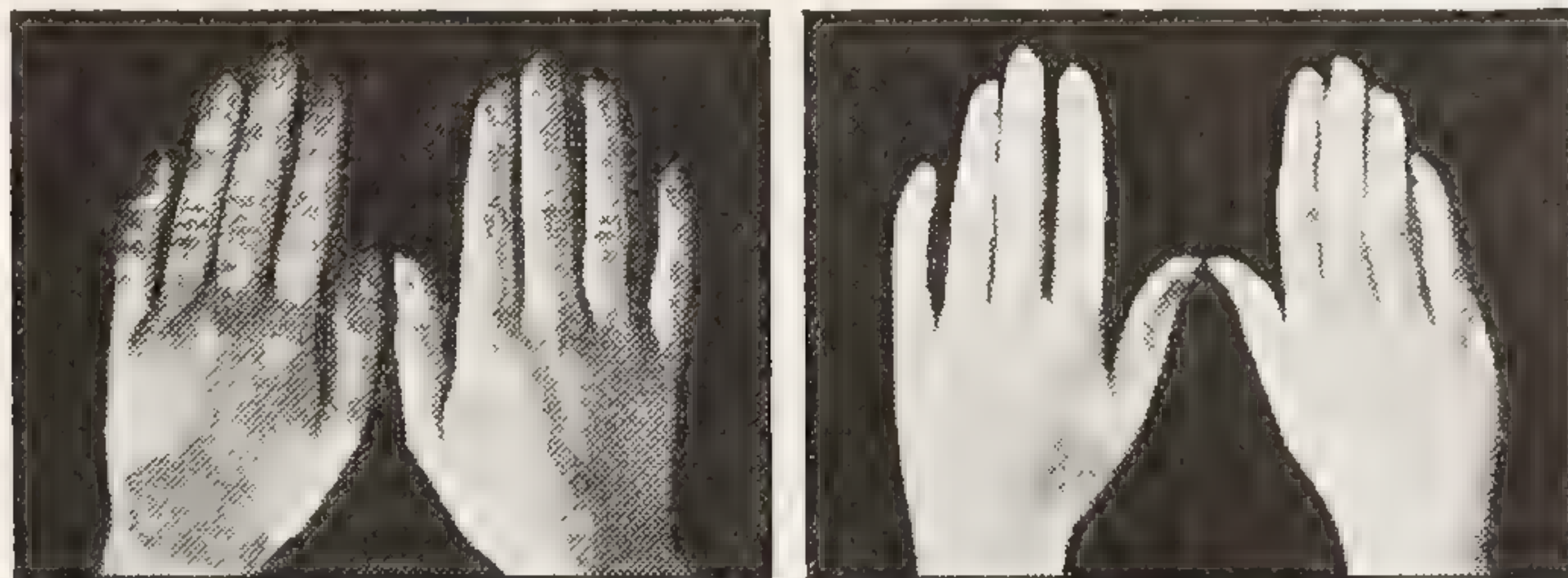
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suit back on your shopping list. Your cape may be short or fingertip length. And for you who love your big revers and lapels, they are to be had also. In fact, you can wear just about any sort of suit that becomes you, the main point to keep in mind is that you *must* have at least one!

Blouses for your suits can be chosen in practically any fabric or style. I think you will like the taffeta ones, especially, and some in glazed chintz—yes, very much like your best chair or sofa slip-cover!

Travis Banton, Paramount's designing genius, gives you some grand tips to guide your spring shopping, too. He says sagely, and do follow his good advice, "The evening mode will be a trailing, floating, flowing trend with loads of chiffon, tulle, net and all sorts of diaphanous fabrics. Ruffles and flounces will be used in abundance and panels of chiffon will descend from the normal waistline. Tiers, brief peplums and various variations of the tunic will be highly favored as they will be an outgrowth of the tunic of the past season."

Three Banton-designed dresses on page 62, are grand examples of his ideas. Carole Lombard's printed dinner gown follows the long tunic silhouette. Her black gown is another—it has diaphanous black soufflé, embroidered with paillette discs, posed over a satin sheath. A cape composed of the paillettes on net is an added detail. And Gail Patrick's graceful gray chiffon introduces, not only the trailing and floating silhouette, but employs tiers and ruffles to heighten the flowing line. A cape is part of this costume, too. You will be wearing lots of them for evening. And don't you adore them?

Banton says, also, "I am terribly interested in the Spanish trend which Marlene Dietrich's costumes in 'Caprice Espagnol' are bound to provoke. These gowns have already influenced me in many of the modern clothes I am working on. Flowers, fringe and lace are inevitable and offer countless ways of introducing a Spanish

note which combines a romantic suggestion with a modern significance in these gay costumes."

What with Rene Hubert telling us to be lady-like and Travis Banton advising great femininity, it looks as if we can go on quite a romantic binge for our more formal moments. And that is where the fun really lies in our new clothes, I think. We can be such fragile, romantic, floating creatures at night and then the next morning, we can be as outdoorish and sporty looking as we wish.

That's why I have finished off my pictures, this month, with some really active outdoor shots of the clothes Hollywood wears at play. Jean Harlow looks utterly charming in the simple sweater and skirt classic that we all wear. And it is a pet costume of hers. Madge Evans looks like any girl who loves to dash about in the rain, provided she has a good-looking rainy day costume. Anne Shirley, to me, is one of the sweetest of the very young starlets. Doesn't she look carefree in her jodphurs, short sweater and blouse? The hand embroidered monogram on her blouse is something to copy. Her riding habit is just the informal sort all young girls adore. And doesn't Rosalind Russell look the picture of trim, tailored chic in her brimmed felt hat and perfectly fitted tweed reefer coat? It's a grand topcoat for town or country and one that will stand a lot of wear.

Time limits further spring clothes chat but since there is so much more to talk about, I have prepared a Spring Color and Clothes Chart for you. The Clothes Chart is planned with an eye to your pocketbook. It lists a well-rounded wardrobe but not an extravagant one. And it gives you a scale of prices for each item so that you can approximate your expenditures. Just send me your request, together with a self-addressed and stamped envelope and both charts are yours. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Good News

(Continued from page 39)

later was that the Fields' driveway is made of good, hard concrete! Wotta faker, that Bill!



There are some people who feel that Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant may make up, but our guess is the other way 'round. For, though Virginia appeared at the preview of Cary's latest, "Wings in the Dark," and stood about to catch a glimpse of her husband, that young man finally approached, gazed a full moment directly into her pretty face without registering recognition, and walked deliberately away. Except for the few bystanders who caught the silent scene, no one seemed more surprised than Virginia.



When "Kid Millions" was finished, Sam Goldwyn invited Eddie Cantor and his wife and children to Palm Springs for a glorious and expensive week-end. After it was over and the host and his guests were about to check out of El Mirador, Sam challenged the star to some penny ante. Eddie won the fifty cents, so his boss induced him to "shoot" again. The actor again landed the money. Sam, now at his wit's end, persuaded Cantor to try once more. And they kept at it until the executive finally won his

coin back. "You've gotta be careful of money," he explained, after footing the huge bill for the trip.



That family skeleton from the Brisson closet is due for an airing! The "skeleton" happens to be a six-foot, husky male one, whom Carl introduced around Hollywood, these many months, as his brother. Now we understand that gleam in the actor's eyes, for—shhh—Carl is, in reality, his proud papa!



Bing Crosby's in the market for either a violin or a dog collar. He says that romantic hair-cut, which he sports in "Mississippi," matches well enough with his green velvet frock coat and purple satin cravat on the set, but somehow, something seems wrong when he gets toggled up in his own best clothes—corduroy pants and a baggy sweater. Being an actor, Bing wants to look the part at all times, so these two items head his shopping list.



Some meanies around this town are saying that, since her association with the talented writer, Bob Riskin, Carole Lom-

bard is becoming high hat. If that is so, 'twould seem that Bob's success has gone to Carole's head! Mr. R., if you recall, is the gentleman who penned "It Happened One Night" and is partly responsible for "The Whole Town's Talking," two Columbia hits. Miss L. is an actress who dresses beautifully.

■ ■ ■

Since Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles have moved near the Sam Goldwyns, they get a lot of Sam's guests by mistake. Strangers ride up, ring the bell and, on beholding the cute little door-answerer, become baffled. Mrs. Ruggles is used to it now and invites the Goldwyn guests in for a drink before she sends 'em further up the hill to Sammy.

And speaking of entertaining, Director James Cruze keeps such an open house that a lot of people actually think his place is an inn. They appear unasked and order things and, when they discover they are in a private home, do their faces turn a beautiful shade of vermillion? Well, yes!

■ ■ ■

When the heretofore infant industry began to gurgle, her enterprising bosses announced with much pomp: Garbo Talks! And, upon the recent release of "The Painted Veil," we all were edified to learn via the billboards: Garbo Smiles! But, you fans have yet to officially hear that: Garbo Bathes! Honest Injun, she does, for our beautiful blue eyes—which are far too big for pictures—witnessed the Famous One purchasing a bottle of bath salts at a Palm Springs drug store. After the sale, the clerk had himself a bottle of smelling salts "on the house," so thrilled was he to have taken the lady's dollar. As a matter of fact, we've never been considerate enough to inquire as to whether the boy recovered from the nervous shock.

■ ■ ■

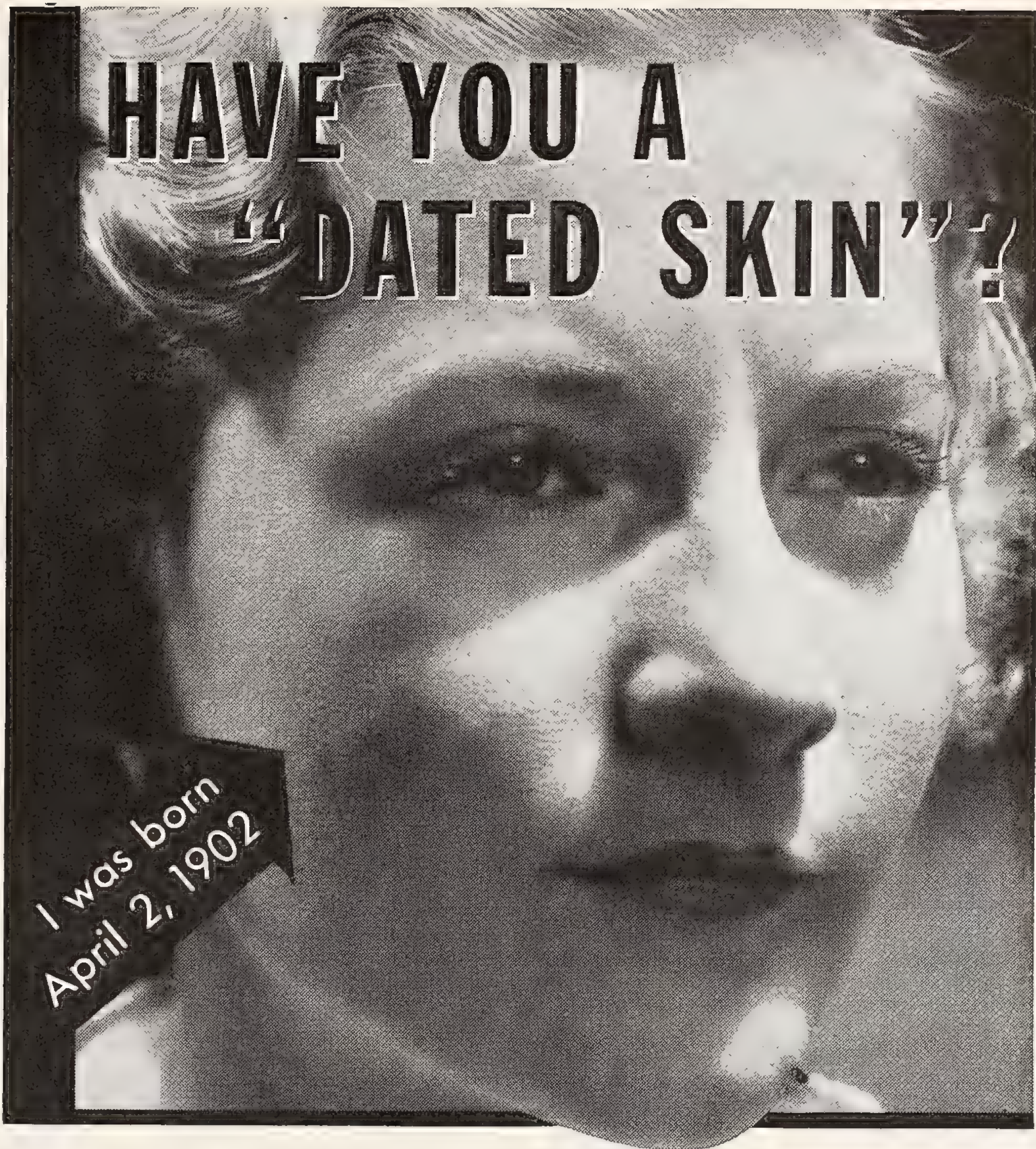
And speaking of Greta quite naturally reminds us of George Brent. He is still very much around, so wouldn't the joke be on us skeptics if theirs is an honest-to-goodness romance and not a publicity stunt after all! Yep, although George, while at Palm Springs, did not stay at La Quinta, where Garbo checked in, he did park his trunk five miles away at Del Taquitz, from where he flew each morn to spend the day with the object of his affections.

■ ■ ■

This is worth a good guffaw! Little



It's a two-dollar bet on the hosses for that canny Scotsman, Jimmy Durante!



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unfailing test: Send for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in ad-

vance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

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It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out the pain and congestion when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

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The Jolsons, Ruby and Al, sing and step together for the first time in "Go Into Your Dance"—and here they are!

George Breakston and his mother were coming to Los Angeles by train. They happened to meet a man who was bemoaning the fate of his three beautiful wolf-hounds, who had to sleep in the baggage car. George's mother, a softie where dogs are concerned, suggested that he sneak them into George's berth, and that her youngster could sleep with her. The next morning a brilliant thought struck her. She wired her husband, "Will be home at 9 P. M., just gave berth to three dogs."

For nonchalance, you can't beat Bill Powell! They do be saying it's the very trait that is capturing the fickle Harlow fancy, too. Bill wandered over to her house the other day, and was told that Jean was busy. Nothing daunted, he announced his intentions of remaining until he could see her. The "business" which was so urgent with Jean turned out to be cleaning all her bureau drawers and puttering around as gals will on off days, immersed in cold-cream and curl-papers. Bill chatted comfortably while she puttered, and finally took his nonchalant way home. And the platinum star takes it—and loves it.

If you don't think little Freddie Bartholomew, America's newest male starlet, is the answer to a maiden's prayer, then something's out of order in your cardiac regions. He's only ten years old, but as David in "David Copperfield" he displays more charm than Don Juan. They tried to tell us that this was Freddie's first acting experience, but our trusty nose snooped out the news that he's appeared in several English pictures. He's no sophisticate, though, in spite of his experience—which was proved on the night Dickens' story was to be previewed. Freddie suddenly dropped to his knees while dressing and prayed earnestly that both he and the picture might meet with approval.

Here's an idea for bringing up father. Elliott Nugent, directing "Win or Lose," has to direct his own Dad, J. C. Nugent, in the part of Dixie Lee's good-for-nothing old pappy.

"If all our kids would encourage our acting this way instead of trying to improve our grammar, we parents would have a happier lot of it," J. C. sighed contentedly the other day on the set. Eddie Nugent is

another member of this famous family.

The rise and fall of one dancer in Hollywood is worth noting. Rosita, by name, and partner of the noted Ramon of late-spot fame, was suddenly promoted to a featured part in "All the King's Horses." Rosita has extremely long arms and legs, and when she begins waving them around, it's dancing—and swell dancing, too! But t'other day, she kicked *too* high, and landed kerplunk, with more speed than dignity. Rushing to pick her up, everyone asked anxiously, "How do you feel?"

Rosita gingerly patted the areas on which she had landed. "Well," she said gloomily, "I feel like 'All the King's Horses and All the King's Men' could never get me together again!"

"Quiet, pleez!" hissed around the set means just that! When singing or talking scenes are to be recorded, a deathly calm instantly settles down on everything and everybody. Even the metronome on the piano is enclosed in a sound-proof box!

Five dazzling blondes were used in the finale of a dance number in "All the King's Horses." But when Director Frank Tuttle saw the "rushes," he announced the entire scene would have to be retaken, as he preferred brunettes. Why, Mister Tuttle, and here we thought you were a gentleman, sure enough!

But neither the blondes nor the brunettes are the most dazzling thing about that set, by a long shot. For the entire dancing floor is made of mirrors—at a cost of \$500 a slice! Seeing's how there are at least thirty-five pieces in all, you can draw your own conclusions as to what Paramount drew on their bank. But, annahoo, 'twas worth it, since these mirrors will make the scene twice as beautiful.

Well, Jimmy Durante still has his famous nose left, even though the Santa Anita racetrack has gotten a lot of his shekels. In fact, he took such a walloping there that he moved his gambling activities to another spot and then further on to an ex-



Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., is taking screen honors like his famous dad but as a dancer. Winifred Shaw is his partner in "Golddiggers of 1935."

clusive club featuring the reds and blacks. However, Bad Luck went with him, and finally Jimmy handed over what was left to his wife, who promptly cleaned up. "Beginner's luck," moaned Durante, loath to give credit where it was due.



There were so many awards handed out to the aristocratic "pooches" at the recent Palm Springs Dog Show that their owners, Alice White, Bill Gargan, Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell are all swelled up to beat heck.



Almost everyone knows that before Fred Keating became a legitimate actor, he was classed A-1 as a magician, his famous bird cage trick being now almost legendary. And so, at a recent Hollywood gathering, Fred's prowess in this direction was being discussed and praised.

"Well," finally contributed Inez Courtney, "I've known him for years and it seems to me that if he was so hot as a magician, he'd have changed my Japanese mink coat into a real one long ago!"



There's a little rustic roadhouse near Palm Springs called "The Canebreaks," which features a Hill Billy orchestra. Often of an evening, just by way of giving vent to the "Iturbi" in him, or to hand the natives a treat or sumpin', George Brent goes and plays the piano there. Another unprogrammed artist among those present on the night our scout appeared was Paul Lukas, who danced with a pretty little waitress as long as her heart desired—and her heart wasn't a bit backward either!

And by the way, since the famous pianist Iturbi's name has been brought up, while he was playing in concert at Los Angeles, he was seen everywhere with Ruth Chatterton, George's "ex."



Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy have built a beautiful tennis court on their property at Palm Springs with a view to sorta "making a little" on the side. The boys even went so far with their enterprise as to put Mr. Gledhill, a famous tennis expert, in charge. It soon developed, however, that that gentleman's most difficult task was to keep his employers off the court, so that some cash customers could take a shot at the game once in awhile.

But, all is well now, for two more courts have been added and a beautiful clubhouse, too, is in process of construction.



Director Woody Van Dyke has this particular type of humor. He took twenty of his "Naughty Marietta" chorus gals out on a real binge the other night—with dinner, dancing and the whole works. The revelry lasted 'til about five, and as he waved goodbye to them in the cold, gray dawn, he shouted cheerfully, "See you all at nine on the set!" Stunned, but helpless, they had to stagger some way to the studio—which they did, only to be sent home immediately by Woody, who reprimanded them severely for showing up so haggard-like.

Of course, there is no woman but what wants the last word—and when there's twenty of them, it means business! So they invited Mr. Van Dyke to a party at the Clover Club a few nights later. They had asked the waiter not to provide a chair for him, as he was the only gentleman invited, and would be busy dancing all evening.

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING

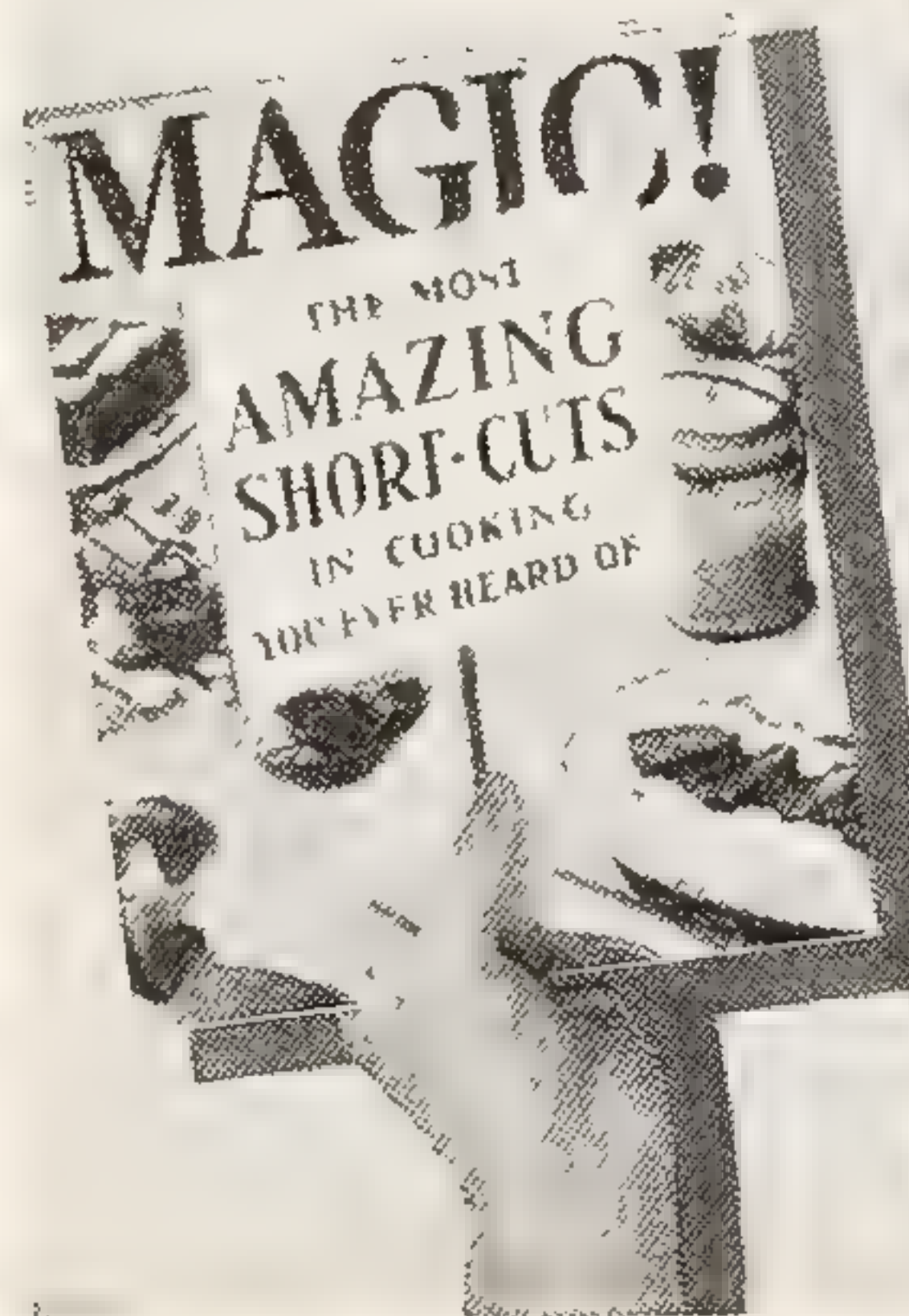
2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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FASCINATING HAIR

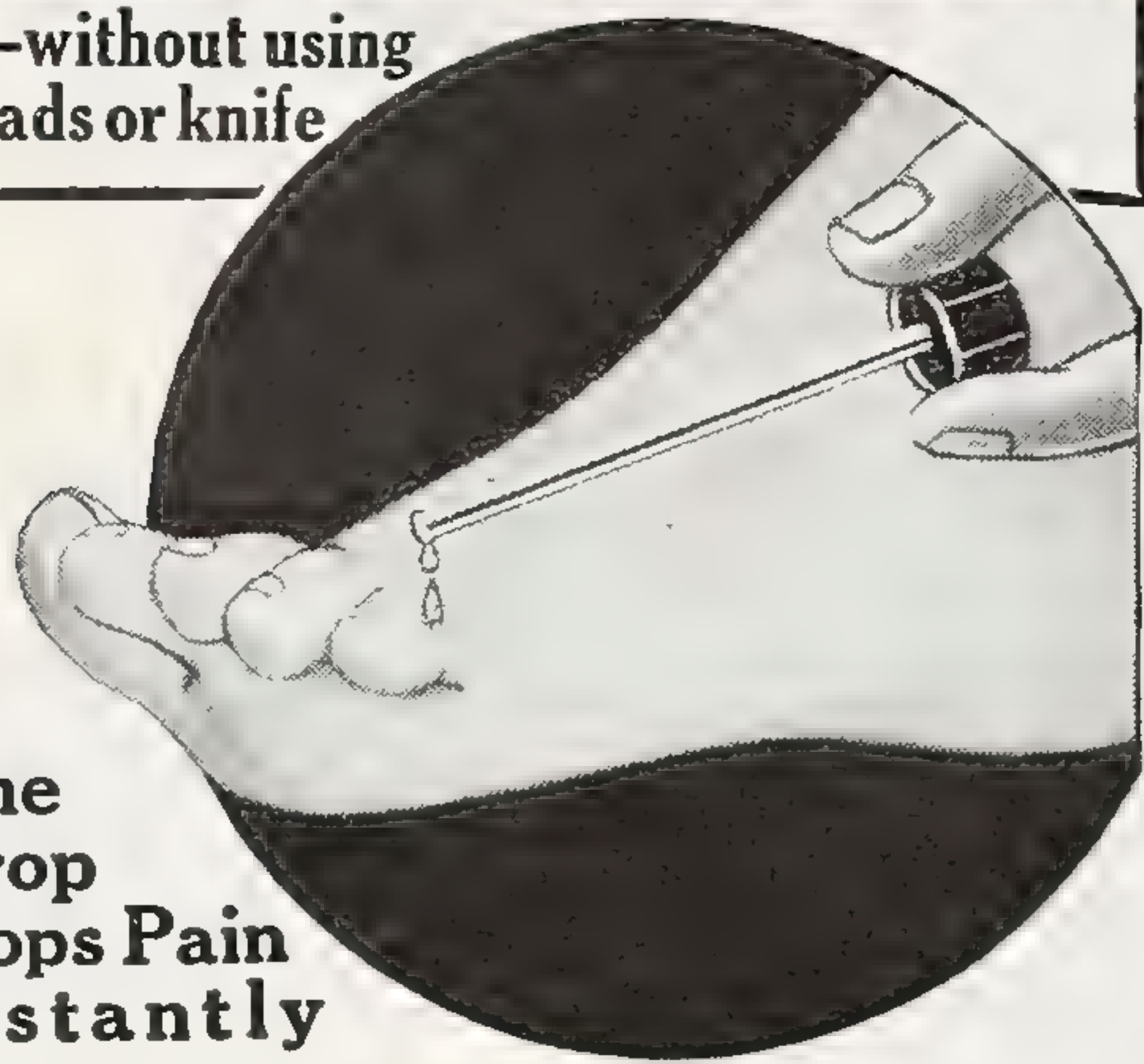
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HAIR ERASING PAD



Guess who this white-haired old gal is who makes the suave Menjou tear at his pate in "Golddiggers of 1935"? None other than Alice Brady!

Which he was! Also they requested that every time Woody ordered food, he was to be brought beans—also which he was!

The next morning, pale and wan, he appeared for work—and was soundly reprovved for not getting a good night's rest.

Tullio Carminati's made a record! A singer of genuine note, this is the first time that his voice has ever been recorded. The song which his fans may now tune in on their phonographs is "Love Passes By" from his recent picture "Let's Live Tonight."

"Love me, love my dog," says Charles Farrell, to friends who visit him in his Beverly Hills home. Now, under ordinary circumstances, that wouldn't be so difficult, but—you should see Charlie's dog! It's that great Dane pup that was presented to him after "Seventh Heaven" by an admirer, and its name is Chico. Quite a number of dog biscuits have been devoured since that time, and Chico now resembles an overgrown lion. Unfortunately, he still has hallucinations that he's a lapdog. And Charlie is genuinely hurt because his friends prefer to stand up and visit with him, rather than sit down and let Chico leap into their laps for his snooze.

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth—nor pat it on the back, Wynne Gibson will tell you. Wynne, who is among the colony's better horsewomen, was given a new saddle horse recently, and immediately got a party together and all set out over the trails. After a while, Wynne turned to the rider following, to rave about the docility of her steed, and in doing so placed her hand on its back. Like a shot, the horse bucked six feet into the air, sending its fair rider sprawling over its head! Undaunted, Wynne determined to find the cause of this—and sure nuff, every time a hand was placed on that horse's back, he proceeded to buck. So now, Wynne's birthday present can buck to its heart's content in a wide, green meadow of its own.

Like the famous prairie flower, Bob Armstrong's garden grows wilder every hour!

Bob doesn't agree with most of these Hollywood natives who order a house built, and don't move in 'til every last fixture is in running order—including the garden. So his Mexican ranch house really expresses individuality. And the flowers and shrubbery simply run riot all over the place, because he believes that Mexican landscaping should give an effect of carelessness and age. Well—it does, all right!

Yet they say that all husbands are jealous brutes! Just lend an ear to this tale of a husband—Minna Gombell's to be exact, who also happens to be Mr. Joseph Sefton, a big financial figger in San Diego.

Mr. Sefton never introduces his wife other than in this manner. "Meet my wife—Miss Minna Gombell."

When questioned by startled friends (particularly other husbands) he says, "Why not? I believe it's her right to be introduced as Miss Gombell. After all, she established herself as an important person long before she ever knew me, and I'd be pretty selfish to belittle her accomplishments by introducing her by her married name."

Some movie actors confine their talents to histrionics—but not David Manners! He goes in for words, too. In fact, he's pounded enough of 'em out on the old typewriter to fill two books and several short stories. Proof—well, a New York publisher has okayed the proof! So any day, now, you can expect to see the results of David's brain waves at your book shop.

Bleeve it or not—and we don't think you will—but the little blonde, who looks "sweet sixteen and never been kissed" and plays opposite Joe Morrison in "Win or Lose," is the mother of a strapping three-year-old son and twin boys! Yep—it's Dixie Lee, proud mama, and wife of Bing Crosby, too. She looks young enough to need that nurse-maid for herself instead of for her trio of sons.

There's more truth than fiction in these amazing tales of Fred Keating's magic. Frinstance—on a recent automobile trip, difficulties developed over Fred's colored chauffeur. Seems the hotel managers didn't care to put him up in comfortable quarters.



Richard Dix is the most enthusiastic prospective pa in Hollywood. Here he is with Mrs. Dix and the dogs.

But this did not phase the astute Keating! With two turkish towels and a dime-store brooch he decorated his man Friday, and presto! Racial and social status were changed. The next hotel was "honored" to rent their two best rooms to Mr. Fred Keating and "The Hon. Arbrur Jodphur Singh, cousin of the Maharajah of Rajputana"! Ingenious, what!



The "back to the land" movement has hit several of the Hollywood stars. When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot returned from merrie old England, the first thing they did was scout around for a country estate, agreeing with the English idea that home sweet home must be in the country.

Paul Kelly has a hankering for a New England farm, and recently he received an advertisement of one, stating that the house dated back to pre-revolutionary days; in fact, its Colonial owners were among those awakened by Paul Revere on his memorable ride. Looking up the location of said house on a map, he found it was over two hundred miles from Boston. Mr. Kelly couldn't resist the temptation of writing to inquire as to just when Paul Revere swapped his horse for that motorcycle!



Douglass Montgomery had all the ladies of the cast of "Merrily We Roll Along," simply gaga over him, by his daily presentation of gorgeous corsages of red and white camellias and purple violets. Fearing that he was driving himself to the verge of bankruptcy, Erin O'Brien-Moore did some sleuthing on the side. Come to find out, Doug's estate, "Edgecliffe," is simply running wild with camellia bushes and acres of violets! So-o-o-o.



Billie Burke's charm enslaves men of all ages. Recently, her agent was frantically trying to have some pictures of Billie sent over from the photographer's, to use in the next day's newspaper. An eighteen-year-old lad in her office overheard the telephone conversation. "Say, lissen," he said, "if you want some pictures of Billie right away, I'll just run home and get some—they're plastered all over my entire room!"



Discovered—a Hollywood screen actor who balks at being called a "clothes-horse!" 'Tis none other than Joel McCrea, who in recent months has had the reputation forced upon him. But he's happy again, now, wearing shabby, ill-fitting clothes, and an ear-to-ear grin. This apparel is for his new role in "Private Worlds" and Joel claims it's simply grand to feel "back to normal" once more.



Here's a tip—not on the market but on nursery walls. Sally Eilers believes that young mothers can be individualistic in spite of all those set formulas about everything from sun-baths to strained spinach for their young hopefuls. So in place of Mother Goose, the Three Little Pigs and Jack and the Beanstalk on the walls of her son's nursery, she has decorated it with a border of photographs of all her friends' babies. Young Master Harry Joe Brown, Jr. is going to get acquainted with his gang rather early! It's a right cute idea, don't you agree?



Clear up sniffly little noses — help to prevent many colds, too—with VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

THE next time you hear a snuffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided

by Nature to prevent colds, or to throw them off in the early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real* medication—yet is *absolutely safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.

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Always ask for *Vicks Va-tro-nol*.

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

Have you wondered about the young David of "David Copperfield"? Do you want to know all about this remarkable youngster, Freddie Bartholomew, who practically stole the show from all the full-fledged stars in the picture? You're right, he is different from other kids. Read about him in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.

Also in the same issue, an enlightening story about a certain quality that all of us would like to possess—GLAMOR. Glamor is not a gift, it is acquired. So, get your copies early and learn how to be glamorous.



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A Chance to Live an Ideal

(Continued from page 31)

"Mr. Zanuck was very frank when he first told me of his decision to assign me this part. He even mentioned the fact that most of his associates were quite dubious about his plan to give me the role. Well," she laughed, "so was I until I had read the book and the script over many times. I realized immediately, though, that I wanted to play this role as I have never wanted to play another. I wanted to play Meg because I loved her so and, most of all, because it would give me a chance to live the life of my ideal woman. I decided that, at thirty, I should want to be like Meg.

"Then I began to wonder. So many things she did were so foreign to our conventional ideas. But still I was forced to admire her, even though I might disagree at first, because she had the strength and the honesty to live her life as she thought best, without particular regard to the copy-book versions."

AS Loretta talked, I thought she was not only revealing the characteristics of the amazing woman she portrays in a film—but something, as well, of her own ideals and aims in life. And when I suggested this to her, she nodded slowly.

"I have, in a way, compared my own reactions to Meg's and, as far as we go in ages, I think we are not unlike. It is only when Meg matures and makes such courageous and daring decisions in her life that I begin to wonder if I will have the same magnificent courage in facing things.

"For instance, in the early part of the film, she shows a strong sense of adventure when she comes to India to meet Clive, whom she has never seen in her life. He has fallen in love with her photograph and written her asking her to come. She marries him. She has led a quiet, sheltered life, but there was something in Clive's letters, some undercurrent of real love that causes her to ignore the conventionalities under which she had been brought up.

"I can't help but think that there was something of that same feeling of adventure in my own romance and marriage four years ago. Of course, mine was not the daring adventure of going to a strange country to marry a man I had never seen before. But, in a way, it was a stupendous adventure to me. I, too, had been brought up conservatively, sheltered in the heart of my family. It was a terrific step in my life to run away, cut myself off from my mother's guidance at seventeen—for what I thought (just as deeply as did Meg) must be true love. There, our mutual experience ends. For Meg's was an ultimate success, mine a failure. I came back to the shelter of my family, Meg remains to share the tumultuous experience of life with a man who became a military idol of India and a great political figure in England.

"In time they have a child, and for the moment Meg's life seems ideal. Of course she has to put up with the society gossip that says she is not the type of woman who can help advance the career of such a brilliant man as Robert Clive. But it falls on deaf ears. She is too wrapped up in her home, in her husband, in her child. She is a devoted mother. But here again Meg's character becomes surprising. When Clive is called back to India because he is the only man who can quell an uprising, it is up to Meg to choose between staying with her sick

child and accompanying her husband. It is a moment of turmoil and indecision in her life. But when the last minute comes, she goes with her husband!

FRANKLY, I'm going to admit that this surprised me. I'd always felt that nothing, not even a husband, could possibly come before a child. I'd always thought I would feel that way about my own child. Even now, I am not sure. I'm not positive what I would do under the same circumstances. I don't know that I can ever reach that point of love that will allow me to put my husband before my child, especially a sick child. Perhaps you will say Meg's maternal instinct was not as deep as it seemed to be. But that is not the case. Meg loved her husband with an almost maternal love. He was a child to her. So, when it came to a choice, it was really between two children. She chose the boy whom she believed needed her most, the one who had the most vital and terrific problems to solve. The child died while they were in India, and it was only that great love for Clive that sustained her.

"I wonder if I would have the courage to put such a strain on modern marriage? I have always thought it a mistake to wrap one's life completely about one person—to the extent that if that one person fails there is nothing left. I would be frightened to trust so much of my life and happiness to another. But Meg is not afraid to test love to the fullest—and, after all, isn't a tested love the only love worth knowing? The modern version of love that says, 'Well, if anything happens, I have this to fall back on or that to fall back on, is a pretty poor substitute, isn't it?

"Playing this part has convinced me of at least one thing for the future—I shall never fall in love—or marry another man—with mental reservations. I have Meg's inspiration for the folly of that.

"Even later in the story, when it comes Clive's turn to choose between Meg and another alternative . . . and he puts adventure and duty before love and home . . . she does not think he has really failed her. She knows Clive too well. She knows it is merely a matter of waiting, waiting until his little-boy world of glamor and military uniforms crashes before him. She has infinite patience with him.

"Could I do that? If I made a great sacrifice in the name of love, I wonder if I wouldn't expect that great sacrifice to be repaid in kind—pound for pound and tear for tear? We women, especially those of us who have careers grow a bit selfish in our outlook. Through Meg's eyes I have come to wonder if Hollywood women ever really give marriage a fair chance. We are so wrapped up in our own problems that we seldom have the time or the inclination to understand someone else's. Through public adulation and critic's cheers, our false pride grows so strong in us. Meg had pride, too. But it was a pride within herself, not a fearful worry about what people would think. We modern women are constantly afraid of what people will say.

Meg doesn't care if the gossips do say that Clive has left her in preference for adventure in India. And when his castles fall and they try to sweep away all his splendor and glory with slander, she knows her place is at his side. She is the one thing in life that doesn't fail him when he needs her the most. She is as

when he needs her the most. She is as fresh and lovely and strong in her love as she was when she first came to him as a young girl."

Loretta spoke with such real feeling and sincerity that I was amazed. It was the first time I had ever known a young actress to be so deeply swayed by the character she portrays on the screen. But Loretta is a serious little girl. So many things have recently happened in her life to make her serious. At twenty-two, when most girls are just starting to meet life's battles, Loretta has come through three unhappy romances with flying colors. Her head is up and her strong, youthful chin is out.

"I hope when I am thirty I am such a woman as Meg," she said quietly. "I hope I have found such a love as she found . . . and the high courage to be true to it!"

Modern Screen-Warner Song Contest

(Continued from page 43)

complete list of fifteen pictures, but you will be judged on a basis of three out of five.

Remember, you must tell who sang the song which you designate as the most popular hit from each of the pictures which you choose.

Keep each set of five until the contest is complete. DO NOT SEND THIS SET NOW—KEEP IT UNTIL YOU HAVE FULFILLED THE REQUIREMENTS FOR NEXT MONTH. If you misunderstood last month and have already sent in last month's installment, we will try to keep your contribution on file, but we assume no risk.

With your complete set of nine (or more) answers—three chosen from each set of five—you are asked to write one hundred words telling which Warner musical you have liked the best to date—and why. You may use less than a hundred words, but don't use more. The words "a," "an," and "the" will not count.

ASIDE from winning one of the prizes in this contest, do you know the big feature? Yes, you are right. It is writing a set of lyrics. The best of those submitted will be set to music and published by a real music publisher and used in a forthcoming Warner Brothers production.

You undoubtedly have some one—may



It's boxing now that engages the fancy of that merry pair, Mickey Mouse and Pluto!



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we surmise a sweetheart, wife or husband?—who has awakened within you a feeling that you could write a poem about them or to them. Well, when you come down to it, a set of lyrics is really a poem which is set to music to make a song. We bring this up as a hint here, because Mr. Julius P. Witmark, Jr., the one who arranged this contest for you has had so much experience with some of the great song writers and he has told us that the most successful lyrics ever written have always been due to some such inspiration. Imagine the great thrill of writing such an inspired lyric, having it accepted, taking the one and only to the movies and having your lyric, written about him or her, sung to you from the screen. Yes, sir, it would be a tremendous thrill for both of you and we are sure that under the above conditions you can produce.

You stand just as good a chance of winning one of the prizes—the first prize of \$250; the second prize of \$100; the third prize of \$50! the fourth prize of \$25! one of the five fifth prizes of \$10 each; or one of the five sixth prizes of \$5 each—if you stop at the list of songs and singers and the one-hundred-word description. BUT—an extra added honor goes to the person who writes, in the opinion of the judges, the best set of lyrics. He may or may not win one of the prizes—that depends upon how accurately and aptly, in the opinion of the judges, he fulfills the above requirements. The special honor reserved for the writer of the best set of lyrics is the inclusion of these lyrics—set to music and everything—in a forthcoming

ing Warner musical production.

So get busy, not only in answering the questions in this contest, but also with your lyric. Keep your three sets of answers, composition of one hundred words or less, and lyrics, if you wish to submit a set until after you have completed the three parts of the contest, and send them all to the MODERN SCREEN-WARNER Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., mailing them no later than midnight on May 15, 1935, when the contest closes. All entries must be mailed by that time.

For the lyric which will be used in a Warner production, the usual royalties on music publication and commercial, mechanical instrument use will be paid by the music publishers.

No entries will be returned. All lyrics submitted will be returned, if not accepted, upon receipt of your request together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Remember, we assume no risk for the return of same. We advise you to keep a copy of the lyrics you submit.

Send all entries and lyrics to MODERN SCREEN-WARNER Song Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Everyone is eligible to compete in this contest except the employees of MODERN SCREEN and employees of Warner Brothers-First National Studios.

The judges of this contest are the editors of MODERN SCREEN and Julius P. Witmark.

Please do not send elaborate, pretentious entries. They stand no better chance of winning a prize than accurate, simple entries. Neatness is important, of course.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 47)

and too far apart. The Battle of Waterloo, staged at great and very evident cost, is muddled and not as exciting as it should be. To be sure, after each dull spot, Mr. Arliss somehow contrives to snap up your attention with sure and succinct acting and make you feel that this is a pretty good picture, after all. We liked an English actress named Norma Varden in the role of the dignified Duchess of Richmond. We found the acting of Gladys Cooper as the unhappy Duchess D'Angouleme, niece of Louis XVIII, commendable. We did not like a pretty but irritating young woman, Leslie Wareing, in the ingenue role of Lady Frances. Of course, we still

like Mr. Arliss, no matter what he does.

A: The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)

You'll love this, if you have a spark of romance and adventure in your soul. Made in England, with Leslie Howard, whom we have come to regard as our own, in the leading role, magnificently directed by Alexander Korda, aptly cast, down to the smallest role, it is indeed a story which will spirit you away from the humdrum cares of 1935 to the dramatic and dangerous days of the French Revolution. To tell you much would spoil your enjoyment in



"The Scarlet Pimpernel" gives you a thrilling pair, Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon.



Chester Morris, Virginia Bruce and Robert Taylor in "Society Doctor."



Together again—Ed Lowe and Vic MacLaglen with Marjorie Rambeau in "Under Pressure."

the thrill and suspense which this story contains. We will only say that it is all about a reckless, brave Englishman who, as the secret leader of a secret band, spirited away brutally condemned French aristocrats from under the very knife of the guillotine. Leslie Howard is called upon to play, in a sense, a dual role. As the daring leader, he is one person. As the too, too elegant, foppish Sir Percy Blakeney, who hides his brave work behind a seemingly idle and worthless life, he brings much wit and comedy to the picture. Merle Oberon, as his wife, is beautiful.

C: Red Hot Tires (Warner Brothers)

Zoom; They're off! And if you're a race-track fiend, you, too, will be off in a cloud of dust for some scalp-tingling entertainment. But for the rest of us softies, the snail's pace plot dims the flying start. Not that there's any dearth of thrills, what with prison escapes, hectic love affairs, murder trials and airplane stunts! Still, at the risk of being considered pretty pernickety, we'll take our thrills in somewhat smaller doses, thankin' ye just the same! Lyle Talbot is convincingly reckless as the racer with nerves of cast-iron and heart of pure gold, but somehow the lovely Mary Astor doesn't seem to fit those mechanic's overalls. Roscoe Karns faithfully flips his customary wisecracks and Frankie Darro grins his grin.

However, if you or yours are on the lookout for a powerful antidote for chronic race-track fever, here's your medicine.

B: Society Doctor (M-G-M)

Ever since "Grand Hotel," we've all yearned for dramatic tales involving the lives and loves of many people, and their strange influence on one another's destinies. And here's another picture to satisfy that craving for more cross-section squints at life.

With a great city hospital as a background, and characters from every strata of society, the story is intensely interesting—even to the chronic triangular love affair. For Chester Morris and Robert Taylor are such attractive rivals that you'll be as much a-dither as Virginia Bruce, the beautiful blonde nurse.

Billie Burke is good as the prettily helpless and completely brainless patient, who simply adores operations! At that, having one's appendix removed a couple times by such a handsome doctor as Robert Taylor might be a treat.

What this picture lacks in "big names," is more than compensated for by the excellent acting.

B: Under Pressure (Fox)

"Under Pressure" presents some good, red-blooded, he-mannish entertainment with just a dash of the educational thrown in for good measure. Are you interested in tunnel-building? Have you ever thought about it? Well, you'll do a little of each when you see what men go through to dig a passage way down deep in a river bed. The risks that are run and the lives that are lost!

The story built about this great structural feat is bright enough to hold your attention, with those two friendly enemies, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, supplying laughs and love interest and plenty of action. The popular team give their by-now familiar, but nevertheless capable, performances. Marjorie Rambeau, long in love with Victor, does a fine piece of acting and Florence Rice, the object of Eddie's affections, turns in a nice portrayal.

B: Wings in the Dark (Paramount)

This is another airplane picture and, even if it does tax your credulity a bit, it is all in the interest of good, clean thrills, so who are we to complain?

The plot reveals Myrna Loy as a stunt-flyer—which type of role is outside of her usual cinematic "beat," you'll agree—and Cary Grant as an aviator who is blinded on the eve of his great flight.

Miss Loy gives a nice, even, though by no means sparkling characterization, and Mr. Grant does a fair job. Roscoe Karns, as the high-powered manager and press agent, is simply slick.

C: The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)

Metro should hang its head in shame and both Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda blush a beautiful crimson, and the gent who should run out and jump off a cliff is the picture's author. The Honor System and a Girl Scout attitude prevent us from disclosing that unworthy's name.

As its title tends to indicate, this one deals with the Irish Sweepstakes. The winning ticket is held by Leo—for an instant anyway—after which time the baby hides it so that the fun (?) may begin. If the Little One could only have mislaid the



Roscoe Karns, Cary Grant and Myrna Loy in "Wings in the Dark."

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No. 12—Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes



Each One Does Its Own Job BETTER



"Carnival" is a circus tale with Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers starring.

plot somewhere! But no, Life is not that kind!

Mr. Carrillo is pretty awful as the Italian barber who mixes his English phraseology along with the shaving soap and Miss Fazenda, as his Irish wife, had better stick to co-called comedy, for her emotional moments are rather horrible. Ted Healy alone, playing her ne'er-do-well brother, shows signs of ability.

C: Night Life of the Gods (Universal)

Well, you don't have to be goofy in order to enjoy this picture, but it'll certainly help! Never have we seen such a conglomeration of pseudo-sophisticated nonsense on any screen at any time. This celluloider, we dare say, was intended to abound in ultra-smart "touches," but the intentions somewhat went the way of the place that is said to be paved with 'em.

The mad—and literally that—yarn deals with a scientist who brings the Greek gods to life and they, associated with some slightly better than nutty moderns, go on a binge around New York City. No, we mean it! At the risk of being thought gaited too low mentally to "get" such sophistry we beg to state that we've attended as many "intelligentsia" soirées, where sentences are left unfinished and licker completely finished, as the next one. And even so, we pity Alan Mowbray, Florine McKinney, Peggy Shannon and Uncle Carl Laemmle for getting into this!

B: Notorious Gentleman (Universal)

Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley—but this picture is really a *mysterious* mystery story! If it doesn't keep you wide-eyed and wondering to the very end, then you're the one who could make Sherlock Holmes look like a numb-skull.

Though too many conflicting motives are dragged into the murder, suicide hate and love cases, the originality of the situations sustains your interest. Charles Bickford is back in a suitable role—that of the lawyer-murderer who is always on the lookout for a loop-hole in the law and finally hangs himself in it. Onslow Stevens, as the district attorney, proves again that he can deliver the goods, while Dudley Digges is excellent as the old lawyer, steeped in the traditions of the South, suh—and its corn whiskey.

Helen Vinson's character isn't as smooth as her appearance. Seems like she takes a little too much advantage of women's right to change her mind—indulging as

she does in three "grande passions" in about as many reels.

B: Life Returns (Universal)

Here is an entertaining picture, the story of which has been woven around the immensely interesting experiment of bringing the dead back to life, which experiment was conducted recently by the California scientist, Dr. Robert E. Cornish.

The youthful hero's dog has been asphyxiated and is actually "brought back" before your very eyes, in a series of close-ups. There is nothing squeamish or morbid about this; in fact, the preview audience applauded when the first sign of restored breathing was disclosed.

Dr. Eugene Frenke directed, and gleaned a workmanlike job from a slim story and a cast of competent players. Onslow Stevens is sincere as the physician who sacrifices everything for his "great experiment," and young George Breakston proves excellent as the desperate, heart-broken boy whose pet is restored to him at the eleventh hour. Yes, we think there is much in "Life Returns" to interest you.

B: Carniva' (Columbia)

Bearded ladies, tattooed gentlemen, mid-gets, monsters and Jimmy Durante, is a good enough cast for any picture, you'll admit. But Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers are among those present, besides!

This yarn of the hard-boiled, soft-hearted folk of a traveling circus, is packed with lotsa plot, laughs and mascara-threatening moments. The trials and tribulations suffered by Lee Tracy, to keep his small son out of the clutches of the welfare authorities, provides plenty of action. You won't wonder that Lee is quite frantic, when you see little Dickie Walters—for the director has let him act as a little boy should and not like a child prodigy shouldn't.

Florence Rice is attractive as the prospective mother of the child, while Sally Eilers, who finally wins the honor of being the mother, does an excellent bit of acting.

When this picture comes to town, it's guaranteed to answer that "what to do this evening" question satisfactorily.

B: The Best Man Wins (Columbia)

This is a nice entertaining film if you like deep sea divers—and it's pretty good, too, even if you don't go near the water. For, there's a thrill every time



Jack Holt and Edmund Lowe in a polite moment from "The Best Man Wins."



Douglass Montgomery and Valerie Hobson play Dickens' roles in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

a man dons a metal contraption and goes down among the seaweed with the oxygen giving out and the villain up top on the drydock cutting tubes and such-like. Yes, there's a great deal of suspense, all right! Of course, the story itself won't give you brain fag, but then, who wants *that*?

Edmund Lowe and Jack Holt, good men and true—at least Jack is—are in love with the same girl, the lovely Florence Rice. Being an average young lady, she is "that way" about the wrong man. However, Fate steps in and sets her right and you leave the theatre fully convinced that virtue triumphs—in the celluloid, anna-hoo! You'll be pleased with the leading characters' performances and the diving stuff.

B: The Mystery of Edwin Drood

(Universal)

Here is another dish for you Dickens relishers! It isn't guaranteed to be as palatable as "David Copperfield," but Stuart Walker has directed with care, and not attempted to replace the Dickens flavor with any of the modern substitutes. For the rest of us, though, goodly dashes of salty wisdom don't entirely satisfy. We'll take a bit more spice in our entertainment, since the painstaking, slow plot developments and character build-ups drag pretty badly in spots. David Manners, as Edwin Drood, provides the mystery in the story by his strange disappearance. Douglass Montgomery, the young man from Ceylon, is given plenty to think about when he becomes the object of suspicion, while Heather Angel, his poor little fiancée, is simply cuh-razy, what with worrying about it all. Claude Rains adds to the uniformly good work of the cast with his performance of the wicked old uncle.

In short, this is a movie that's to be praised in part, but not at length.

B: Women Must Dress

(Monogram)

If you doubt the veracity of this title, don't miss seeing the picture! Particularly if you're looking comfortably forward to becoming forty and fattish, secure in the affections of your better-half. For, like Minna Gombell, you may discover, like a bolt from the blue, that friend hubby prefers 'em young and slimmish. Still worse—if it's a choice between a paragon of all the virtues and a cute little clothes-horse, he's apt to favor the latter, just as does Gavin Gordon, her erring spouse.

Here, at least, the home-breaker (Lenita

Lane) proves beautiful but dumb compared to the wife and model of all the virtues, whose actions when aroused surprise not only her husband, but her ultra-modern daughter, and even Grandma who has long since refused to be surprised by anything. What's more, Minna's tactics will take you by surprise, too!

C. Rumba

(Paramount)

Do you remember the one about the fabulously rich sassiety gal, the petulant lit-tul thrill-seeker who frequents dives just for a lark and, pardon us, even *gets* the bird from the beneath-her-socially gent she chases? Well, in case you don't, the familiar plot is once again unreel in "Rumba." Of course, the story serves as a big build-up for the sequence in which George Raft and Carole Lombard execute the intricate steps of that colorful dance, and very beautifully they do it, too. But when you've seen that, you've seen about everything the picture has to offer. Indeed, the theme is about as phony as its papier mache-looking sets, with the hero's behavior being more like that of a Bowery baddie than a Mexican dancer. So little suspense is managed that one can even anticipate ensuing situations.

Miss Lombard, looking lovely, does what can be done with a very stupid character, which isn't much. Lynne Overman, as the wise-cracking newspaperman, is good in that very familiar role and Margo, as the Lombard foil, dances beautifully and photographs atrociously. Indeed, even if the order were "On with the dance," it wouldn't be Paramount's "Rumba" for us.

A: My Heart Is Calling

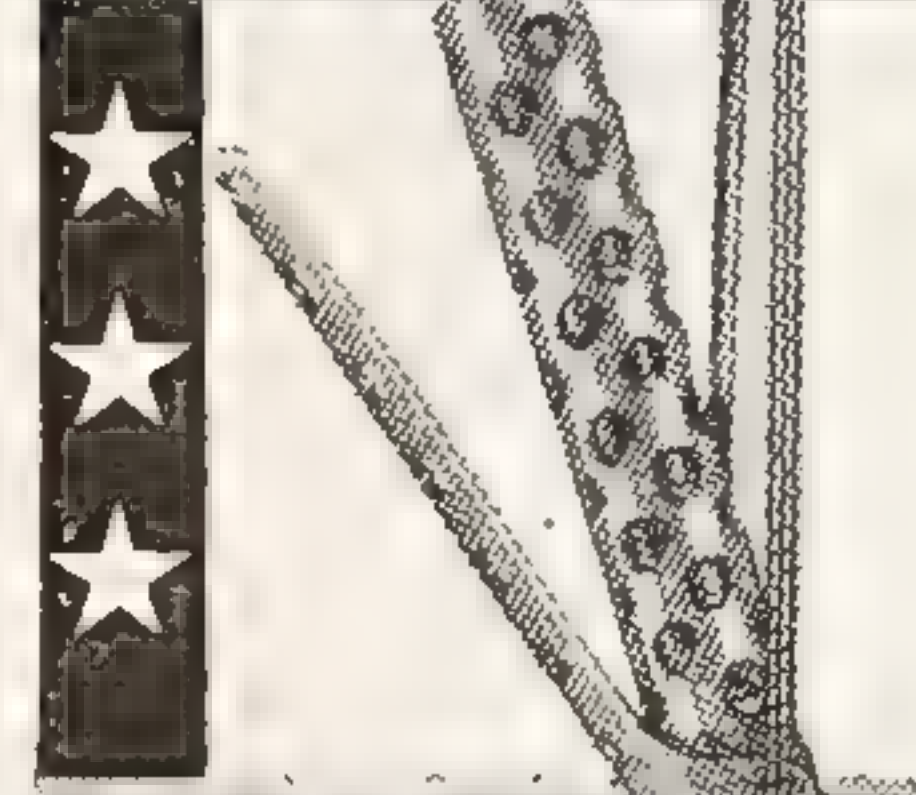
(Gaumont-British)

It is a certified Czech named Jan Kiepura—you may remember him in "Be Mine Tonight"—who makes this picture as enjoyable as it is. His voice is truly magnificent and he sings a generous number of songs. Three new ones—"My Heart Is Calling," "Serenade" and "You, Me and Love." There are two arias from "La Tosca," cleverly presented, and other operatic pieces. As for the rest of the picture—the story is well enough, but we find English comedy pretty unfunny. The girl, Marta Eggerth, is attractive and spirited and has a pretty good voice herself, but she really should lose about twenty pounds for her American audiences. Sonnie Hale works himself up into a perspiration in his efforts to be killingly funny all the time and doesn't succeed very well. We forgot everything when Kiepura sang.



Minna Gombell and Hardie Albright in a scene from "Women Must Dress."

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Read the
Modern Hostess Department
every month in

MODERN SCREEN

Amazing Things Have Happened to Her

(Continued from page 53)

no other way to reach home, except by following that death-dealing steel.

The blonde daredevil drew in her breath sharply. She gripped the arm of her brunette chum. "Come," she whispered, "we must follow them. It is the only way! Don't show you're afraid!"

For what seemed an eternity the two chums continued their march of horror, managing to keep about ten paces between themselves and the terrible bayonets. And always the cruel, mask-like faces of the soldiers leering at them silently and evilly. At last they reached the home of the blonde Anna, and darted in to collapse on the floor for a good spell of hysteria.

For that blonde Anna, that daredevil of Kiev was none other than our own Anna Sten, alluring lady of a thousand and one screen moods.

As I gazed on her, stretched out on a couch in her dressing-room in that frilled and flounced organdie dress which she wore as Katusha in the Russian Easter scene from "We Live Again," she seemed the very epitome of shy maidenliness. Her crown of golden braids and a demure sky-blue sash completed the illusion of angelic purity and shrinking modesty. I could scarcely believe that this was the same person who had defied part of the Communist army, and risked death not once, but many times, with a devil-may-care pluckiness that could be envied by many a professional hero.

Take the incident of her defiance of a military command. Again she was walking down the twisted streets of Kiev. And again she shouldn't have been. All at once, she found herself face to face with a squadron of grim looking soldiers, this time marching forward in circular formation around a group of prisoners they were taking to the parade ground for execution. She knew very well that she should have stepped aside to allow this deadly escort to pass, but something in her rebelled.

"The officer in command yelled at me to step back, but I didn't. Why didn't he shoot me?" She looked at me with childish wonderment in her blazing blue eyes. "I don't know to this day, for I know he had instructions to shoot any citizen who interfered with his progress. Maybe some instinct told me he wouldn't, for I continued to walk on in the middle of the street, actually making my steps slower so that he wouldn't reach the parade ground so soon.

"It was madness—I, walking along calmly—that man behind me, yelling to me to step aside or he'd shoot!"

She shook her head solemnly. "Perhaps it was the abnormal life, the terrible happenings every day which made me so—soldiers, battles, executions, flights!"

AS a matter of fact, it was the Cossack blood which ran in her veins that made her "so."

More than any other member in her family, she inherited the dauntless courage and the recklessness of her colorful forebears, who, for generations, had guarded the wild and luxuriant country around Kiev from all invaders. They were born rebels. Actually never happy unless they were defying some law. The stories of their incredible deeds and misdeeds have become the legends of the Ukraine countryside. The very word Cossack spells romance and adventure.

No wonder then that Anna's childhood and youth, endured through the turbulent period of the Russian Revolution, are packed with more exciting suspense than the adventures of "The Count of Monte Cristo." Most children study the history of their country but Anna lived hers, she was raised on revolution and civil turmoil.

Time after time her family, more timorous than she was, would send her out to forage for food. Giggling, she described to me the preparations for those treasure hunts. Each member of the family would bring out some queer article of clothing and bundle her up in it until she looked like a padded barrel with a curly head stuck on top. Tied up in those queer rags, she would crawl down the dark road to the turnip fields, on the outskirts of the town—sometimes on her hands and knees to escape detection. Like a savage animal, she'd dig in the frozen earth for a mouldy turnip that might have been overlooked by other ravenous townspeople, for the Ukraine was faced with famine.

"Aren't you afraid of anything?" I asked. She laughed.

"If you keep it a deep secret, I'll tell you what I'm afraid of—it's staircases and steps! Every new staircase is my mortal enemy." Again she laughed that infectious laugh, covering her wide, laughing mouth with her hands—and looking at me from between spread fingers. She has the mannerisms of a child, gay, unselfconscious and very sensitive to any new stimulus.

And then she told me of her staircase complex. She just can't help either falling up or down stairs. Just present her with a new set of stairs and she's off her feet, in a hurry. Laughing so hard that she could hardly speak, she told me of the time she was invited as guest star from Moscow to act the star role in a picture they were making in Leningrad.

"The day I arrived in Leningrad I was invited to a big party at the motion picture club there. It was to be a celebration in my honor. I didn't know a soul in the city and they didn't know me. I was taken, in great state, by the director of the picture. We arrived late, in order to make a grand entrance into the ballroom where they were waiting to meet me. He took me into an ante room first which led down into the main ballroom by three innocent stairs.

WELL, I was terribly excited and confused by this great affair in my honor—and when I saw the staircase, it was too much!

"All I know was that the door opened from the outside as was planned, but instead of those people seeing me enter the room grandly on the arm of the great director, they saw me sitting on the bottom step, my legs and arms flying out in four directions and my eyes blinking at them like a foolish sheep. Imagine a guest of honor greeting her hosts from that position on the floor. I think I have never since been so terribly embarrassed!"

"When I think back over some of those experiences," she told me with a distant look in her eyes, "I sometimes believe that I have lived five lives in one! That is why, in Hollywood, where people always look for new excitement, my pleasures today seem a little dull." She was thoughtful.

Compared to the adventures she related to me at random that afternoon, her off-screen life does seem somewhat uneventful. Her marriage is an exemplary one. And she admits if she weren't an actress she would be a gardener or a farmerette. (Imagine! She got up four times one night recently to apply hot water bottles to a colic-y brood of baby chickens. Do you think any other Hollywood siren would do this?)

"I suppose you will laugh when I tell you that I am never bored. I would be perfectly content for the rest of my life to putter around my garden, to take care of my husband and my menagerie." The aforementioned husband is the brilliant German, Dr. Frenke. The menagerie consists of a family of turtles, a brood of

chickens, various and sundry ducks, cats, and her two beloved Siberian sleigh dogs—Drhook, *Little Pal*, and his daughter, Prishok, *Swansdown*—now the proud parents of five puppies.

"It is because I have been through so much, *too* much, that I can so well appreciate such quiet satisfaction as a home, a husband and a garden now."

Once again she laughed. Her laughter is very characteristic—full-throated, compelling and slightly hysterical. It seems to burst from her wide, parted lips and to shiver her body with mirth. "I hope you won't think that this makes me too uninteresting! You see, I reserve my dramatic scenes for the screen!"

And if you've ever seen her act, you'll know she does!

My Cards Are On the Table

(Continued from page 51)

and I don't want anyone to do it to me.

"I'm eternally amazed that people ask for your opinion and don't want it. All they want is to be 'yessed.' For instance, a girl I know asked me once if I liked her new hat. I didn't and I said so. She asked for my opinion, didn't she? Why had she asked me if she didn't want it? Yet she was peeved at me because I had said I didn't like the hat. If I had bought a hat that I adored and that I knew looked well on me, I wouldn't ask anyone what she thought of it. If I were sure how I felt, why should I? But if I didn't know, if I were doubtful, I'd certainly ask advice. And I'd most certainly want the truth. I'd want another person's opinion. Then suppose that person said, 'Oh, my dear, why the hat is lovely. It looks adorable on you,'—and all the time she was thinking—'it's a dreadful hat'—well then, why should I waste words asking?

"And if anyone has done something I don't like—I'll tell the person, himself, about it. I hope people do the same to me. I want to know. It's only fair, for if there is some legitimate explanation, it should be given.

"I can't change my character. I'm not defending myself. Nor saying that's the best way. I'm not giving anybody advice. But it's my way, that's all. Perhaps other people are much more popular than I by saying one thing to a person and meaning another. So probably I'm wrong."

"So much for your private life," I said, "But what about it at the studio? How do you get away with not 'yessing' the director?"

WHEN I'm bad in a picture," she answered immediately (Connie always answers immediately), "it's my own fault. I have no alibis. I can't blame it on the director, because I can't do a scene in which I feel no sincerity. I couldn't do it, honestly, I couldn't. When arguments about how a scene should be played arise, I'll fight to the last ditch if I think I'm right. Sometimes there is a compromise and we do it two ways, one his way, one mine. Then we'll look at it in the projection room and take the best one. Lots of times I'm wrong about scenes I do. Well then, it's my own fault. I haven't anyone to blame but myself and I'll take the responsibility. But I can't do a piece of acting well in which I don't believe."

"And how," I asked, "do you cope with it when you're given a just plain, rotten story to do?"

"I can't do anything about that, except try to get out of playing in bad stories. And I don't always succeed. It's difficult then to believe in a character that isn't real.

"But I'm sure I've never been able to figure out why there is so much 'yessing' in Hollywood. I think we'd all be a lot better off if people said what they really meant."

They called her just then to go on the set. That reminded me of something. I very much wanted to see Clark Gable that day. He was working with Bennett but when I had asked to go on the set to see him, there had been a great deal of fluttering and many shocked faces. "Oh no," everyone had said, "You can't possibly even set foot on Bennett's set. She won't allow anyone except those actually working on the picture. No, no, it isn't possible."

I'M a docile soul and had accepted that in spite of the fact that I had a deadline to meet and that it was very important for me to see Gable.

Connie had said she believed in frankness and that she treated others as she wanted to be treated. I put it to the test.

"Look," I said, "I know you don't like to have anyone on your set but it would be a great favor to me if I could see Gable this afternoon. I've a deadline to meet and there's no other time. If you say 'no,' that's okay with me. If you say 'yes,' I'd be very appreciative."

She gave me a long steady look. "The reason I won't have people on my set is because I hate to be stared at aimlessly while I'm at work. Wouldn't you hate having somebody looking over your shoulder all the time you're writing a story? That's all. I have to make the rule good and strong or it wouldn't be taken seriously. You'll be there on business. You'll be talking to Gable."

"Then it's okay?"

Her face broke into that nice Bennett smile. "It's okay."

Some months ago I had asked a star's permission to come on her set. She gave it graciously, but later she had raised her own particular brand of Cain with the publicity department and had said I inveigled her into giving permission.

I went on the Bennett set. I saw Gable. Connie didn't mention the incident to anyone.

Thinking it over, I believe it's pretty swell to be frank!



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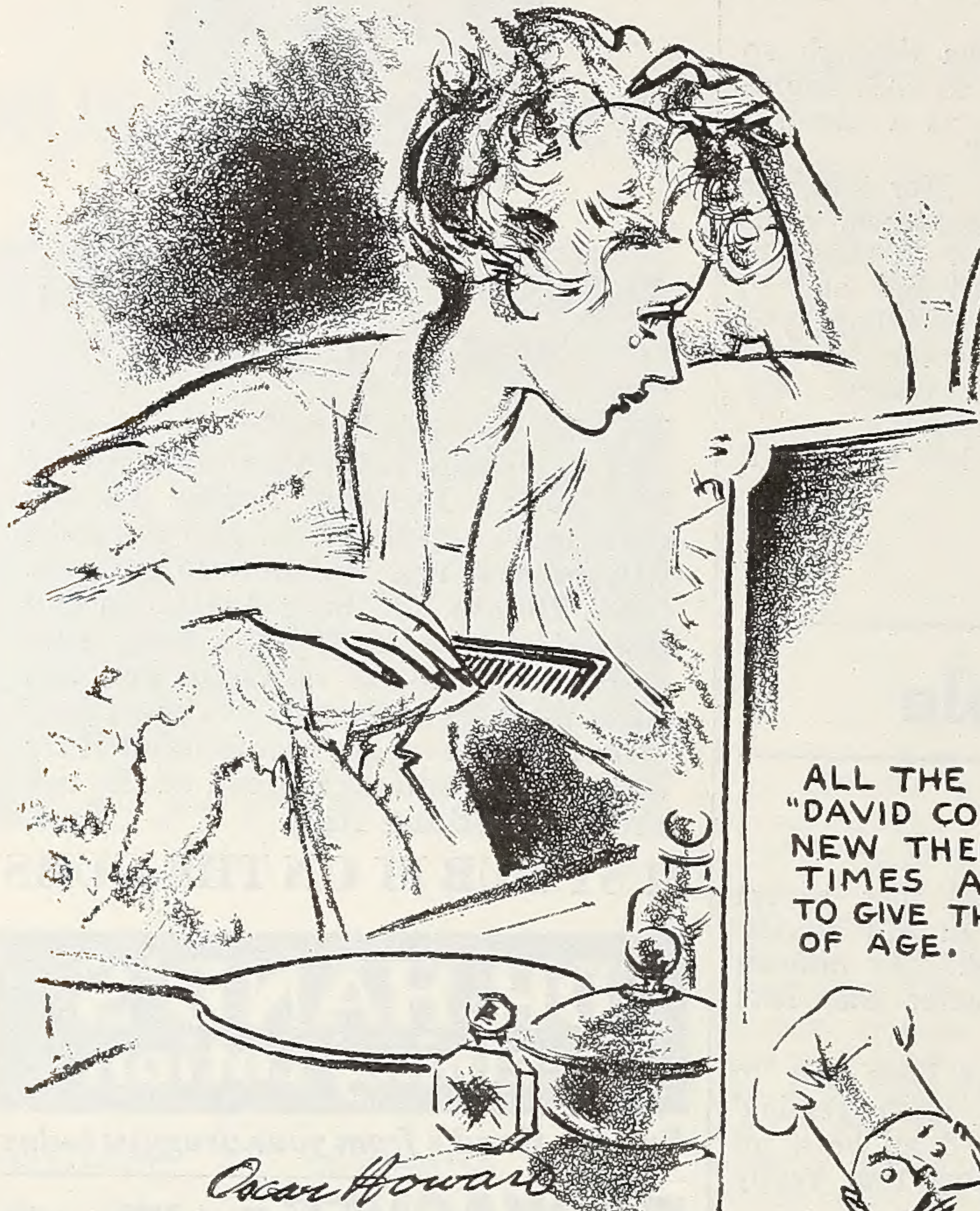
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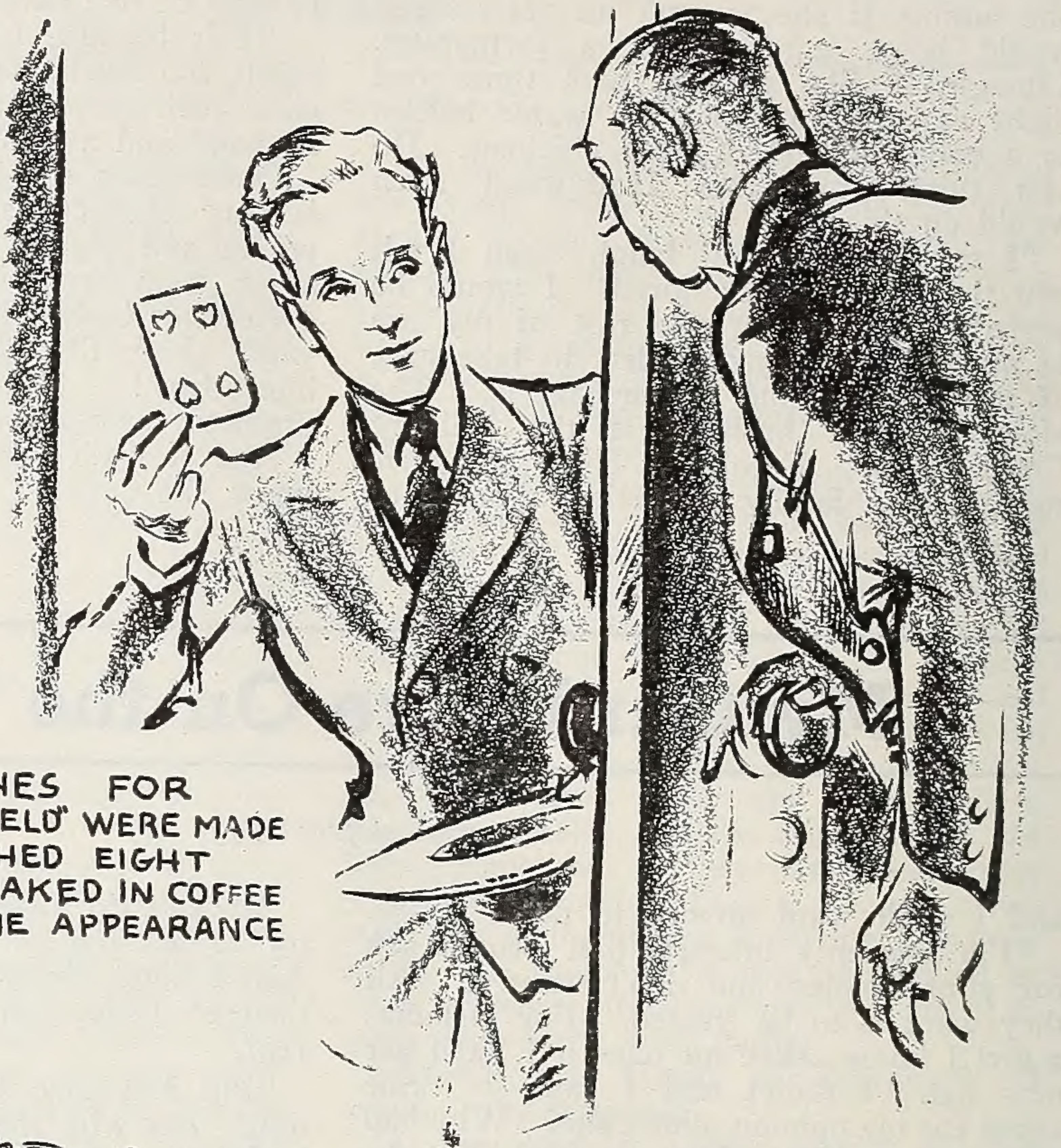
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Oscar Howard

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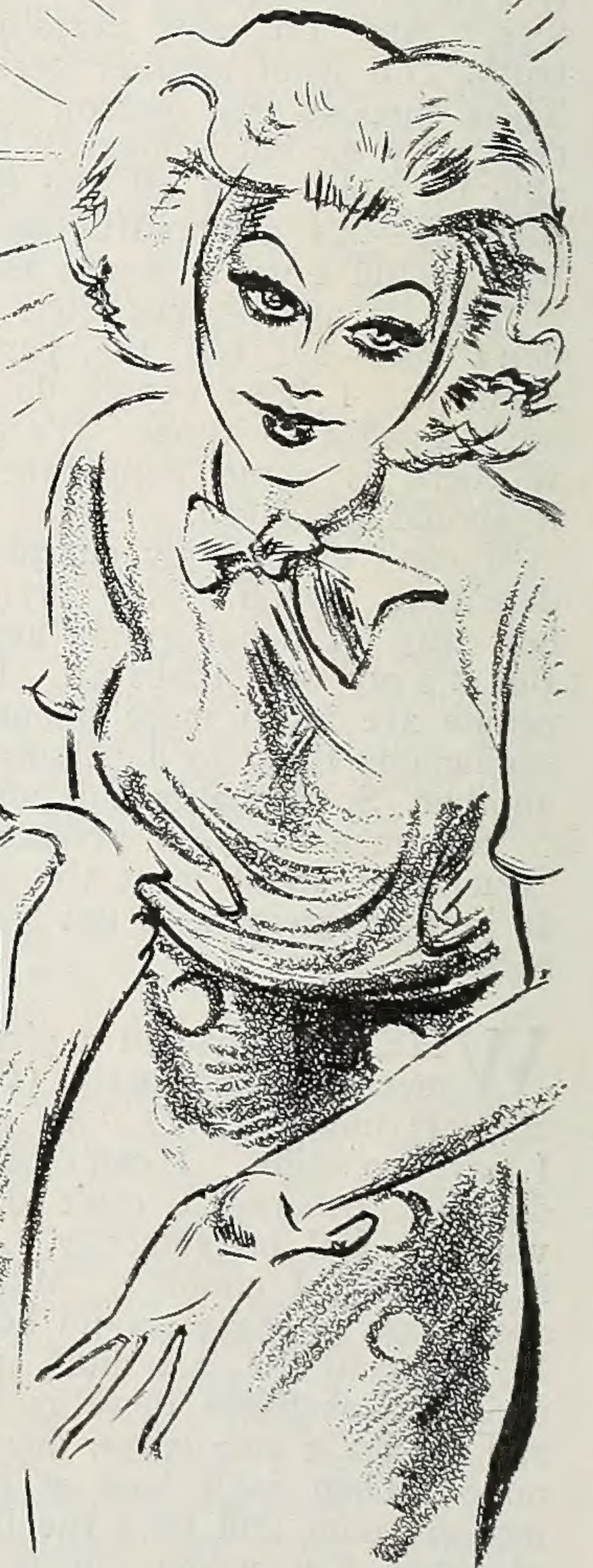
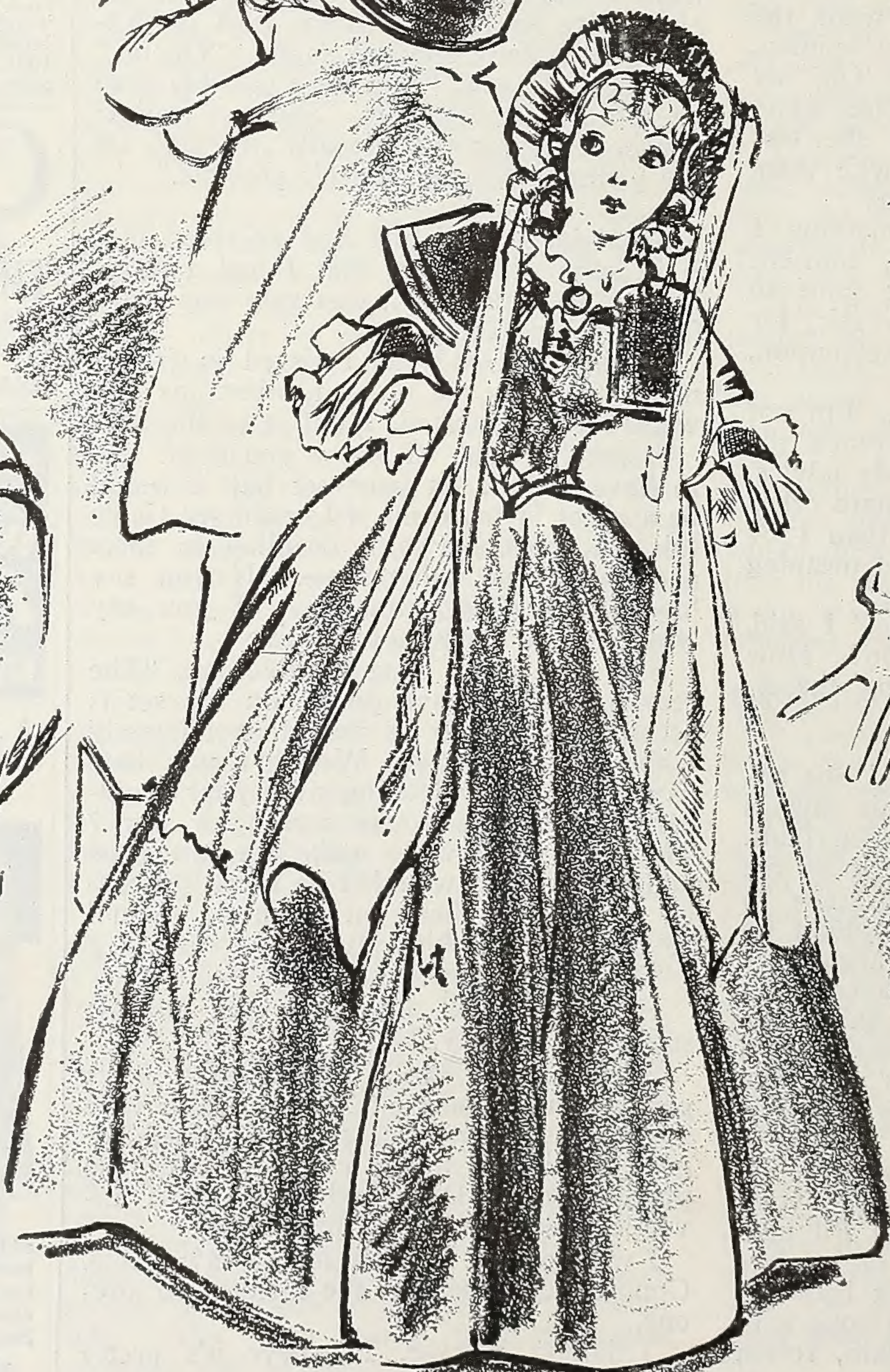


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